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# MACLEAN'S

JANUARY

1916



## "The Lark"

A Poem by ROBERT W. SERVICE

## "After the War"

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

## "Julia Arthur Comes Back"

ALAN SULLIVAN

AGNES C. LAUT

H. F. GADSBY

C. W. JEFFERYS

J. W. BEATTY

HARRY C. EDWARDS

ROBT. E. PINKERTON

*Edith Stevenson 1915.*

# Become Wonderful in Health—Wonderful in Vitality and Wonderful in Efficiency for Your Own Advantage Through Conscious Evolution.

Cells are wonderful beings. They are the creators of the plants, the trees, the fruit, the vegetables. They create the corn, the wheat, the apples. They are the creators of the rose, the lily, the violet and other flowers—they are the creators of everything living in the sea, they are the constructors of whales, sharks, porpoises and all fish. Through the activity of cells, the coral beds of the ocean are made. They are the creators of all animal life, they are the creators of you. They create your organs and the foundation of your mind.

Billions of cells are within your body working for you. They are remaking your heart, your lungs, your nerves, your digestive system, your muscles, your brain—in fact, they are busy constantly reconstructing your entire body. You will be a better human machine, possess a better body and mind if you cultivate these cells—if, in other words, you give your cells greater energy and a greater opportunity as well as a better and more persistent reason for improving every tissue, every organ and every part of your body.

Is not corn better when cultivated? Does not the farmer improve his wheat through cultivation? Is not fruit improved through culture? Are not flowers made more beautiful through conscious effort? Do we not have better horses and even better pigs through cultivation?

Since all of these things are true, it is also true and much more important that you can easily make yourself better through improving the individual units or cells of the body.

The Swoboda System, through applying the principle of Evolution to the cells of the body, produces new human beings, new and better hearts, new and better lungs, new and better organs, new and better nerves, new and better brains, and, therefore, keener and more efficient mind.

## What Others Have to Say:

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; to-day I am a youth at forty-one."

"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest, I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."

"Just think of it, five weeks ago I was ashamed of my physique; to-day I am almost proud of it. I am delighted with Conscious Evolution."

"Fourteen years ago at the age of 68 I was an old man; to-day at the age of 82 I am the marvel of my friends; I am younger than most men at 40. Your system gave me a new lease on life."

"Last week I had a reading of my blood pressure, and was gratified to learn that it was fully ten points below the previous reading. This was a surprise to me as well as to my physician, who did not believe that my blood pressure could be reduced because of my advanced age."

"Doctors told me I had hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. They advised me against exercise. Conscious evolution reduced my blood pressure and made a new man of me."

"The beauty of your whole advertisement is that every word of it is the truth. Your system is the most wonderful in the world; it gave me new energy, strength and life; in other words, it made a new man of me. I have been an advocate of your system since the first day I used it; I have withstood a mental strain during the past year which would have broken my health had it not been for your system."

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."

"Your diagnosis and explanation of my brain trouble was a revelation to me. I have had the best physicians of my State, but your grasp of the human body exceeds anything I have ever heard or known. I have read your letters to many people, also to my physicians, who marvel at them."



My new copyrighted book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution and the human body, as it has never been explained before. It also explains my new and unique theory of the body and mind. It will startle, educate and enlighten you.

My book tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you, as an intelligent human being, have, no doubt, always wanted to know about your body and your mind.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws for your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It tells what Conscious Evolution means and what it may do for you. It also explains the DANGERS and AFTER EFFECTS OF EXERCISE and EXCESSIVE DEEP BREATHING.

My book explains the cause of HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE and HARDENING OF THE ART-ERIES, as well as OLD AGE conditions, and how to overcome them.

I offer my system on a basis which makes it impossible for anyone to lose a single penny. My guarantee is startling, specific, positive, fraud-proof, and just as any honest person would naturally desire it to be.

Write for my FREE BOOK and full particulars to-day before it slips your mind. Make up your mind to at least learn the facts concerning the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION for men and women.

If you have reached your present stage of evolution without conscious effort, consider what your possibilities are through an intelligent and conscious use of the principles of evolution. My booklet will set you to thinking.

**ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1361 Aeolian Bldg., New York City, N.Y.**

*What is said of the Swoboda System, no doubt, sounds too good to be true. Swoboda, however, has a proposition of which you should know and which will, no doubt, prove to you that nothing said about Conscious and Creative Evolution in MacLean's is too good to be true.*



*Overland*  
TRADE MARK

*Overland*  
TRADE MARK

Model 75—f.o.b. Hamilton, Ont.  
**\$850**

Roadster \$825

## Electrically Lighted and Started

**H**ERE is another Overland model. A brand new car at a brand new price. Many people prefer a car with the advantages of the larger and higher priced cars, but that is smaller and more economical to run.

Model 75 is a comfortable, family car with virtually all the advantages of the very large cars at a price which is well within your reach.

The price is only \$850.

This season our factory capacity has been increased to 600 cars per day.

This, in itself, explains our ability to give so much car for so little money.

This newest Overland is a beauty.

The body is the latest full streamline design with a one-piece cowl.

It is handsomely finished in solid black with bright nickel and polished aluminum fittings.

While the car is roomy, it is light in weight, 2160 pounds.

The tires are four inch all around because we believe in the advantage of large tires.

They insure greater mileage and comfort than can be obtained from the smaller size used on other cars of similar specifications.

It has demountable rims with one extra.

The motor is four-cylinder, long stroke bloc type, having a 3 1/8-inch bore and 5-inch stroke. Horsepower is 20-25. It is of the most modern design.

It has high tension magneto ignition. This is the kind used on the most expensive cars.

The electric starting and lighting system is one of the most efficient on the market. It is of the two-unit type.

The large electric headlights have dimmers.

The electric switches are conveniently located on the steering column. This is the same arrangement used on the highest priced cars.

It has the easy working Overland clutch which any woman can operate. The pedals are adjustable for reach. The steering wheel is large and turns easily.

The brakes are large and powerful.

The rear springs are the famous cantilever type. These are probably the easiest riding and most shock-absorbing springs ever designed. With these springs riding comfort is insured.

The seats are roomy and comfortable for the soft cushions are built over deep coiled springs.

It has a one-man mohair top.

You will be delighted when you see it. And when you ride in it you'll know instantly that this is your ideal of a modern automobile at your idea of a moderate price.

Other Overland models are—Model 83 five-passenger touring car \$1050; the famous Overland Six seven-passenger touring car \$1600. All prices being f.o.b. Hamilton, Ont.

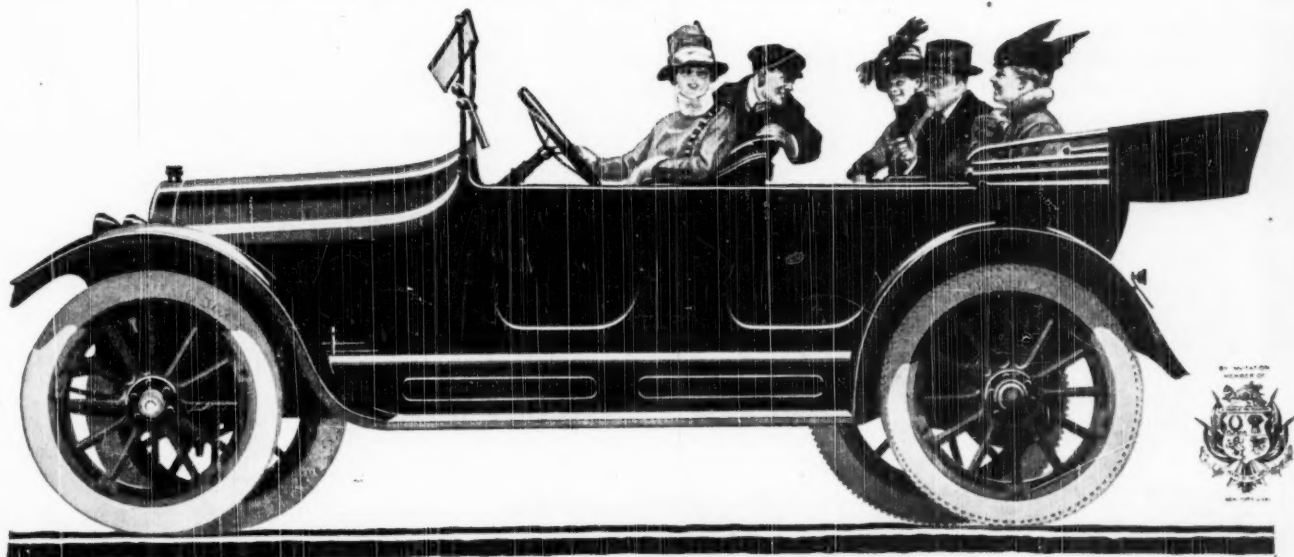
See the Overland dealer in your town.

### Specifications of Model 75

Pure streamline body five-passenger touring car	20-25 horsepower motor; cylinders cast en bloc	Electric starting and lighting	31 1/2 inch tires	Cantilever springs on rear
Finished in black with nickel and polished aluminum fittings	High-tension magneto ignition	Headlight dimmers	Non-skids on rear	Built-in rain-vision ventilating type windshield
	Wheelbase 104 inches	Electric switches on steering column	Left-hand drive; center control	Magnetic Speedometer
		Electric horn	Floating type rear axle	Full set of tools
			One-man top	

Catalog on request. Please address Dept. 610

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.





As a Christmas gift to your friends, will be like a new gift every month of the year. Besides it will save you time, worry and expense.

Send us a list of those to whom you have decided to send MacLean's, with their addresses, remitting for each at the regular subscription rate of \$2.00 per year. Write names and addresses clearly.

We will mail a beautiful Christmas card to each of the friends you have selected, notifying them of the fact that MacLean's is to be their Christmas gift from you. This card, which will be printed in colors, will reach them on or before Christmas Day. The current number of MacLean's will follow.

Enclosed please find the sum of \$.....,  
for which send MacLean's for one year to

(Sender's name and address)

**MacLean Publishing Co., Limited**  
143-153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario



# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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**I**N this number appears the first of a series of War Poems, written by Robert W. Service at the front for MACLEAN'S. It is not necessary to tell anything about Robert W. Service, for every Canadian knows the Bard of the Yukon. The virility and strength, the swinging measure that made "The Songs of a Sourdough" so universally popular are found in the verses that Mr. Service has written at the front. Robert W. Service is a most important addition to the all-star list of Canadian contributors to MACLEAN'S. It is further evidence of the intention of the publishers of this Magazine to give its readers the best of Canadian Literature.

# The Publisher's Page

## An Interpretation

STATEMENT BY  
THE BUSINESS MANAGER

January, 1916

No. 12

**OFFICE OF PUBLICATION**  
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE  
TORONTO, DEC. 15th, 1915

**P**ERHAPS we'll have something to say about wheat and crops and other things affecting business conditions a little later on. But first of all we have something to say to you about MacLean's Magazine.

Only, before we say a word about MacLean's, read the Dennis letter in the boxed panel. We trust that this will put you in an attentive mood.

Now, about MacLean's.

We wonder if you are sufficiently impressed with what we are doing to make MacLean's *far and away the best magazine for Canadians sold in Canada.*

Not necessarily *published* in Canada, but *sold* in Canada. This takes in magazines produced in Uncle Sam's land.

We say: MacLean's is the best magazine for *Canadians*. Canadians deserve to have a magazine with a predominating Canadian *savor*. They should be given the best writings of the best Canadian writers and authors—those Canadians whose good name has passed beyond our national boundary lines to the United States and overseas to Great Britain—Sir Gilbert Parker, for example, or Stephen Leacock, or Agnes Laut, or Arthur Stringer, or Robt. W. Service.

Bright stars, these, in the literary firmament of the world.

Well, MacLean's is publishing the work of these brilliant writers, and

these other Canadian-born writers of distinction:

Alan Sullivan  
Arthur Macfarlane  
L. M. Montgomery  
Augustus Bridle  
H. F. Gadsby  
W. A. Craick  
Hopkins Moorhouse  
A. C. Allenson.

Toronto,  
November 1st, 1915.  
MacLean's Magazine,  
143 University Ave.,  
Toronto, Canada.

Gentlemen:—

Congratulations!

Although we have always had a high regard for your magazine and have in the past received satisfactory returns, the results we received from our full page in your October issue surprised us.

The best evidence we can offer of our appreciation, is to ask you to call for full page copy for your December issue. This is now ready.

Advertising steel lockers, shelving, etc., in full page spaces in popular magazines is something of an innovation, but in your publication, at least, it seems profitable.

Yours very truly,

THE DENNIS WIRE & IRON  
WORKS CO., Limited.

Richard G. Langrill,  
Toronto Manager.

Can you think of other Canadian magazine writers of greater fame?

Readers of MacLean's Magazine have appreciated *the literary worth* of MacLean's and its pre-eminent Cana-

dian quality, and they have written us delightful letters of appreciation.

Now, *you*, Sir, as an advertiser, need to know about these things. You need to give serious attention to the *editorial* quality and features of the publication you use or may think of using for your advertising.

Circulation is very important, but circulation must be considered *along with editorial excellence or quality.*

And for this reason: It is the *editorial* character of a publication—newspaper or magazine—that determines the *class* of its readers and their *number*.

Look at this January issue which you hold in your hands. Imagine yourself as its editor. Dissect it. Sieve it. Pick it to pieces. Ask yourself this question: Now, if I were the editor of MacLean's, what would I cut out of this issue, or what would I seek to include not in this issue?

This is putting it up to you straight and strong. We wouldn't put it up to you if we feared the results of your findings.

About crops, bank clearings, munitions orders, trade conditions generally, and the broad and enlarging story of Canadian prosperity, we've decided here and now to say nothing. John Appleton, editor of *The Financial Post*, says finely what is to be said on this subject on page 98 of this issue. Turn to this "Business Outlook" of his, and then—determine to "cash in" on present and improving conditions.



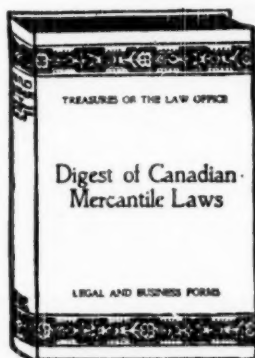
# LAW

**No one can afford to be ignorant of the laws governing business.**

Few, however, have the time to read the many and complicated volumes of the country's laws and statutes, and for the benefit of the hustling business men a concise and understandable book has been prepared. It gives all the necessary laws and information regarding merchandising, the renting of a store or house, mortgages, buying property, collecting debts, etc. This book, the

## Digest of Canadian Mercantile Laws

is a ready reference, a valuable guide in daily business, and is saving many dollars.



**No work published in Canada equals it for business men**

A veritable consulting library on this one line so universally needed. Based on Dominion and Provincial Statutes and Court Decisions.

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Used by more accountants, bankers and business firms than any other work on the subject. Forwarded direct, post free, on receipt of price.

Keep the book ten days, and if it is not satisfactory, return it and get your money back. If remitting by cheque, make same payable at par, Toronto.

**Eastern Edition - Price, \$2.00**

**Special Western Edition, \$2.50**

To meet the needs of subscribers in New Ontario and the Western Provinces, where land is under The Land Titles System of Registration, an Appendix of 16 pages, containing a synopsis of the Land Titles Acts, has been added to our regular edition, thus constituting a special "Western Edition." Price \$2.50.

**The MacLean Publishing Co.  
Limited**

**Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver  
BOOK DEPARTMENT**

**143-153 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.**

## "Bordo"

*The name of a Chocolate that is different*

"Bordo" is the name of a Chocolate that pleases. It is all in the flavor—so different, irresistible, distinct. There are numerous imitations, but only one genuine "Bordo"—the original, with the unique, creamy, delicate taste. Each piece has the name "Bordo" stamped upon it. To get the genuine, the only "Bordo," look for the name.

"Bordo" contains nothing but the purest chocolate and cane sugar, to which is added that individual and unique flavor that is so irresistible.

**You Ought to Taste Bordo.**

**Sold by all leading confectioners and druggists.**

**The Montreal Biscuit Co.**

**The originators of the popular "Bordo" Chocolate Confectionery**



**"When e'er you bake  
A dainty cake,  
And PURITY is your brand;  
You'll smile with me  
And quite agree  
It's best in all the land."**



**JELLY ROLL RECIPE:**  
1 cup PURITY Flour, 3 Eggs,  
1 teaspoon Baking Powder, 1 cup Sugar,  
2 tablespoons Cold Water, 1/2 teaspoon Salt.  
*Flavor to suit. Roll when hot.*

## PURITY FLOUR

**More Bread and Better Bread**

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY LIMITED  
MILLERS TO THE PEOPLE

## Have you ever used a soap prepared by a skin specialist?

If not, you do not know how beneficial a soap can be.

For thirty years John H. Woodbury made a constant study of the skin and its needs. He treated thousands of obstinate skin diseases, made countless skin tests, until he evolved the formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap.

### Get this booklet to-day

In the booklet wrapped around every cake of this soap, are given the causes for all common skin troubles — conspicuous nose pores, oily skin and shiny nose, tender skins, etc.—and the proper treatment to relieve them.

If there is any condition of your skin that you want to improve, get a cake of Woodbury's to-day and follow carefully the directions given in the booklet. In ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.



For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast including Newfoundland



A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of either of the above treatments. Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to go to your druggist and get a cake to-day. Begin at once to get its benefits for your skin.

### Write to-day for a cake large enough for a week's treatment

For 4c we will send a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 10c. samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder.

For 50c. copy of the Woodbury book, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write to-day. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 469 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.





# MACLEAN'S

## MAGAZINE

Volume XXIX

JANUARY, 1916

Number 3

## Small Profits, Quick Returns

"FUNNY it broke," said Whiffen, examining the string by which the ham had been suspended; and sure enough it was funny. There were no signs of fraying. It had just snapped short. Adela telephoned me as I was leaving the office, so I bolted into the low-raftered store on my way home to get what she wanted; and ran plump into the ham. Of course it was partly my fault for being so confoundedly tall, and partly the fault of Whiffen for hanging hams on low rafters. However, we swapped apologies the prostrate ham was picked up and laid on the counter. It was a fine ham, nay, a super-ham, as the Hun might say. The pig to which it had aforetime belonged must have been a very Apollo Belvedere of Pigdom. But—well, I had heard of devilled ham before, never of a devilled ham.

Let me admit that I have a weakness for ham. I should say *had*. Fried, grilled or boiled; solitary, with eggs or tomatoes, particularly the latter; you could not give it to me wrong. The mere color scheme of pink and white ham with sliced red tomatoes and a sprig of green garnishing, excited in me the solemn aesthetic joy the cubist or futurist artist finds or says he does, in his Euclid book things.

Talk about fascination! That ham, prone on the counter, had me going from the start. It veritably ogled me and, reviewing the events of the subsequent days, I am inclined to invest it with a spirit of humorously evil type, and to believe that it thrust itself upon me, breaking its string, of malice aforethought. The devil once entered a herd of swine; if pigs,

By A. C. ALLENSON  
Illustrated by C. W. JEFFERYS



*In came the maid and set before Mr. Miggs—a ham! I could as soon have partaken of my respected great-grandfather.*

why not a section of pig? "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Likewise ham. Anyway, listen.

SIXTEEN pounds it weighed. No, I wouldn't have it sent, I would take it. It might be changed for another "just as good." Observe its influence already. Whiffen belonged to my lodge, was inner guard, carried the collection plate round in my church. Oh! respectable as a bishop, a butler, a maiden aunt, and I deemed him capable of Cinquevalli-juggling with hams.

Home I carried it triumphantly, summoned my wife and Katie, the maid, and unveiled my beauty. I fear Adela was disappointed.

"Oh! only a ham," she said, rather indifferently, Adela and I are happily married but she has a more than Semitic hatred for ham—she really loathes

it. Her obvious disappointment cost me two pounds of expensive chocolates. The Irish maid, however, was properly enthusiastic. This, I valued later at a quarter. I like people to like what I like—when there's enough to go round. "Ain't it the paiche?" exclaimed Katie; and it undoubtedly was.

Adela, dear little soul, promised to have the ham ready for dinner next evening. I won't say that thoughts of that meal were with me throughout business hours next day, but when I reached home, agreeable anticipations had roused within a great anticipatory content. Adela rushed to meet me as I turned the key in the door, alarm in her face,

alarm in her face, Katie at her heels. Something was wrong.

"The ham—" gasped Adela uninformatively, choked by emotion.

"I hope it pizens the thaife," shrilled Katie.

Forth streamed the lamentable duet. It had been cooked to a turn, crumbed to perfection, daintily frilled with pink and white paper, and placed under a screen by the kitchen window to cool off. Adela had been receiving callers, and Katie had run upstairs a minute. When the maid returned, the ham had vanished, crumbs, frill, and all. I went into the kitchen, there were the table, screen, dish, and ham odor. Nothing more.

Just then Higgins came along twirling his moustache. Higgins is our police-

man. To him I related the nefarious story. He listened judiciously, peered into the street, as if he expected to see the ham dangling from the telephone wires, peeped under the table, explored the coal box, then stared at the maid as if he thought clues might be found in her face.

"There's a smut on yer nose, Miss Katie," he observed. "No, ye have not got it yet. Lave me chase it for yez." And he gently rubbed the smut away, then drew back with a sigh and surveyed the girl's face intently.

"Sure, an' it's a quare thing entirely," he said.

Certainly Katie is no beauty and, squinting along her nose after the smut did not improve her looks. Still, it was not quite the kind of remark one expected from a man like Higgins. However, I discovered later—Adela told me—that he and Katie were courting. He married her afterwards so that was all right.

"What about th' dago?" asked Higgins, pointing his club at my gardener, who was tidying up the path.

"Pietro?" said Adela. "He has been away on an errand all the afternoon. Beside, I have every confidence in him." She said that rather stiffly, resenting covert insinuations regarding the Italian.

I was glad Pietro had an alibi. As a gardener he had his points, but of his morals I was not at all confident. Why did I hire him? Well, Pietro's job was Adela's contribution to the uplift movement. Pietro was being dickered out of the slough of iniquity, Adela being the engineer; I, the motive power; the job, the elevating cable. At a red-hot revival in our church Pietro had made the most terrific sensation by smilingly swaggering up to the mourner's bench and "getting religion."

No such magnificent trophy had been won to grace locally within living memory. Pietro, the brigand, atheist, anarchist, general hoodlum and Lothario, on his own colorful confession, had entered the fold with a blare of trumpets. Still, Thomas that I am, I had some sneaking, unworthy doubts. As we talked to Higgins, Pietro approached the window.

"No finda 'arn," he said. "No? Too bada. Too bada. Dam wicked-a steal 'am. T'ief go hell, sure." And he shook his dark, curly head with ecclesiastically blended condemnation and sorrow. Adela had never been able to cure him of the "damn" word. He regarded it as the key-stone of the English language.

"You had callers this afternoon, my dear?" I observed to Adela at dinner later.

"Yes, the minister and Mrs. Miggs were here at the very time that wretched ham was stolen," she replied. "You forgot to mention that to Higgins the clue hunter," I said jocularly. Adela ignored the little sally. The minister and his wife are not, in her opinion, proper topics of light conversation.

"They invited us to dinner to-morrow evening," she informed me. The Miggs are really of the salt of the earth, but dining with them is a serious exercise, scarcely a social pleasure.

"I'm afraid—" I began the formula. "Oh no, you won't," she interrupted firmly. "I promised, so don't be mean about it, there's a dear."

"Pelion on Ossa!" I murmured. "Well, so be it."

I DID not sleep well that night. Perhaps the coming dinner ordeal had something to do with it. Anyway, that ham came to me as I tossed about, looking like Holbein's Henry the Eighth, wearing one of his daughter Elizabeth's big ruff things,



*I bolted into the low-raftered store; and ran plump into the ham.*

which was made of pink and white paper. "You will be sure to come home early," said Adela, as I started down town next morning. "Remember the Miggs dine at five-thirty." Fancy, five-thirty!

"Do we take our own bibs or will the nurse provide them?" I enquired.

"Don't be cranky," reproved Adela. "Here are your gloves and hat. Mind no telephoning taradiddles about imaginary clients. I'm on to your curves by this." And she kissed me lovingly and put me out firmly.

Mind, I liked Miggs. There wasn't an idle bone in all his long, lean body. He fought the devil uphill, down dale, Queensberry rules, or rough and tumble; and I like to see a parson hustle at his business. His wife was a shy, nervous little woman

with a reputation for eccentricity. She dressed weirdly and no doubt that accounted for the reputation, with women-folk anyway. Weird brains and fine clothes are all right, but fine brains and weird clothes make eccentrics. She certainly dressed funnily, and a dressmaker accused of making her clothes would have had sound basis for suit at law for slander.

They were both so good that they regarded meals as necessary nuisances. Consequently, dining with them was a trial.

WHEN we sat down to dinner it occurred to me that Mrs. Miggs was laboring under some unusual excitement. She talked and laughed rather hysterically, and her face was flushed. In came the maid and set before Mr. Miggs—a ham. Adelaide said later that she thought the eyes would pop out of my head. It was a superb ham, cooked, apparently, to a turn, crumbed perfectly, ornamented with a pink and white frill.

I banqueted on a couple of sprat sardines, Adela took a chop, Mr. and Mrs. Miggs ate bread and marmalade. No knife was put into Henry the Eighth. I could as soon have partaken of my respected great-grandfather. I said nothing to Adela as we walked homewards.

"Well?" she said at last, after a mile's heavy silence.

"What?" I replied.

"Oh, don't speak like that," she cried. "I mean about the ham, your old ham, you know perfectly well."

"A most extraordinary 'double,'" I replied. "Of course all hams have 'doubles' except where the pig had a wooden leg. Talking about 'doubles,' I read lately of a man in London—"

"Don't be so exasperatingly silly," she chided. "That is your ham. I know it by the shape, crumbs, frill, and the way the bone is cracked at the end."

"Then Sherlock did not die, after all," I remarked admiringly.

"I cannot believe it," she said tearfully. "Yet they were there when it disappeared. Mrs. Miggs had a call to pay somewhere else, and Mr. Miggs stayed a few minutes to audit my treasurer's book. She went out alone, and by the back door. Oh! I can't believe that a minister's wife would steal a ham in cold blood."

"Probably it wasn't in cold blood, dear," I suggested soothingly. "That ham would lead an archangel astray."

"I won't believe it," she declared stoutly.

"Well, don't," I replied. "Unbelief is sometimes the very finest kind of belief. Let us give Mrs. Miggs the benefit of the doubt."

"But there isn't any doubt," lamented Adela, with a good woman's matter-of-factness.

"Then you must exercise the teaching of the Church as to charity," I retorted. "Though I see my stolen ham on my pastor's table, and have not charity, I am become as a sounding brass or a tinkling



cymbal. You don't want to become either a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal, do you?"

"Don't be profane," she rebuked shortly.

"I WONDER," I ruminated that night as I wound up my watch, "what comes next. These things run in triples. We have had—First: Loss of one ham. Second: Undermining of confidence in the integrity of wife of our spiritual father. What will number three be?"

Just then the telephone bell rang. I descended to the hall irritably. Some client nabbed speeding and wanting bail, probably.

"Hello!" I shouted. "Oh! Ah! Yes, Mr. Miggs. Nothing the matter, I hope?"

"Something very odd has happened," said the Miggs voice. "Perhaps you observed a ham on our dining table this evening."

Did I? I put my hand over the mouthpiece and whispered to Adela who had followed me downstairs: "It's something about that infernal ham."

"I did," was my reply. "A most admirable ham, too. What! stolen?" And I laughed outright at the swiftness of poetic justice.

"Pardon me," I said. "I laughed because Adela had a ham spirited away only yesterday. Like yours? Yes, the resemblance is amazing. Yes, come round by all means. This is getting exciting."

"What a dreadful business," said Mr. Miggs, ten minutes later, sitting in our dining room. "You lose a ham, boiled, frilled, crumbed, a ham, one might almost say, of marked individuality, and a simi-

lar one is left at my front door. The bell rang, the maid answered it, and found no one there, only the ham wrapped in newspaper with the inscription on it, 'Present, Hallelujah.' After dinner it was placed in the outside refrigerator, and a few minutes ago the maid found it had gone, the wire screen being ripped open."

Adela fairly jumped for joy.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she said. Mr. Miggs seemed rather aggrieved. It had the look of callousness.

"Adela is a ferocious ham-hater," I explained. "To see a friend weaned from anything in the pig line excites in her all the solemn joy that animates the prohibitionist when he hears that a distillery has burned down."

When Mr. Miggs had gone, the troubled look again clouded my wife's pretty face.

"Oh dear, do look in the kitchen," she said. "Suppose the thief in remorse stole the ham the second time to restore it to us."

I looked, and felt rather relieved to find her fears baseless.

"If ever it does come back, Nobbs gets it," she threatened viciously. Poor old Nobbs! he's our watchdog, a good faithful beast. I hated the thought of anything happening to him. Two days passed without the shadow of a ham darkening our skies. We trusted we had seen the last of Henry the Eighth.

Business had kept me down town to a late hour. I walked home, and

it was after ten when I reached the Italian colony on the skirts of the town. Passing, on the opposite side of the street, a rather ambitious, mustard-hued, tenement house, I heard grunting, scraping sounds. Looking across the way I dimly perceived the figure of a monkey-like man climbing laboriously the columns that supported an upper piazza. There were perfectly good doors, front, side and back, so manifestly he who sought entrance some other way, the same must be a thief and a robber. I glanced up and down the street on the improbable chance of seeing a policeman. At that moment a door leading to the upper piazza opened stealthily. The climber took an extra brace on the pillar with arms and legs and began to carol loudly, suddenly stopping the melody to bawl "Carlotta!"

"Oh, bah!" A mere amatory episode.

"That you?" gurgled a voice, and a fat form came to the rail and began making turtle-dove cooings in Italian I could not follow.

Ah! Romeo and Juliet again. True a rather fat Juliet and a decidedly ungraceful Romeo, but what matter that he looked



"There's a smut on yer nose, Miss Katie," he observed. "Let me chase it for yez."



"I wanta my Carlotta," half grunted, half wailed the clinging Romeo. The voice was that of Pietro.

like a monkey on a stick much too large for him, and she like a bolster? Here was the spirit of Verona, old Verona of the Montagus and Capulets. Shakespeare *al fresco*. I half expected to hear Juliet's timid tribute to her lover's boldness:

"The orchard walls are high and hard to climb."

and to catch his gay reply,

"With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,  
For stony limits cannot hold love out."

True there were no stony orchard walls to o'erperch, but the thing was near enough.

"You wanta see me? Yes. I got d'present. Oh, lofely. Oh, so nic-a," said Juliet.

"I wanta my Carlotta," half grunted, half wailed the clinging Romeo. The voice was that of my uplifted gardener, Pietro. Well, what of it? The Italian likes his love with sentimental trimmings; and it's all a matter of taste.

"Yes. Yes. Carlotta me," cooed the plump sylph.

"No! No! No!" yelled the man. "You not my Carlotta. You old woman Carlotta. Me want Carlotta, my babe, my girl." And he began to howl one of his queer bumping-the-bumps Italian love songs.

There is was, Love's tangle, or tango, or triangle. What a fool business to give a daughter her mother's name, especially if the latter intends to be a widow, and have a second shy at the cocoanuts. Pietro was wooing the daughter but had been switched off to Mamma's wire.

"My girl, Carlotta you want, not me?" demanded Juliet in a below zero kind of voice. Had Pietro been wise he would have gone; and stood not on the order of his going.

"Sure Mike? What you t'ink? You olda woman. Me no wanta you. Me wanta Carlotta." The voice squeaked off in dismal cadence.

I more than suspected that Pietro was not as sober as Mr. Miggs could have desired. Whether love intoxication or that of mere whiskey, I could not positively affirm. Possibly it was a blended article.

"You wait one min-eet, me fetcha Carlotta," said the ancient damsel. Certainly Pietro should have retreated. There were portents in the oily sauve voice. He stood or rather clung *pat*.

THE piazza door again opened and the rotund figure reappeared.

"You wanta Carlotta? Here is Carlotta." And she emptied a pan with deadly aim on the upturned face. There was a blood-curdling yell, and down slipped Pietro, howling like a pack of hunger-lashed wolves. Boiling water as a febrifuge in love's maladies may have its points, but the adhesive



*I put my hand over the mouthpiece and whispered to Adela: "It's something about that infernal ham."*

qualities of scalding macaroni give to the latter an indisputable superiority. And

Pietro got it, as Mercutio said "Peppered, I warrant."

I had reached the unhappy lover when the fat fury aloft came again.

"Here you' ol' present!" she shrieked. Something smote the suffering swain on the head, bounded off like a white football, and rolled to my feet. It was a ham with marks of adventure upon it. Henry the Eighth with a frayed pink and white paper frill!

ALAS! Pietro had stolen in the first case, feeling it up to him to reward the services of Mr. and Mrs. Miggs in plucking a brand from the burning. Love for Carlotta and a feeling that the ham might advance his cause in that direction, moved his impulsive soul to a second transfer.

In short, Henry the Eighth had become to him capital for investment on the get-rich-quick field of endeavor.

The scar he will carry to his grave. Sometimes he tells pop-eyed strangers now he got it in Abyssinia, fighting Menelik's men. On other occasions it was done by a Bashi-Bazouk in the Turco-Italian war. Again, it is a relic of brigand days when cops fell before him like wheat before a machine reaper. Where he got it you know now; and with it he received the name "Macaroni Pete." Higgins bestowed this upon him.

And the ham? Oh, Nobbs got it, faring sumptuously for three days. He was no worse for it, being a hardy beast.

## To Winter



The moon that hangs above the snowy hill  
And flings athwart my path long shadows gray.  
The powdered peaks upon the drifts that fill  
The sleepy hollows where the night-winds play;  
And then afar the gleaming of the spire  
And vesper bell that through the silence thrills,  
To the blue dome where shoot Aurora's fires  
In changing lights above the distant hills:  
The snow-tipped branches of the bearded fir  
In silhouette against the western sky,  
The crunch of snowshoes and the beating whirr  
Of startled partridge, voiceless, strange and shy,—  
Then one by one the stars like diamonds bright,  
To cheer my homeward journey through the night.

—Lilian B. Whiting.





# After the War—Ruin or Prosperity?

This article represents a fifteen years' prophecy as to what is going to happen in Canada between now and the year 1930. Readers of this magazine may read it with absolute confidence. Like the French-Canadian eggs in the Bon Secours Market, at Montreal, it is guaranteed.

More than that, I am authorized by the editor to say that any reader dissatisfied, in 1930, with the truth of this prophecy, may bring back to the office the money that he paid for his copy of the paper. On doing so he will receive a coupon together with a signed statement from the editor by which he is entitled to keep the coupon as long as it is desired that the coupon should be kept.

I DO not know of any time or place where a forecast of events has been more in order than in Canada at the present day. The sudden onrush of prosperity that marked the opening years of the century, the swift rise in prices that brought at one and the same time widespread suffering to the many and rapid fortune to the few, the gloom of the depression that gathered in 1913 and threatened to darken the entire sky, and last of all the sudden tumult and catastrophe of war—all these things naturally provoke the enquiry, what will happen to us after the war? Is it true, as some people tell us that the growth of Canada has been retarded for a generation? Or will the war itself, in a financial sense, turn to our benefit? Which is it to be?

## THE RAVAGES OF WAR

NOW there can be no doubt in the mind of any person of common sense that war, as its general effect, brings nothing but economic loss. War means the destruction of life, of labor power, of property and of public works built with the toil of generations. It means, too, the diversion of great masses of human effort from productive labor to the mere making of munitions and explosives which vanish into smoke. War as its general result brings only loss.

To Europe this is exactly what the present war will bring. At least a generation of patient toil and parsimony will be required to restore what has been destroyed. If the close of the war brings with it the destruction of Prussian tyranny, the result, even at the price that will be paid, will be well worth the while. But of the gigantic disaster that the war represents for the people of Europe there cannot be the slightest doubt. Germany and Austria will lie prostrate, a mere mass of wreckage. German brutality and

## A Fifteen Year Prophecy

By STEPHEN LEACOCK



The old flag—more tattered than it was but with the new stains of the nation's glory dyeing it to a still nobler red—that will be enough to carry an election on.

German terrorism will be paid for by a generation of starvation.

Even for England and France and Belgium and the other Allies, in spite of all the indemnities that can, or will, be exacted, the great economic consequence of war will be a depression of a scale and duration never before known. For the poorer classes this depression will take the form of chronic unemployment—the impossibility of finding work. It is strange that it should be so; the killing of millions of workers, and the destruction of masses of property, might be expected to mean that for those who survived there was more work, and more urgent need of it than ever. But it does not. Under the defective and unjust system of our present organization, prosperity—or the accumulation of goods—brings work for all. Adversity apparently removes the need for work and the call for workers. But this is a riddle the solution of which is no part of the present discussion.

## THE UNITED STATES WILL PROFIT

BUT while the general effect of war is economic disaster, the particular effect in a given area, one not the seat of

war, may mean profit and prosperity. This will be the effect in the United States. It is true, the United States will not become, as some people imagine, the centre of

the world's finance. This is impossible. The distance from Europe is too great for the rapid movement of bullion—the last word in international commerce. In any case the so-called "financiers" of the United States know nothing of finance. Their conception of credit is the mere wooden security of the collateral loan. Of real lending they know nothing. The English and still more the Scotch have a native genius for finance, just as the Americans have a genius for machinery and invention. The world's finance will still centre in London for the same reasons whereby it first went there.

But the enormous impetus given to the industries of the United States by the war will persist and will combine with certain other factors to produce, from the year 1917 to 1927, a prosperity and a luxury beyond precedent in the history of the world.

## THE CASE OF CANADA

IN this, Canada will share. Economically we are scarcely touched by the great conflict. In the first year of it we spent \$90,000,000 on the war. This is nothing. Our war finance, like our peace finance, is mere child's play. We needed more money and we raised the tariff. There was no protest. The protest will come when we take it down. The work of a Finance Minister in Canada consists of keeping at arm's length the greedy harpies, who clamor, through the spending departments, for a share of the public plunder. Of real public finance there has been practically none in Canada since the old Mackenzie Government died of it in 1878. As things are now, Canada is not feeling the strain of the war because there isn't any. On the contrary we are growing rich in selling gunpowder for gold, a very profitable occupation. Observe, we keep the gold. The economic loss falls on the purchaser of the gunpowder.

## THE GREAT PROSPERITY

BUT it will be about one year after the war that the great prosperity will begin. It will be preceded, in the months after signing the peace, by a period of doubt and agitation. There will be a sudden fall on the stock market when the powder companies blow up and vanish. The steel stocks will fall also. For the sound ones the fall will only be a fluctuation. For the bogus ones—that had



grown poor in making goods and grew rich in making shells—the fall will be death. Textile shares—cottons, woolens and all things concerned with them—will move steadily downwards. All of this will affect the shares of the other industries and delay their inevitable rise. But for those who can read them, signs of the Great Prosperity will be plain enough six months after the war is over.

#### THE KHAKI ELECTION OF 1916.

**J**UST at this juncture there will take place the Great Khaki Election of the autumn of 1916, a bonfire triumph for the Government from Halifax to Vancouver. In common sense it would be ridiculous to make any distinction in loyalty in the war between the great mass of Liberals and the great mass of Conservatives. But common sense has very little to do with elections. We are getting to see that a popular election is a purely psychological phenomenon. It is a huge wave of feeling.

In any case, the average voter will feel that after all Sir Robert Borden and his men are not so bad after all. They have had trouble enough. They deserve a little fun in office before they leave it. So the election will be nothing else but a huge thanksgiving vote for the final victory of the war. Who will be bothered in the campaign with talk about the tariff, or the Newmarket Canal or with borrowing trouble for the future? The Old Flag—more tattered than it was but with the new stains of the nation's glory dyeing it to a still nobler red—that will be enough to carry an election on; and with it all, such a glory of rejoicing as Canada has never seen.

For the election will have at least one real meaning. It marks our permanent union with the British Empire. We are there to stay. The rest of the arrangement—little navy or big, contribution or taxation—is only detail.

#### EUROPE ON THE MOVE

**T**HEN comes the year 1917 with the beginning of the great era of prosperity. Money will break over the country in a golden flood, pouring towards the West. The basis of the prosperity will lie in the outpouring of the European people to America—a migration such as the world has never seen. From the ruined homes of Serbia and Belgium, from devastated Poland they will stream to the New World. From the crippled industrial centres of England and France and Italy they will move in thousands. From Germany, Austria and Hungary,

the exodus of the working classes will be as when in olden time the people fled from cities stricken with the plague.

This migration has followed the history of even the mimic wars of the past. The revolutions and wars of 1848 and 1849 let loose a flood of emigrants upon America. A quarter of a million people entered the United States in a single year, as compared with some two thousand in the days of George Washington. The depression that followed the Franco-Prussian war let loose another flood. Emigration, once started, moves with its own power. Each migrant draws others after him. The European movement, even before the war, had reached nearly two million persons a year. Who can measure the mighty flood which the desolation and bitterness of the present war will set in motion?

#### FREE LAND THE MAGNET

**A**ND more, in proportion, than to any other country, the emigrants will stream to Canada. Free land is the magnet of the emigrant. We have it still. Our three prairie provinces contain 50,000,000 acres of surveyed agricultural land still undisposed of, and 181,000,000 acres as yet not even surveyed. In the United States the days of free land are over. There are no homesteads left, or none that are worth the taking. In Canada, even before the war, the tide of immigrants had already reached beyond 400,000 in a single year. Within two years after the war, it will reach and pass the half-million mark. In the year 1925 one million settlers will come to Canada.

#### A FLOOD OF MONEY

**I**N this will lie the secret of the great prosperity. It is a universal phenomenon that where immigration goes, money follows. It makes no difference if the immigrants themselves are mere shiploads of paupers. The money follows in their track. The self interest of the capitalist compels it. Our own Government

has estimated that with every emigrant to the West there has come \$1,000 into Canada. The estimate is probably an exaggeration. But there is a great truth behind it. Our emigrants brought into our country such a flood of money that our very financiers grew afraid, talked of the adverse balance of trade and other nonsense of the sort. After the war during the prosperity boom, there will be a steady adverse balance of trade of three to four hundred million dollars a year. This is only the outward and visible sign that the world at large is on the move and is pouring men, money and commodities into Canada. Civilization is doing a little scene shifting on a gigantic scale.

#### THE LAND BOOM

**T**HE results of the great wave of emigration from Europe will be very striking. There will be an apparent abundance of money. The banks will lend in double handfuls. Companies will spring up like mushrooms in September grass. There will be a steady rise in the shares of steamship and transportation companies. Steamship profits will mount to a point that will invite and render possible a close combination with an outpouring of watered stock. The entire St. Lawrence route will pass under a single control.

More noticeable will be the colossal boom in real estate. This will be chiefly seen in the transportation centres—in Montreal, in Fort William, in Winnipeg, and very greatly in Edmonton, the distributing point of the Last West, the land of the sunset, the Peace River Valley, into which settlers will pour in hundreds of thousands. The boom will spread by attraction to lesser places, or places less in the tide-way of the migration movement—Toronto, Saskatoon and Swift Current.\* Greatest of all will be the land boom in and around the city of Montreal, which will be found to contain a population of a million inhabitants at the next Canadian census. The rise in values will be greatest in Westmount and in the district behind the mountain.

#### THE STOCK MARKET

**B**UT the real estate boom will only be a part of the general prosperity. All the standard industrial companies of Canada—will reap a harvest. This will be especially the case with the companies that are nailed to the spot and cannot be af-

\*Note.—It is only honest to admit that I put in the name of Swift Current because I own a quarter of a lot in that town. This lot, or at least my quarter of it, being situated within five miles of the post office, offers unrivalled opportunities to readers of this magazine.



*There will be one long riot of luxury—tango and super-tango suppers. The demand will be for huge spectacular performances with a minimum of art and a maximum of license.*

fectured by foreign competition—telephone, telegraph, railway, and franchise companies, and to those that deal in heavy basic material not transportable overseas—cement, iron and coal. But certain enterprises will suffer greatly. There will be let loose from Europe, as always after a war, great stocks of accumulated goods sold at slaughter prices. There will also pour into the country, in spite of the tariff, great quantities of goods made with the starvation labor of the distressed population of Europe. The textile industries will suffer most. The tariff will be raised to an unheard-of height to shelter them, but in spite of it the shares of the textile companies will not rise.

#### AN ORGY OF LUXURY

WITH this prosperity there will come great and unbridled luxury. This had begun even before the war, but was suddenly checked by depression and by the war itself. Underneath the gloom and tension of the war, even now, there is a fierce longing for pleasure, for the right to be happy again. With the coming of prosperity this will break all bounds. The great hotels of Canada will be one long riot of luxury. Tango and super-tango suppers will last till two o'clock every morning. New theatres will multiply. The demand will be for huge spectacular performances with a minimum of art and a maximum of license. The bars in the best hotels, patronized by people of standing, will never close.

Strangely enough there will go with this a revival of religion. It will not take the form of hysterical street preaching or revival in the vulgar sense. It will mean a return of the people to the churches. The war will have brought back to us the primitive eternal aspects of life and death. It will be seen that life is short. Let us be merry while we can. It will be realized that death is certain. Let us prepare for it while we may. People will dance till morning and then attend a service of the church, still simmering in champagne. This is the natural religion of mankind, old as the cave men, old as sin itself.

In all this phase of our future, the best and strongest element in the nation will be the men who have come home from the war. But even their influence will not check the spread of luxury. They will be at best a minority, not more than one man in ten of the adult population of the year 1920. And of those who went, many of the best and bravest, will never return.

#### THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE WEST

BUT the greatest and the worst result of the period will be the transformation of the Canadian West. Into it will pour the people of all nations. A movement will be set on foot to exclude from Canada, the Germans, the Austrians, the Turks, and people of that sort. It will fail. Capitalism will be against it and capitalism for years to come will govern Canada. It will enlist in its support the mistaken moralists who will talk of the brotherhood of man and the sacred duty of forgiveness. To its support will rally also a large and foolish section of the British public. There were in Canada in

1911 no less than 500,000 persons of German and Austrian nationality. How many will there be in 1921?

#### THE COMING OF THE POLYGLOTS

THE mixture of immigrants and races in the West will rob it of its Canadian character. It will begin to take on the the beautifully "neutral" appearance of the Mississippi Valley of today. The fault and the danger will be obvious enough. But the remedy equally obvious would involve a sacrifice that we will not make and a national greatness to which we cannot attain. To hold in check the development of the West would mean a loss of money for almost every citizen of Canada. All who hold shares in the railways, the banks, and the great industrial companies, all those who work for them, all of those who import goods, buy goods, or sell goods, all those who live, as universities and hospitals do, on the endowments of the rich—in a word, the whole nation stands to gain, in terms of dollars and cents, by the rapid development of the West. It will be developed. There will be no check. In the place of the slow and stately building of a temple, we shall see the hurried erection of a circus tent, with foreigners swearing in twenty languages, hauling at the guy ropes.

#### THE MAKING OF THE GREAT TRUSTS

MEANTIME the amalgamation of the money power in Canada will go on apace. The frame-work of centralized control is there already, plain enough to see. After the war the rivets will be driven in. The mergers of the great industries will fasten them into solid units. The mass of the public, prosperous, greedy and self-absorbed in its own affairs, will be content for the time being to stand by and watch. The middle class, with a little money of its own, will dip up the watered stock of the corporations and be pledged thereby to their support. The control of the money power over politics will become complete. The Government will live at its ease, distributing surpluses and pouring the public money into



There will be an apparent abundance of money. The banks will lend in double handfuls.

a trough. It will have few cares. The tariff will bring in more money than it needs. Its only concern will be to spend its extra money fast enough to avoid the scandal of a surplus.

#### THE OUTSIDE WORLD

OF foreign policy or foreign excitement during this period, there will be none. Europe will lie prostrate with exhaustion. There will be no further talk of war. The great industries of England will struggle slowly to their feet. France, industrious as

ever, will replant its vines. Over Germany and Austria will hover the impending gloom of a social revolution. On Russia and liberated Poland there will rise the dawning sunlight of democracy. The Turks will be all dead. But of European war there will be no talk and no possibility till a whole generation has run its course and the world has been built up anew.

#### MR. WILSON AND JAPAN

THE only foreign episode of importance will be the taking over of the Philippine Islands by Japan. It will not involve war. There will be no warning. A Japanese fleet will appear at Manila and assume control of the Islands. There will be no fighting, but President Wilson (elected on the prosperity wave of 1916) will send to Japan a series of notes of great firmness. The only political result of the Japanese assumption of the Islands will be the entire discredit of President Wilson and the triumphant election of Theodore Roosevelt in the year 1920. On this there will begin for the United States an entirely new chapter of national existence too complicated and lengthy for discussion here.

#### IMPERIAL UNION

BUT of external political interest for Canada there will be little. The permanent union of the British Empire will be admitted on all hands. But the progress of its making will still be slow. The Great Conference of 1917 in London will offer an imposing picture of the majesty

Continued on Page 107.



# NEW STUFF: By WILLIAM BYRON

**A**N acrobat who performed feats of wizardry on the bars had done his turn amid a rustle of perfunctory applause; a singer of some fame with a really splendid voice had won a round of hand-claps; a juggler had aroused a half interest in the lukewarm pit by his marvels of balancing; and then the lights flickered down for a tense moment or two, suddenly flashing up to reveal in the centre of the stage a nondescript in a costume that differed in its sheer ridiculousness from anything that comedian had ever worn before to make a vaudeville holiday. He began a line of talk—"patter" it is called in the profession—that had nothing much to recommend it except that it was *different*; it was something that the vaudeville-hardened audience, tired of acrobats, singers and jugglers, had never heard before. And great waves of laughter rose from pit and balcony at every line. People who had sat unmoved through the rendering of the *miserere* and had watched with flinty indifference while the juggler spun lighted lamps on the tops of umbrellas, doubled over with merriment at the green-whiskered nondescript whose more or less feeble jokes had the merit of being new.

The acrobat was a marvel of muscular development, the singer had a golden voice that represented twenty years of training, the juggler could do tricks that set at naught the laws of nature. The comedian was a poor specimen of a man with a two-candle-power brain; but he was the only one on the bill to "get across." He was giving *New Stuff*.

**I**T all simmers down to this. We are living in a strenuous age and we read, see and hear so much, our experiences are so varied, that what attracts us most is that which has novelty. We are looking for novelty in everything and at all times. We pass by the familiar things of life with a bare glance but we stop and look with sharp interest at what appeals to us as new.

This very self-evident proposition has long been recognized by the industries which cater to the public amusement—the producers of plays, the publishers of books, the makers of toys. That whole, great, extravagant structure called Fashion has as its foundation this basic fact. Remove the female love for novelty, for *New Stuff* in Styles, and the whole structure would topple over. The clothing question would narrow down to cotton and calico.

But what is not generally recognized is that the same rule holds good in everything. To-day it is the manufacturer who offers *New Stuff* in his goods, the merchant who introduces *New Stuff* into his sales methods, and, yes, even the minister who puts *New Stuff* into his sermons, who is getting out in front of the multitude. Competition on the old lines is so keen that no man can win a big success for himself unless he finds new ways all his own.

In the city of Center there are three departmental stores, all of them fair samples of the modern merchandising mart—whole streets of plate glass, miles of crowded aisles, armies of skurrying employees. All three carry up-to-the-minute stocks, keep their prices more or less attractive and have developed their service to the almost miraculous degree of efficiency that is found in the modern departmental store.

But Radford's is fast becoming the leader.

Radford himself is a little man with a rabbit-like blandness of countenance who sits in a cubby-hole on the third floor and never gives

one thought to buying or the manifold problems of management; he has dependable men under him. Radford's share of the credit for the growth of the business would probably figure out at about seventy-five per cent.; and all he does is to think out new ways of attracting the shopper. The word "new" is the root and substance of Radford's business creed. It is his yard stick for measuring every idea. Is it new? Has it ever been tried before? Will it have sufficient novelty to arouse in the rather faded and very sophisticated minds of Mrs. and Miss Shopper the kind of interest that will work up to sales? If not, away with it!

If it is new, however, all the resources of the huge Radford organization, all the driving power of the Radford wealth will be put behind that idea. And Radford won't consider that he is gambling. Experience has proven that he can capitalize and make money out of every merchandising idea that is really new. There is a sure profit in *New Stuff*.

It was Radford who first introduced the Infants' Department: Putting in one section of the store every known article that pertains to H.R.H. Child and thus plung-



Walk into the modern office . . . and it will not be hard to understand the remarkable advance in efficiency.

ing the frugal mother, who came in to buy safety pins, into a perfect shopping orgy. No woman could look at whole tables and counters and racks of bonnets, jumpers, knitted suits, ribbons, belts, toys—and go away with a purchase of safety pins! It isn't in human nature. Perhaps it can be done now, for the Infants' Department is not new and the mother who seeks out the big store for safety pins goes with her mind steeled against gorgeous mufflers and teddy bears. But when the idea was quite new!—Well, Radford was first in the field with that idea.

Radford is continually or-

ganizing new departments. Every now and then he rips up a section of the store and puts in a "Japanese Corner" or an "Oriental Shop" or a "Small Goods Bazaar." These departments are featured conspicuously in the store advertisements—so conspicuously that no woman can visit the establishment without drifting over to see the new section. In every case it amounts to nothing more than a regrouping of goods; bringing lines from a number of the regular store departments together in a more special classification. The regrouping suggests ideas to shoppers. A bright-colored vase in the "Japanese Corner" is more salable there than it was in an odd corner of the crockery department.

When he is not organizing new specialty "drives," Radford is mobilizing the store forces for special sales that have a new idea behind them. He finds reasons for each sale and then exploits the reason in big type in his advertising space. Radford sales always attract special attention because they are different.

"Radford's is a fad shop," declare the opposition stores. "Always trying something new. Always ripping things up."



But Radford's is steadily forging ahead of its two competitors.

WHEN the county seat was removed to a neighboring town, depression settled down thick in McLeod Crossing. The number of stores shrunk from six to two; the real estate office closed up; shutters were put on one hotel and the other settled down to the meagre profits of country-town stagnation. The Crossing, as the inhabitants called the place, became as active as a burnt-out fuse and as hopeful as a bankrupt sale.

Then came Jacob Saunders. We'll call him that, chiefly because the name is no more like his real one than McLeod Crossing is like the real name of the place itself—for the events to be narrated are drawn from the actual history of a certain Canadian town. Saunders was a tall, slouchy, dyspeptic appearing fellow with an air of abiding pessimism and, strangely enough, a most amazing faculty for making friends. He was a slow-thinking, slow-acting man, who nevertheless covered a lot of ground mentally and did a heap of work.

Saunders had it figured out that McLeod Crossing had taken its knockout too easily. He couldn't believe that the removal of the Court House, Registry Office and Jail could prove a solar plexus to a town with good railway facilities, situated right in the heart of the best farming district. The worst of it was that Saunders had just come through a little real estate venture which had left him with exactly seventy-five dollars and a keen desire for financial recuperation.

With a capital of seventy-five dollars he entered on the task of putting new life into McLeod Crossing.

SAUNDERS decided that the first step was to get himself firmly grounded in business; so he leased a vacant store—there were a number to choose from—paying the almost tearfully grateful owner five dollars in advance. Fifty dollars he laid out in stock, buying the goods from one of the two surviving merchants at a slight increase on the wholesale price; the merchant figuring that a small profit could never be sneezed at in McLeod Crossing, and that the poor deluded fellow creature starting the new store would have a short shrift anyway. "I feel guilty lettin' y' do this," he told Saunders. "Ever run a store in a morgue? How c'n you expect then to get a new store goin' in this town?"

But Saunders fixed up a counter with some planks and a couple of barrels that he found on the premises. He bought a chair and two boxes of cigars. Then he arranged his stock—sugar, oatmeal, and so forth, staple of the staples—and threw open the doors to the public.

Every man that came in, Saunders gave a cigar—after the first day quite a few dropped in. "I'm not going to try selling goods to you for awhile," he would say. "I just want to get acquainted first. After that I'll try to get a few customers."

So the male inhabitants of the Crossing one by one dropped into the new

store to meet the new townsman and smoke one of his cigars. He talked with them about the current local topics and didn't bother them about buying; and pretty soon "Jake" Saunders was accepted and liked. And gradually his stock dwindled. He bought more, from a wholesaler this time, paying cash. He sold and resold his scanty stock several times, on each occasion increasing it a little. In the meantime he lived in a two-by-four cupboard at the back of the store and rustled his own meals. He had a stomach of iron had Saunders.

Imagine, if you can, a store with a fifty-dollar stock! It was a joke even in McLeod Crossing, where it required something out of the ordinary to win a smile from the gloom-laden natives. But gradually new lines began to put in an appearance. One day Saunders proudly displayed a line of breakfast foods and some jars of candy. Then came a bunch of bananas, a keg of nails and a few pairs of rubber boots. Before the Crossing knew how the miracle had been accomplished, Saunders was established in their midst with a general stock—and he didn't owe a cent in the wide world!

Saunders' mind kept slowly turning and every time it completed a revolution it brought an idea back with it. He started to advertise, by getting out a weekly hand bill with news items on one side and an advertisement on the other; in which humble way began the *McLeod Crossing Register*, which Saunders now owns. He put in the first glass show case in the county, he had a booth at the fair held in the new county seat, he canvassed the surrounding district and got an increasing share of business from the farmers. In fact, he went after business with methods that were new in those parts—and got it. Saunders probably owed his ultimate success to other causes as well as his energy—he never cut a price and never knocked a competitor.

WHEN Saunders' bank account had become big enough to draw interest, he turned his attention to the heaviest part of his task—the re-juvenation of McLeod Crossing. The sleepy town had been in a sort of trance ever since the removal of the court house, but it responded with surprising celerity to the galvanic methods of the irresistible Saunders.

The only hope, he recognized, was in getting back the interest of the farm-

ers which had been transferred to the new county seat. And this could be done only in one way: By reviving the Crossing market.

Saunders visited the county seat on market day, finding the place crowded with farmers, some of whom he knew had come farther than they would if they had visited McLeod Crossing instead. The stores were full of customers and there was an air of cheerful optimism everywhere that contrasted most forcibly with the indigo tone back home. But about two o'clock a sudden shower blew up and scores of bedraggled farmers deserted their well-soaked wagons and stock for the shelter of store entrances. The tone of the crowd changed. They began to find flaws in everything and to grumble at the poor accommodation. Saunders went back to McLeod Crossing and started a subscription list to provide a covering for the local market place.

How Saunders ever got the necessary funds scraped together is a mystery; but the fact remains that in a month's time work was started on the erection of a covering of galvanized sheeting for the market. His own store being on an adjacent corner, Saunders turned over a portion of it for the installation of a large gas stove and on Saturdays—the big market day—a woman paid by the municipality took her place there and served tea and coffee to the farmers and their wives free! This idea was, in Saunders' own opinion, a stroke of genius. He attributes to it a large share of the popularity which McLeod Crossing market ultimately enjoyed; for the custom with the farmers who attended market was to carry a cold snack somewhere in the



New aids to accuracy, to efficiency, to speed are being continuously introduced.

load and, so, piping hot tea or coffee free was a real boon, a boon that helped to draw them away from the county seat.

A committee headed by Saunders undertook the task of advertising the new advantages of the Crossing market to every farmer in the county; and the campaign was carried out so thoroughly that the number of farmers coming to market was soon noticeably larger. The county town at first took no notice of the Crossing campaign and even affected to laugh at it. They continued to let the farmers freeze in cold weather and get thoroughly soaked on wet days; until one day they wakened up to find that the Crossing market had outgrown them. And then it was too late.

Prosperity returned slowly but surely to the Crossing. The committee worked zealously along the lines laid down by the ingenious Saunders; working out new "stunts" that had in every case the one object—interesting the farmers. To-day the Crossing has a wonderful market and prosperity radiates from it in all directions, affecting every branch of industry in the place. The people there gave a lot of credit to Jacob Saunders; but it is doubtful if they realize that the whole prosperity of the place is due to the fact that one hard-headed citizen had the courage and energy to get them started along new lines.

AND it's the same in every branch of business. Just for example, look at the case of Brissler and Flack. As the head of an old established firm in the woolen line, James Flack was one of the best known figures in Canadian industry. He was a Trojan for work, came down to the office at 8.30 every morning, had his finger into every pie and kept the department managers right on their toes. James Flack was *the business*. One saw the imprint of his personality in everything that concern did. And James Flack did not believe in advertising.

He was about as amenable to reason as a granite statue—which in some respects, by the way, he seemed to resemble, sitting there at his desk, grim, grizzled and gruff, meeting the arguments of clever solicitors with unyielding disbelief. Every advertising man in the country had had a crack at old Jimmy Flack; and had been routed at the first encounter. It was generally conceded that James Flack was hopeless.

Brissler had the reputation among those who really knew, of being in the very front rank of advertising men. He was not a showy talker, nor particularly clever as a "spot closer"—a rather quiet fellow, in fact, who could compress a telling argument into a few words and who was studying the other man all the time. Brissler saw Flack once and came away just as badly beaten,

to all appearances, as the score or more of other solicitors who had gone before him. He came away, however, with a phrase of Flack's running through his mind—a phrase that the old manufacturer had rolled off his tongue with unctuous enjoyment: "I stand personally behind every article we turn out."

Brissler paused in the outer office to speak to an acquaintance of his there and, while exchanging a few remarks, looked back through the glass partition into the Flack sanctum and studied the grim old president. Flack was bulky and straight-backed, the very personification of self-confidence. His high esteem of his own person and prowess shone out from him. Flack's self-respect was considerably more than mere complacency.

Brissler returned in a couple of week's time and, after a skirmish with Flack's secretary, gained permission for a two-minute interview. He strode into the president's office briskly and held out to the mildly surprised Flack a piece of drawing-board about three feet square.

"I've heard it said that you are a good judge of art, Mr. Flack," said Brissler. "I wonder if you will agree with me that our artist has done rather well with that likeness?"

The board contained an admirably executed drawing of Flack himself while across the face of the sketch were the words: "I stand personally behind every article we turn out." It was some moments before another word was said. Flack sat with his eyes glued to the drawing.

"It—it's well done," he said, finally; and his voice did not express any displeasure.

"Yes, it is good enough to catch the eye anywhere," said Brissler. "If that were published throughout the country, so that every person would learn of the quality policy that you pursue just as I did on my last talk with you, the results would be far-reaching."

And that is how Flack came to take his first plunge into advertising. If Brissler had not found the heel of Achilles, solicitors could have come and solicitors could have gone but Flack would have gone on forever, firm in his belief that advertising does not pay. He is a big advertiser now and the expansion of his plant can perhaps be accepted as proof that he has found it does pay. But it took New Stuff in the way of a canvass to make him see the light.

PEOPLE laughed when a group of artists produced the first Cubist paintings—laughed with derision at the eccentric daubs of color that these crack-brained fellows called art. It was the best joke of the century. But nevertheless people went to see those paintings and the magazines and newspapers discussed them by the column. The Cubists waxed prosperous and famous in the strong light of publicity. Hideous mixtures of color, put on as it seemed by a tree-sprayer, these Cubist and Futurist paintings did for their creators something that no amount of merit ever could have done. It just shows what New Stuff, even in art which is wedded to the past, can do.

CARRY the research a little farther afield. Consider the case of the Excelsior Manufacturing Co. They were well established in a certain field but when Harry Sutcliffe was brought into the firm to get the necessary training that would fit him to fill the large and very capable shoes of his father, the spirit of unrest came in with him. Young Sutcliffe was fairly boiling over with the expansion fever. Upwards and onwards, growth and expansion, profit and conquest, were the only words in the English language that appealed to this youthful Alexander of industry. He persuaded the old man to start into a new line. An addition was built to the factory. Capital was sunk in new machinery. The brisk air of the old place merged into a positive frenzy.

But before the new line had been on the market long, old man Sutcliffe, who kept his hand on the sales throttle, made a disconcerting discovery. The new line had been supplied by another concern for twenty-five years and the trade was pretty well satisfied with what they had been getting. The old concern turned out an article that couldn't be beaten. They had always used the trade right. And so the travelers of the Excelsior Co. came back with empty order books.

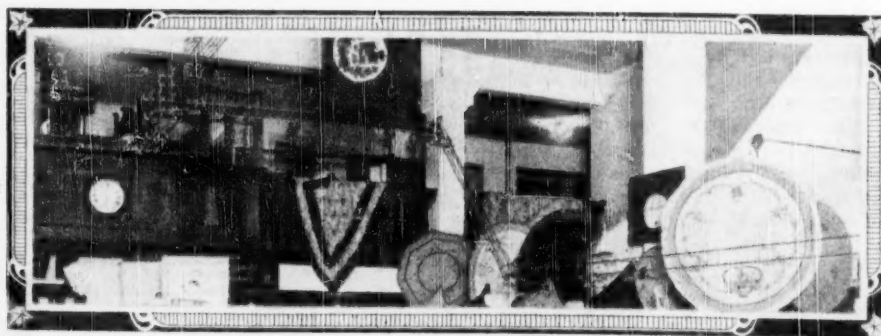
Old man Sutcliffe considered the hole he had made in his assets to get into this new field and his fighting blood came to the surface.

"I'll break into this market!" he affirmed, "I'll start out now and go those national fellows one better in everything. Where they are good, we'll be better. Talk about quality—we'll show 'em!"

So he took the National article and, after some experimenting with it, turned out a product that was just as good in every way. In fact, it was hard to tell the two apart.

But the business refused to come. The National people were "dug in" and no amount

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A large department store is a miracle not only of organization but of equipment.



Photo,  
Underwood  
and  
Underwood



The  
Latest  
Photo-  
graph  
of  
Julia  
Arthur.

## Julia Arthur Comes Back

**L**ISTEN!

Julia Arthur is to return to the stage in a new play by Herbert H. McLaughlin, of Cleveland, called "The Eternal Magdalene."

"Nonsense," said one.

"Nonsense," said two, and added, as if we didn't know: "She got married"; adding with still more conviction, "She married a millionaire"—as if, to their imagination, somehow a million would have still more to do than a millionaire in preventing a woman from returning to the stage.

The name of the playwright—not to

By **GERALDINE STEINMETZ**

mention his address—being given, had a convincing aspect.

And it was true.

Julia Arthur is coming back.

Why is she coming back? Does—does—(The question *will* get itself asked)—*does* her husband approve?

Patience, she will answer your questions herself.

The gist of the whole matter is that when Julia Arthur left the stage to be

married, she had reached that point in her artistic career when people began to say: "She will be Bernhardt—the American Bernhardt."

Hear a critic of that time:

"When maturity has broadened and ripened her art, when Duse and Bernhardt have silently slipped away, Julia Arthur will assume her rightful position; and she will be greater than them all."

She has come back to meet the prophecy.

Another reason why we are excited is that Julia Arthur was born in Canada, in



Hamilton, Ontario, to be exact. Julia Arthur is not only by birth a Canadian, but is of that artistic race, the Celtic (Irish and Welsh), so that she couldn't help having temperament, even if she was born in Hamilton.

Shall I go over all of it for you? It's in every "Who's Who" in the English language; but you don't want to have to look it up yourself? Very well, then, briefly, she acted as an amateur when she was eleven; at fourteen she made her debut as a professional; and from that moment began a career in which industry justified good-fortune, and modesty crowned success. There is a long list of plays in which she was starred as leading woman in emotional and exacting roles. Her exquisite and delicate beauty, her haunting charm took the public by storm; people described her slight and graceful form, her pale face, with its dark and spiritual eyes, the mass of black, shining hair; and when they quite thought they knew how she looked, went back again to watch the changing expression of her mobile countenance. Her "Juliet" was criticized as the most wonderful on the American stage; her interpretation was exact, restrained, passionate.

In 1895, she accepted Sir Henry Irving's offer and played with him in London the role of Rosamond in "A' Becket" next Terry. Her effort to perfect her already exquisite art never ceased; and besides studying dramatic art, in both England and on the Continent, she gave some study at that time, to music, playing the violin. Again, America, she did Mrs. Burnett's play, "A Lady of Quality." Then came her triumphant interpretation of Empress Josephine in "More Than Queen"—then—

Then came, apparently, the end, so far as concerned the theatre and drama.

IT was Mr. Cheney's good fortune; but the public thought, and perhaps rightly, that Julia Arthur belonged to them.

It seemed almost more than one man could deserve.

Mrs. Cheney's retirement from the stage seemed permanent, and rightly, if she so wished it. It is difficult for any woman to meet the sometimes opposing claims of home and career. Her difficulty was not so much the career—for she was not self-seeking; but it is always hard to give up doing what one very much likes doing. Miss Arthur, however, did not, we think, find it too great a hardship—but you shall hear her herself on that point.

The instance of Miss Arthur is particular of that widely-discussed question: How can women reconcile the often apparently conflicting impulses, one of which would take them on their merit as individuals only, into the world; the other of which would give them as women to the service of the home and family. But both impulses are vital, and art usually welds them together until the artist's life becomes harmonious. Seeing this in Miss Arthur's life makes it altogether delightful to write about her. Her beauty, her genius, her success have withdrawn attention from even more noteworthy characteristics: her industry, her modesty, her happiness and goodness.

It was Anatole France who said, "All the world will some day live as artists live"—meaning by that, that it is the privilege of the artist, as it is also his duty, to work faithfully at his art, whatever that art may be; the difference between the artist and persons whose lives are less pleasantly occupied being that the artist first carefully picks the work he wants to do, and then must do it, just because it's in him, and he can't, even if he would, give it up. So we may observe the operation of this law in Miss Arthur's life: whatever it is given us to do, that we must do. Miss Arthur is a brilliant example of the modern woman, too much alive to be spoiled by luxury, too conscious of the meaning of life to become idle, so long as there are power and

energy within her, and so long as there is a world that needs her work.

WE anticipate Miss Arthur's return to the stage. What would she make now of her former roles? Would her conception of their character be the same as formerly? What would Miss Arthur's "Juliet" be to-day? We venture to think it would be even finer, more delicate, more vitally artistic. For some time aids art, making finer that which was fine before, ennobling that which was already noble.

It is altogether a fascinating problem that Miss Arthur has—doubtless unconsciously—set for us: an actress whom we had for years regretted we had not seen, an artist whom we had thought never to see; and a new play, with a world-old theme, "The Eternal Magdalene." What will be the outcome?

What have the years between done for Julia Arthur's art?

Is it Julia Arthur matured that we shall see, or an artist completely changed, with other aims and ideals than those of her youth. We incline to believe that the vital direction given in her youth will have been maintained, still to be discerned below the fulfilment, the flowering into maturity of her beauty and mentality. For the natures of real artists do not change; they grow.

THE war—in these days, every event traces back to the war—the war was indirectly the occasion which led to Miss Arthur's definite action. But you should hear her tell it herself:

"If you really want to know why I am going to break my word and go back to the stage, there are several reasons," she said, when there came a few minutes of breathing time during the rehearsal.

"In the first place, my husband, who would never hear of it before, finally gave his consent. I'll tell you later how I won him over.

"The real reason is the play, 'The Eternal Magdalene,' written by Mr. Robert McLaughlin. It's a wonderful play, and the character—she's just called 'The Woman'—is the biggest, finest character I ever read. It's just the kind of play and just the kind of character that one dreams of getting to create.

"And yet, just the same, I don't suppose I really would be here now had it not been for the late Charles Frohman.

"Often, I confess, I talked with my husband about returning. I would point out to him that when I left the stage, my work was just as great and important to me as his railroads are to him, but he'd say, 'I don't think you ought to do it,' and that would end the matter for a time. But I kept thinking.

"I really felt that if a woman had the power to entertain, amuse, and perhaps, lift people up out of the rut of daily existence, she ought to do it. And my many kind friends kept insisting that I could do the work. I talked it over again with my husband. I pointed out to him how women, more and more, were doing great and noble work in the world; how it in no way interfered with their home life; how our own absolutely perfect, harmonious life would go on just the same, only that



*Julia Arthur has come back to meet the prophecy*

I would be a little bit happier doing the thing I felt I really ought to do.

"Then one day I read of the suffering, particularly among the actors and actresses of England because of the war, and quite on the impulse of the moment, I decided I would try to arrange for a big benefit in Boston to do something to aid them. I didn't take my husband into my confidence at the start. I thought he might try to discourage me, and I wanted so much to do it.

"When I finally told him, he did just what I thought he would do, he tried to induce me to give it up. I'd gone so far ahead, though, I couldn't; so, man-like, he turned round and took every bit as much interest in the benefit as though it was some big railroading work he had to do.

"The benefit was a tremendous success, and Mr. Frohman, who had come from New York to attend it, was more than kind in his expressions to me. And then he had a long talk with my husband, and in the end I got his consent to go back. But he wanted me to do something big.

"I read a number of plays, but none of them seemed to be just what I was looking for. And then I was asked to read Mr. McLaughlin's play.

"The further I read, the more certain I became that here was just what I had been

seeking. The character grew and grew on me. And so did the other characters in the play. I was talking with Mr. McLaughlin one day, and unconsciously was praising one of the other characters in the play so enthusiastically that finally he said, 'Why, Mrs. Cheney, you are thinking more about this character than you are about your own part.'

"I decided I'd do it. I went to my husband and told him I had found something so big, so powerful, that it was worthy the efforts of any woman to try to carry the message it had to tell as far and wide as she could.

"He just folded up the newspaper he was reading and looked at me for a minute—it seemed that long, anyway. Then all he said was, 'We had better move to New York, so we can be at home.'

We salute Mr. Cheney; he lends us for a little while the joyousness and light of the personality that has made his happiness.

MISS ARTHUR says that it is the message of "The Eternal Magdalene" that made the play worth while to her. Artistically, we may be sure, it must meet all the standards by which it will be judged. But that Miss Arthur goes back of the art of the play to the life it represents, is significant. Art and life cannot

be separated without injury to both. To have a play that is artistic, but unreal, vicious or weak, is not enough; to have a poorly constructed play that yet seems real, vital and moral, is not enough. A play must be artistic and it must also have a meaning for each person in the theatre; it must be human. We wish to smile and to sorrow, as if the scenes were real; we wish to live in the lives of the people on the stage. We shall, in "The Eternal Magdalene."

"The Eternal Magdalene" might well sum up all Miss Arthur's roles, philosophically as well as artistically, for in the character of "The Eternal Magdalene" is there not also "Juliet?" Is not "Lady Windermere" a fragment of a larger whole? Do not also "Rosamond" and "Josephine" seem to be implied? For "The Eternal Magdalene" might be any woman and, being any woman, might be every woman; and so why not "Juliet" or "Josephine," peasant or princess.

We do not mean to say we consider the play will prove a sermon; every play has a sermon if you can find it. So is every good sermon a play. Play and sermons together all are a part of our life and do us good if they are good. "The Eternal Magdalene" has been the subject of many a sermon; it is here the motive for a great play.

## PORTEOUS, V.C. By ALAN SULLIVAN

Illustrated by J. W. BEATTY

**E**VEN at school it had been remarked that Timothy Porteous would be a successful man, and by the time he reached thirty the thing was self-evident. At fifty he had achieved smugness, roundness and self-sufficiency. The friends of his boyhood had drifted away and the atmosphere of commerce revealed others more to his liking. Superficially, Porteous had developed into a small, narrow-shouldered, full-bellied man whose smooth exterior might at first glance successfully shroud a calculating individual, but in whom as soon as he spoke one perceived a sleek and grasping soul, unashamed of what it was but proud of what it had; on guard lest it might be touched into generosity, and suspicious of any who loved money less than itself.

Around such men gather only those who are smitten with the same plague or those who desire to be smitten. A hard circle this, unmoved by emotion and stirred by but one desire. It is in time with the market and responds to dividends, but it is out of step with the beating of human hearts and dead to the throbs of the universe.

Late in life Porteous committed bigamy. Married already to money, he wedded a fair-skinned, romantic girl, who, dazzled by the plate glass in the Porteous windows, whispered a faint "I will" at the

### The Story of a Man who Went to the Front through Fear

altar. A year or so later, having much against her conscience borne her husband a son, she slipped out of life with an unanswered question on her lovely lips. Behold then, Arthur, the child of a mistake. Slight, fair, imaginative, delicate as to face and fingers, compassing in his tender body all that his mother had failed to achieve and all that his father was constitutionally unfitted to understand.

This ancient world has occasionally strange turns and vagaries. She spins for centuries through peaceful constellations, while bland seasons follow one another, and the milky skies reveal nothing more fearsome than stardust. Nations are born and vanish like river foam—but no convulsion disturbs the globe's hardened crust. The process of nature rebuilds itself and man climbs a rung higher on the ladder of infinity. Then there comes, as though it were over night, a cataclysm that wipes out history and gives the new word in thunder. All customs and relationships are changed; the clock of eternity seems to stop, the sun sets in blood, and the face of the moon is covered with ashes.

When Arthur was twenty-one the war of the world was declared. To Timothy Porteous it made a vast difference. Some of his famous dividends ceased and he set to work with cold fury and an eye like a dead fish to make it a certainty that even though a million men were killed they should not fall without profit to him. So he wallowed in war contracts and became a middleman of sinister proportions. But to Arthur it made a still greater difference. Since his thinking years began, he had lived in a world of his own. Music and painting enveloped him. That which was crude, hard or mercenary he made anathema. His spirit, always delicate, became still more sensitive till he could not contemplate the death of a spider without shrinking. Beauty—the essence, the interpretation and the mysterious origin of it—held him breathless. And as his soul reached out, his body became more fair in texture and fibre. He seemed a thing apart, modeled not for the arduous duties of men and the shocks of the world, but for a priesthood that might move softly amid the mellow lights of a shrine.

Three months after the war began, Timothy Porteous was walking to his club for lunch with two other successful men, when one of them said: "I heard from my son yesterday. They're flooded



out at Salisbury. But he seems to like it. Great stuff, that boy."

"My son was in England," chimed in the other, "and got into the Ninth Lancers. He was in the retreat from Mons."

"By George! What did he say about it?"

"Principally that he didn't get any sleep for three nights. He left the gory part out. I guess I'll get that when he comes back."

Porteous was uncomfortably silent. This was the sort of conversation into which he bumped many times a day. It seemed to be understood, however, that he could take practically no part in it, the floor being reserved for those who had earned it.

"Won't this place go crazy when our boys come back?" ruminated the first speaker. "I think I'll blow up myself." He turned to Porteous. "That son of yours going? How old is he?"

"He's twenty-one," said Porteous sulkily. "No—he's not going."

"Oh—well—I suppose every one can't go. What's he doing now?"

"Painting."

The conversation dropped at that and they turned into the club. Porteous glanced at the war maps, read the noon bulletin and sat down by himself. He could not eat. Presently he got up and started back for his office.

**T**HE peculiarity of pride is that it will either make or destroy. It is either a flame that urges or a millstone that prevents. Pride of possession puffs up the soul, and pride of place or station sets a film over the vision. The proud man suffers from mental apoplexy and yet only the proud can do small things beautifully. True pride is the father of true modesty, and false pride is a pitfall for the feet of many. There is a certain pride which is easily perforated by the worm of envy and there is another which is but a step from shame.

Porteous, walking back to his office, was conscious of some of these—but he did not understand it in the least.

"Have you thought anything about going to the front?" he said to his son the same evening.

Arthur hesitated and searched the shrewd face for something to which he might reply. But Timothy Porteous had barricaded his heart with wounded pride. "Yes—I've thought a good deal."

"I don't want to send you of course—but—"

Again Arthur was silent. He had had ferocious moments in which he thrust himself toward the recruiting office. There were days in which he endeavored desperately to take hold of a rifle or touch a machine gun. But a uniform was to him the panoply of legalized murder. Deep in his soul he believed that high above the crash of battle brooded beauty and truth, immune from war and butchery—waiting the day when they might again settle serenely on the earth. For their advent he desired above all things to prepare himself. But that he should kill!

"Do you think I ought to go?" he said, slowly.

"That," answered his father with suave compliance, "is a question that every young man of military age must answer for himself."

"But do you think I'd be any use? I—I couldn't stand the sight of blood."

"H'm—but you would be willing that other young men should stand it for you."

Arthur turned pale. "You do want me to go?"

"I was with Mr. Peterson to-day. His son is at Salisbury up to his knees in mud. I also was told that James Borthwick was in the retreat from Mons with the Ninth Lancers. These things came out in conversation and your name was mentioned, but naturally I didn't have anything to say. You understand, I don't take it upon myself to urge you but I want to be sure that you see conditions as they actually are. If you went, I would of course do all I could in your interest."

The boy felt sick and faint. "I couldn't kill a man," he said under his breath.

Timothy Porteous turned slightly purple. He couldn't do it himself, but for an entirely different reason; and he knew it.

"That's all nonsense. Here you are fiddling away your time with paint brushes while other fellows of your age are playing the game." Timothy Porteous stopped impressively, feeling that he had put it rather well, and conscious at the same time of a glow of satisfaction that he was sixty-five himself.

"I can't go." The boy was desperate. "I'd run away and disgrace myself. I can't help it. I'll do anything you like here—but—" he ceased in overwhelming confusion. His lips were trembling.

His father had risen and was pointing to the door.

"Very well—you can stay here—and disgrace me. That's all."

**T**HAT night was as long as eternity. Every elemental impulse in the lad was at bay. Beauty and Truth hid their faces, while he struggled in a world of demons to which they were strangers. The things he had loved all his life were wrenched away, because it appeared that they were false gods who chuckled in their sleeves even while he worshipped. Now it was only left for him to take up that which he abhorred and slay men who felt perhaps even as he did. Visualizing those distant battalions, he cringed at the rumble of guns and the shriek of imagined shells. There was blood everywhere—even in his dreams.

In the morning he went automatically to the room he used as a studio. The door was locked.

Standing motionless, the blood rushed to his temples and a sweat came out on his body. Then without a word and passing the dining room where Timothy Porteous, having glanced at the headlines, was devouring the stock reports with his buttered toast, Arthur closed the front gate gently behind him and without a backward glance struck out for the Armories.

The following week, Porteous walked again to his club with Peterson and Borthwick.

"I hear your boy has enlisted," said the latter.

Porteous squared his shoulders and inflated what had once been his chest. "Yes—yes—slipped away and did it off his own bat."

"He didn't look very fit the last time I saw him."

"Possibly not, but he's sound, perfectly sound."

They entered, and Porteous ordered his lunch—a ragout of venison, mince pie and a bottle of claret. "There's nothing like a hardy life and simple fare to straighten a boy's back. By Gad! I wish I could go myself."

"Were you able to get any binoculars? He'll go as an officer of course and I'm told the market is swept clean of them."

Porteous helped himself to gravy. "I—I—" he hesitated. "I got him everything, but he wouldn't take it. Said he was content with whatever was going. Fine spirit, Eh?" His hand shook slightly.

"Great stuff. What's the matter? Off your feed?"

The successful man had suddenly pushed his food away. "No—stomach out of order. Excuse me, will you?"

**T**HAT afternoon, he slunk into the Armories. A line of lean youths was dividing and subdividing itself into companies and sections. At one end was Arthur, his head up and his lips pressed tight. There were dark shadows under his eyes. The line, pivoting on the other end, swung like a fan past the short, corpulent man who stood near the door. He could have touched his son, but the delicate face did not change nor did the eyes swerve for an instant. An order rapped out and the crashing of four hundred feet moved noisily away.

Youth has its own peculiar dreams and visions. It surveys life with a glowing eye and that power to taste, which vanishes so soon beneath the frost of recurrent years. All things are fair and most are sweet. Age seems a disease which is so infinitely removed from one's self that its inevitable advance is the cause of merriment. Through the fair young body, pulses vitality that mocks at fatigue and jockeys with danger. A song is on the lips, a flower is on the breast and a divine thrill in the heart. All things are possible, and hope and laughter are foster brothers.

But when, after six months of training, Arthur's regiment landed in France, and camped within sight of a field hospital, he saw youth in a strange guise. It was smitten, scourged and rent. There was that eternal smile on the lips and the undying light in the eye, but it was a youth that had shaken hands with death and crept away for healing. To his imagination, these men, undergoing their fiery baptism, were crowned forever. The trench was a temple in which prodigious sacrifices were made, but in between the leaden gusts, the buoyant spirit of young men found that with which to joke. He marveled and waited.

There was however, that which still curdled his own blood. Fear had driven him into the ranks, fear of a grim contempt, a scorn and countless half-veiled





*He jumped to the Maxim and thrust in a strip of cartridges and began to crank.*

sneers. Between him and his father there had been peace—but it was the peace imposed on a bully when the object of his cruelty is invisible. For years he had been building himself a mental haven into which his father could never enter. Now, had he stayed, had he not nerved his whole shrinking soul to enlist and thrust himself into that at which he revolted, he would have succumbed to a still greater fear. There was no glory in his going. He had only faced the destiny that was less grim.

When his company ultimately went forward, that section of the line was in a strange stillness. Far to the right he could hear the French guns pounding incessantly, their rumble mixed with a deeper booming from the German howitzers. Passing a farm house he noted a Flanders woman milking a Holstein, and as they came up she smiled and waved one hand. Half a mile from the front the company spread into open order and, running across a bare stubble field, dived into the first communicating trench. This zigzagged up a long slope. They were like insects working along the edge of a saw. Here and there, other and larger trenches extended on either side and in one of them a broken periscope lay beside a torn tunic. This was the position of a fortnight before.

SOME distance on, a crackling sound ran north and south and a curious whirring set up just over head. Arthur instinctively ducked, and looked up. Other men were doing the same. Some one laughed uncomfortably, and in another moment they turned into the main line of trenches.

It was about four feet wide and five and a half deep. On the ridge of loose earth that lay on the east side, a vista of rifles rested across the loam. A hundred feet away, an officer squinted through a periscope that just cleared the ridge. Empty bully beef tins glittered in the sun. Holes scooped out of one side were floored with straw and roofed with earth laden poles. From these, men's feet projected—feet that disappeared and were replaced by heads and shoulders as the relief detachment arrived.

A deep boom sounded to the eastward and five seconds later, a shell sixteen inches in diameter and sixty long, described a curve overhead and dropped about seventy-five feet to the rear. Every man crouched and in the same instant an enormous explosion sounded, with the upheaval of a volcano of stones and earth. Arthur, stricken with mortal terror, trembled violently and caught the eye of a mud-stained sergeant.

"Hell," said the latter, "that's nothing."

The boy swallowed a lump in his throat. The relief had settled into its place, and the others trailing their rifles were dodging back to the communicating trench. It was all over in a few minutes, and Arthur surveyed his own company out of the tail of his eye. All bore a look of chastened unconcern, but quite visibly they were noting their new surroundings with a desperate effort to seem at home.

In another instant it seemed that the new relief was alone on duty. Up and down the line were scattered hard heads who had spent months fighting over this tortured section of Europe, but it appeared to Arthur inconceivable that any one man should be better than another against the onslaught of the German Empire. At the same time, it seemed an outrageous thing that he should be here waiting to shoot at or be shot by a man he had never seen. The hammering of his heart silenced his tongue. He spent hours leaning against the damp wall of earth or moving restlessly between his neighbors. His lips were dry, and prickly fear ran down his spine.

The moon came out. Her white beam glimmered coldly on bayonet points and rifle barrels. Night winds breathed softly and an utter stillness fell on the opposing hosts. It was hard to believe that across that strip, where the barbed wire stretched ragged between irregular posts, waited the enemy, peering, eating, sleeping, fortifying themselves against the appointed hour.

Day broke and Arthur was astonished when his own relief came. It was unbelievable that he could have survived. He glanced ahead through the approaching trenches. No one had been hurt—and they had faced Germany all night.

Two nights later he went back to his post with an unexplainable foreboding. It had prompted his first letter to his father, for by this time Timothy Porteous had receded into a back ground of unreality and moved in another world which had nothing to do with the stark days at the front. Arthur said nothing about fear. He was too proud for that, but through the letter ran a pathos that throbbed forever in the brain of the successful man to whom it was addressed.

Night fell, and again the purple dome of sky was traversed by bursting shells that flamed meteor-like as they plunged earthwards. As dawn broke this bombardment intensified. There was now an incessant roar of screaming shrapnel, and the vicious bang of high explosives. In Arthur's section of trench, men began to crumple up. The sun rimmed the

horizon. Machine gun squads stood nervously opening cartridge boxes and filling water jackets. Behind them the British guns were barking with renewed anger.

SUDDENLY from above the parapet of the opposing trench, appeared a forest of spiked helmets, then heads and shoulders. A small army of men rolled out, and with fixed bayonets, dashed forward in a curious jerky run. Dozens of them pitched head first as though they had tripped—but instantly the gap closed up. By this time the machine guns were rapping and the water jackets too hot to touch. It was now evident that the attack was in force.

There was a skirmish at the parapet of the British trench. Orders came to fall back to the second line. Arthur heard but did not move. Fear had him by the throat. On each side of him the enemy was swarming over, but opposite the machine gun the stream of lead had bored a hole in the German line. The squad cursed helplessly, then turned and ran. Arthur, who for a moment seemed to have been swept into an eddy of the torrent, tried to follow but his legs were weak with fright.

Then, with ultimate terror, he jumped to the maxim, thrust in a strip of cartridge and began to crank. Swaying the barrel like a fan he decimated an oncoming line, and with a huge effort swung it along the trench. For an instant he was master, wielding a lethal flail. A hundred yards back, his regiment was pulling itself together, but for that hundred yards there was naught but wounds and death and the enemy. The strip ran out. The boy, stooping for another, fumbled with shaking hands, but as he did so the end came. There was just a second after he was hit in which all fear passed away.

He was there with a hand on the tripod when the regiment drove back with an irresistible rush, and, cleaning out the enemy, advanced hundreds of yards. There was no terror on the smooth face, for with the swiftness of dying vision he had had one glimpse of that far country where terror is outcast.

TIMOTHY PORTEOUS is still a successful man. His head is held a trifle higher, and he now enters with gusto into any conversation which has to do with the war. Peterson and Borthwick treat him with a new deference and nod understandingly at every opinion he gives. They point him out sometimes. "That's Porteous. You've heard of him. His son was given the V.C. after he was killed at Ypres."

*In our February issue another story by Mr. Sullivan, "The Non-conductor" will appear. It is along a new line, but fully as good as anything he has done for MacLean's. The February issue will maintain the policy of MacLean's which is that each number must be better than the one that preceded it.—The Editors.*



# THE LARK

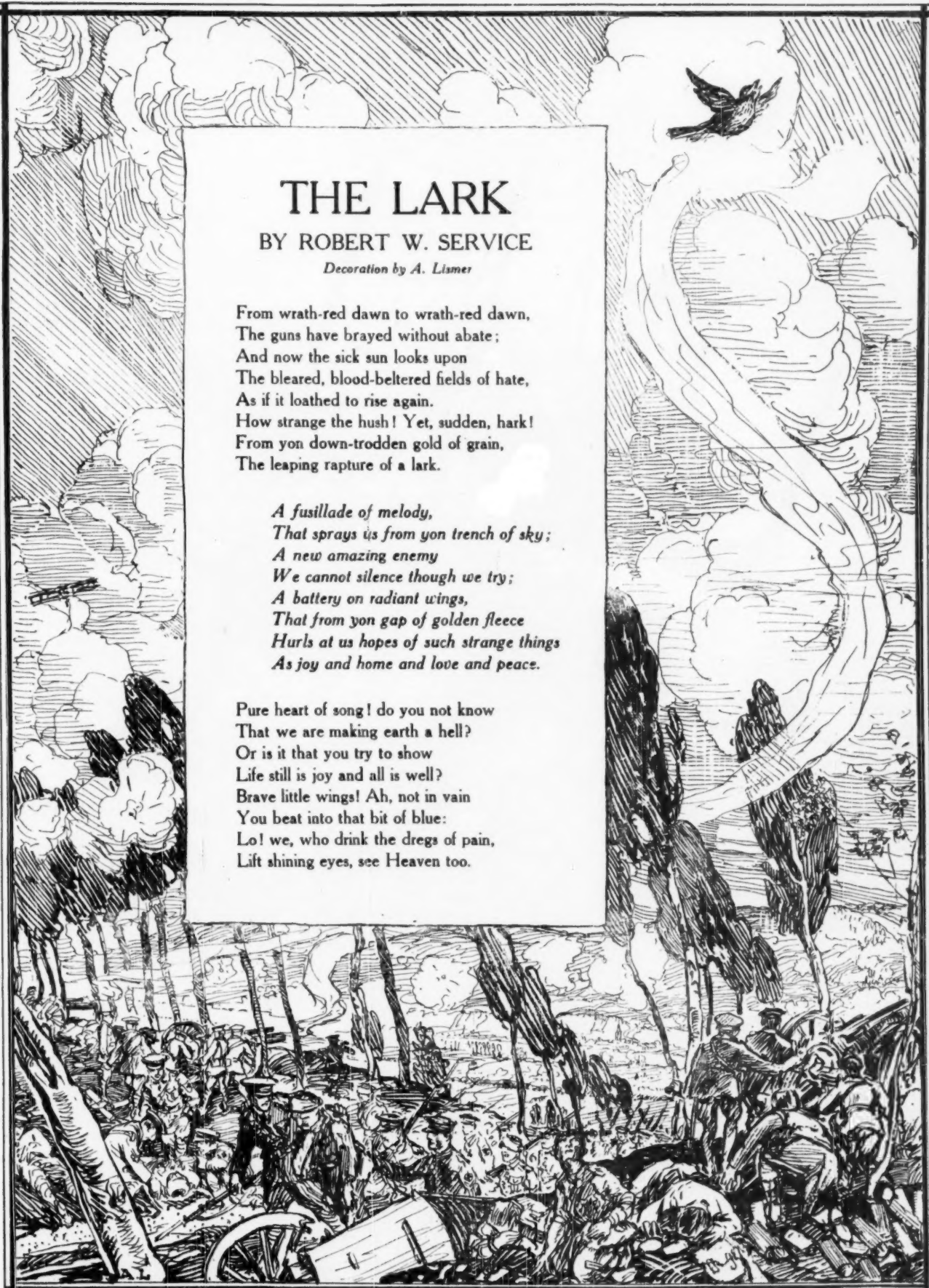
BY ROBERT W. SERVICE

*Decoration by A. Lismer*

From wrath-red dawn to wrath-red dawn,  
The guns have brayed without abate;  
And now the sick sun looks upon  
The bleared, blood-beltered fields of hate,  
As if it loathed to rise again.  
How strange the hush! Yet, sudden, hark!  
From yon down-trodden gold of grain,  
The leaping rapture of a lark.

*A fusillade of melody,  
That sprays us from yon trench of sky;  
A new amazing enemy  
We cannot silence though we try;  
A battery on radiant wings,  
That from yon gap of golden fleece  
Hurls at us hopes of such strange things  
As joy and home and love and peace.*

Pure heart of song! do you not know  
That we are making earth a hell?  
Or is it that you try to show  
Life still is joy and all is well?  
Brave little wings! Ah, not in vain  
You beat into that bit of blue:  
Lo! we, who drink the dregs of pain,  
Lift shining eyes, see Heaven too.





*"Awa-ay, boarders!" It was the cry that had made the navy great in another day.*



# Second In Command: By V. L E E S E

Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS

THE thing that Foster had feared had happened. He had been put to work under another man.

It was a mistake, as Foster had ventured to explain to the admiral commanding the port of Lerwick. The admiral had listened politely without mentioning his own views on the matter; and Foster had accepted the listening as a compliment; he had not really expected more.

"At the worst, Mr. Foster," the great man summed up, "the present arrangement can last but a little while. I may as well tell you that you have been recommended for promotion. I even venture to predict that your return from this cruise will find you in a small command—which I have no doubt you will make a sufficient stepping-stone to higher things."

"Thank you, sir," Foster replied. "A volunteer from nowhere is not likely to be much of a soaring eagle in the service. I'm not worrying about my step. I am quite aware that this appointment to the *Turtle* is a bit of a lift. The trouble is . . . Well, to avoid personalities, let me put it this way. I am a mild and peaceable man; but I want to hint gently that if I find myself under an owner of a certain type I may have to swim to Norway to save myself from a file of marines."

"I fear that I am unable to follow you, Mr. Foster."

"Quite so, sir. And you might add that Lieutenant Commander Hather-sedge is an officer enjoying the confidence of the authorities at least equally with myself. I appreciate your delicacy. But to take another view of the matter, I work best by myself. It makes me nervous if anyone interferes with my peculiar way of doing things."

"Still I hardly follow."

Foster realized that the admiral wished to see how far he would go with his contumacy.

"To put the whole thing in a nutshell," he said, "I was once a kind of an assistant to a Dago manager on a hulk in Valparaiso Bay. It doesn't matter what I was doing. He objected to my methods and appeared to mistake me for a Chink—I beg your pardon—a heathen Chinese. One of his rubber boots was washed ashore next morning with his foot inside. I did not touch him; he got excited and went overboard as a matter of choice. I hope I make myself quite clear?"

"Except, Mr. Foster, that I find it hard to trace a parallel between whatever the —er—Dago did and the conduct of a gentleman and an officer of the Navy toward another officer, or, indeed, toward any subordinate."

A complaint was obviously challenged.

"Excuse me, sir; but have you considered the peculiar position of a subordinate officer who is not a gentleman? I was reminded only last night that I am

## Another Foster Story Telling of the Capture of the Elsie

something of an anomaly in the service. The gentleman knows how to behave with equals and with inferiors. He is not always happy in inventing a third code to fit a special case."

"Ah!" said the admiral, "I had overlooked the point."

HE mused for a moment.

"Mr. Foster from Montreal! since that is the name by which you choose to be known," he said, marking that the other's mouth hardened as he spoke, "as an old fogey I am privileged to remember some things that happened in the service before our younger officers had reached years of discretion. For example, the stupid fellow who resigned from the old *Artemis* when she was on the China station, twelve years ago, whose name was not Foster, and of whom you may not have heard, should have continued to be a gentleman even when he ceased to be an officer. Do you wish me to find a way out of this difficulty?"

"Not at all," replied Foster with grim humor; "it is enough that you have bumped your head against it. Mr. Foster from Montreal has stood on his own unvarnished bottom for twelve years; and he prefers to keep on doing that same thing."

He stood waiting for dismissal.

"Pride," said the admiral, "is a very bitter thing. Good morning, Mr. Foster."

Foster, shrewdly hit, went aboard the *Turtle* in a chastened mood.

A HISS of escaping steam from the valve-pipes inside the funnels rose to a roar as Foster stepped down the narrow gangway from the dock wall. The *Turtle* had been made ready for immediate departure during his half-day's absence. That meant that someone had done his work for him before he had known that it was to be done. He scented an intention to minimize his importance in the scheme of things rather pointedly. Even as he returned a petty officer's salute the gangway rattled in behind him. At least they had paid him the compliment of waiting for him.

The steel deck trembled faintly beneath his feet. The effect reminded him of a hound, tense and quivering in the leash, not straining, but waiting for the word. And Foster admitted for the little ship just such an affection as one might feel for an ageing hound. If he could have added to it the quiet pride of command, if he could have felt that his was the moving will, and could have pretended to himself that the old boat knew it and answered to his understanding, he would have been entirely happy. He would even have felt that there was a

poetic fitness in the association, tracing a likeness between the *Turtle* and himself. Foster was a man of few illusions; tumbling about the seven seas had polished away his more fra-

gile excrescences. So he made little illusions for himself, sufficient unto the day.

The *Turtle* was almost a "crock"—a come-back, a misfit made to serve. She was designed in the days when the steam turbine had raised to the *n*th power the shipmakers' wild dream of speed. The man in the street learned how the little *Turbina* had cloven the seas at forty miles an hour what time the *Turtle's* keel was laid. Then came the more famous exploits of the *Cobra* and the *Viper*. And then, when the last word in this waspish engineering was about to be spoken, the fatal flaw in the type developed. Two record-breaking reptiles broke their own backs. And good sailors lost their lives; and a few sermons were preached on the limits of the ingenuity of man and on the wickedness of applying ingenuity to war. There were also discussions and recriminations in the daily press. Meanwhile the Navy voted down the payment of another instalment on the price of admiralty, and went on its way.

But a halt was called in the finishing of the new destroyer. Reconstruction was considered; also the scrapping of the type in favor of other lines of development. Between the two, and under the influence of one of the currents of economy that sweep through the political world at intervals, the new destroyer was tinkered up with bilge keels and re-inforced bulkheads; and, with engines regulated to a maximum of twenty-four knots, was slipped into the Navy list unnoticed. Nobody loved her—at least, not until a highly-placed wag forgot his dignity and dubbed the "safe and sane reptile" the *Turtle*. At that she became a mild official joke, and was kept dodging about where she would not be seen or heard of until the war gave a new value to every floating thing with teeth.

And the *Turtle* certainly had teeth. She was the oldest boat in commission with submerged torpedo tubes placed out of line with her keel—so placed lest she should overtake her own missiles—but her weapons were as good as the best. Her "lower deck" rejoiced in her name at last, toasting the day when she would "fix her teeth in the seat of the Kaiser's pants," until it became an article of faith that she would do it.

Such was the boat with which Foster liked to imagine a certain affinity. Was he not also a "cull" to which the war had given value? He admitted also that he had a certain reptilian effectiveness—an observer privileged to look into his mind would have marked that, for all his repudiation of a gentleman's dignity, he still had the gentlemanly trick of looking at his own achievements through the wrong end of the telescope. Foster was

neither vain nor superstitious; he knew that Britain numbered her capable sailors by the thousand, and that the "luck" that had brought him two golden opportunities might bring no more. And yet he had the feeling, when he remembered the toast of the men, that if anyone might bring the *Turtle's* snapping mandibles to their desired haven, he was that man.

Something of this flushed his brain under the stimulus of the quiver of the little boat's taut body. Nevertheless his chastened humor held until he had reported himself on the diminutive bridge.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER C. Trevelyan Hathersedge nodded in curt recognition of his subordinate's presence, but troubled himself no more about him until, at six bells, he formally turned over the bridge and went below to dinner.

The course verified, Foster paced the narrow space in no pretty humor. The engines were running sweetly at a round twenty knots. A north-east wind, against the flowing tide, raised a choppy sea that slap-slapped like a dozen pairs of wet hands under the destroyer's forefoot without disturbing the gentle heave of the swell. The *Turtle*, unlike destroyers in general, promised to be a boat in which it would be possible to sleep. Finding a pleasantness in outward things at war with his half-roused temper, Foster shrugged himself into indifference, and turned to find one Martin Dool, in an engineer officer's uniform, at his elbow.

"God bless the Irish!" he said. "How did you get out of jail; when did you join; what are you doing on this packet; and where is your ticket for the promenade deck?"

"Which question is the important one?" said the Irishman with a smile. "And what is making you angry?"

Foster countered in kind.

"Are they making marine engineers overnight, these days?"

"I was seven years with Harland and Wolff," Dool replied, beginning at the end as a good Irishman should, "and two on the seas. For the rest, I have some influence if I care to use it; and I got myself appointed to your ship because I know very well whom to thank if I am neither committing treason nor suffering for it."

"Well, brother sub-lieutenant, just remember that this isn't quite my ship. You are third in the engine-room, I judge, and I am second on the bridge; and if I can see how the cat jumps, one of us at least is going to do some exceedingly small singing this trip. You are taking the middle watch? Then don't make a habit of prowling round here unless it is after four o'clock in the morning. I am taking morning watch to save the owner the unpleasant necessity of sitting at table with a plebeian who might use the wrong fork for his fish. When do you eat?"

"At one bell, with you and the Second. He is a Reserve man."

"I know him. You are lucky; you have a good team to work with—your Chief being only an engineer, if he is in the ser-

vice. I'm up against a blue-blooded proposition of the worst kind. He's got the Way They Have in the Navy worse than a cadet on his first furlough. Get out of this while I finish making up my mind to be the goat."

And Martin Dool, reformed rebel and man of feeling, sympathetically gat himself thence.

ABOUT three in the morning, Foster climbed down an iron ladder to a platform just forward of the mighty turbines, whereon stood his Irish friend, greatly pre-occupied with his duties.

"Don't talk," said the engineer. "I'm as nervous as an old woman; and me ten years away from this job. Sorrow the day I ever came back to it."

"Pshaw!" commented Foster. "Ease up a little. I could do this in my sleep."

"I am willing to believe it, myself," said Martin Dool; "but do not tell anyone else."

Foster produced a pipe, the stem of which was secured to the mouthpiece by surgical plaster overlaid with a neat wrapping of amalgamised tape.

"When His Nibs saw that," he said, looking at it fondly and referring disrespectfully to Lieutenant Commander C. Trevelyan Hathersedge, "he looked like a man whose worst fears were confirmed. If he caught me smoking it here I should expect to be court-martialed."

"You are setting a very bad example to one the like of me," said Dool—"trying to keep the King's regulations for the first time in my life. If any other did it I would order him off this grating."

"I'll go if it bothers you, old man," Foster replied, taking the point with the quickness of understanding that served him instead of righteousness.

"Stay you there!"

"You see, Martin," said Foster amiably. "regulations make me fidgetty until I have broken them. It is a temperamental defect that I don't seem to grow out of. Every time I run into Simon Pure officialism, Mrs. Grundy, or any of her esteemed relatives, I've got to go out and smash something. As I grow older I am learning to smash the things that are least expensive. And I reckon that if I only bust a dinky rule about smoking in the engine room after an encounter with our sweet commander, it is a triumph of restraint."

AN hour later they resumed their conversation on the bridge. The north-east wind, steadied to a mere breeze, had grown colder; and a light mist, limiting clear vision to about two miles, drove over the sea before it.

"Speaking candidly," Dool began, "I think that the Commander down there may be a useful experience for you. I have noticed that your own way of handling men is 'not overly pleasant. And . . ."

"The prospect of seeing me hoist with my own petard rather tickles you, eh?"

"Not tickles . . ."

"All right, impresses and inspires. See here, Martin, there is a difference. He works by specification, plays the game according to the rules and the traditions of the elders, probably takes the chances that he ought to take and whistles for the

police when the text-book says so. He can afford to be polite to his men. In fact, he can't afford to be anything else to any man on the ship but me. I work by inspiration and bluff . . ."

"And a brain like a brad-awl and a pocketful of knuckle-dusters. I have seen you," supplemented the Irishman. "You are still a despot; but I will not argue with a man who justifies himself by results. I am going to turn in."

A steward ran up the ladder and saluted.

"Commander Hathersedge's compliments, sir; and will you step down to his cabin for a moment?"

"I will wait," said Dool as Foster left the bridge.

His friend came back presently with what Dool knew to be suppressed elation in his bearing.

"I forgive him everything," Foster said. "The poor beggar is down with ptomaine poisoning. Not likely to be serious, the doctor thinks; but he is pretty well tied up for a day or two."

"In your ear, Martin: we are out after our old friend the *Elsie*—Essenberg's yacht. She seems to be still in the submarine supply business. Been feeding them direct in some quiet fjord while they tried to smash the Archangel trade. She is supposed to be slipping down the coast of Norway for more supplies. We should rope her in to-night or to-morrow. After that, I sincerely hope the Old Man gets better."

A LITTLE before noon Foster was startled from a precautionary nap—he intended to stand double watch—by the stopping of the screws. Hurrying on deck, he found steam issuing from the engine-room hatchway and blowing off through the funnels. The second engineer met him and reported a burst in the main steam pipe, with one man badly scalded.

The weather was mild and misty, the glass steady. Foster ordered a sea-anchor prepared and then went to inspect the damage as a privileged but casual on-looker.

The chief engineer came up for a snack while the shattered length of copper tube was being cut away. Foster joined him, taking an intelligent interest in his troubles. Incidentally, he asked why the steam pipe was reduced at and beyond the point of the burst.

"That," replied the engineer, smiling through his beard, "is one of the precautions the builders took against this old tub's shaking her engines through the bottom. The Admiralty wanted her limited to a little better than half speed. They left the extra boilers in as reserves and as ballast; but they reckoned they might be a temptation, and that some enterprising genius might choke down the patent governors and let things rip for the fun of it. So they put a choke in the steam to restrain his ambition."

"And if all the boilers were used, and the steam put in at full bore, and the governors adjusted, what pace might she make?"

"The Lord knows. Something terrific, while she lasted."

Foster took a deep breath.

Continued on Page 78.

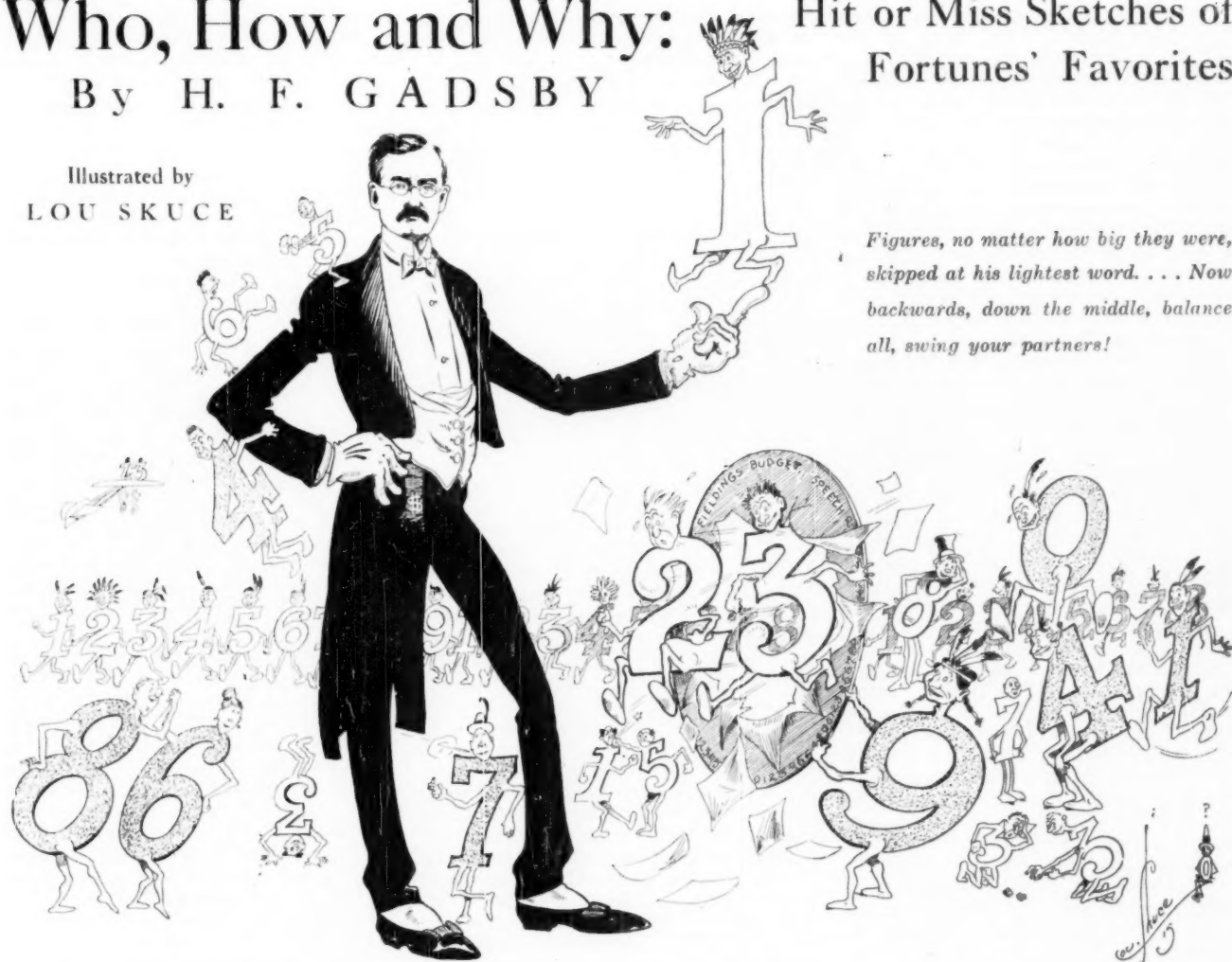


# Who, How and Why:

By H. F. GADSBY

Illustrated by  
LOU SKUCE

## Hit or Miss Sketches of Fortunes' Favorites



*Figures, no matter how big they were, skipped at his lightest word. . . . Now backwards, down the middle, balance all, swing your partners!*

ONE will generally find Sir Herbert Ames dealing with figures. Figures are his long suit—they are also his preoccupation and his delight. Likewise they are the breath of his nostrils, the food of his mind and the joy of his heart. Moreover, he draws from them splendid refreshment and bodily health. Almost the only form of exercise he takes is mental arithmetic.

When I first saw Sir Herbert Ames some ten years ago, he was, as usual, dealing with figures; nude figures at that, but such as might be viewed with propriety by a Presbyterian in good standing. He had taken these figures, all naked as they were, from the Auditor-General's report, Mr. Fielding's budget speech and other sources and was now putting them through an intricate performance of his own, known as The Dance of the Decimals.

What that man didn't do to those figures, wasn't worth doing. They did flying leaps, handsprings, back turns, and flip flops, besides a lot of plain and fancy marching that would make a Knights of Pythias drill look as colorless as a bread line. Figures, no matter how big they were, skipped at his lightest word. He beckoned and they came, he nodded and they went. One little, two little, three little Injuns, four little, five little, six

## The Dance of the Decimals

little Injuns, seven little, eight little, nine little Injuns, ten little Injun boys. Now, backwards, down the middle, balance all, swing your partners, in your place again! Such was Sir Herbert's work among the figures. A *Prospero* this, with countless higher mathematical *Ariels* at his command.

WHILE he treated all with gentle firmness, it seemed to me that number One was his favorite. At least he spoke to it oftener, yielded to its whims, took its opinions more freely than he did the others. I particularly remember Number One because it was tall and thin and straight in the back like Sir Herbert himself. Both are alike in uprightness. Both are devoted to efficiency and the public service. Both go before when something is to be made of nothing. What I mean to say is that Sir Herbert is a leader whose strength is as the strength of ten because he knows that the right place for Number One is in front of the ciphers and not behind them. I hope you follow me.

To get back to the Dance of the Decimals. You could see from the way the

figures kept their eyes on Sir Herbert and jumped around when he spoke, that he was a good master, not cruel—stern perhaps—a believer in patience, mingled with the didactic manner. I could almost fancy him saying, "Johnny Smith, where does the peanut grow?" and then keeping Johnny in after four because he couldn't answer. In short, the figures were well trained. Sir Herbert had them eating out of his hand. They not only did what he said but said what he thought.

Of course I knew that figures had wills of their own—I found that out when I took up the more vulgar and impetuous fractions, but I should never have supposed it from the way Sir Herbert handled that bunch. He didn't seem to fear them; he went right into the cage with them and, when one of the figures snapped at him, he backed it up into a corner and subdued it. That is to say, he held it with his glance and kicked it in the chest—but nothing brutal, you know, just patience and loving kindness, firmness, so to speak without sugar. At all events he subdued it so thoroughly that it didn't get up for an hour and even then it was groggy on its pins. It is one of Sir Herbert's characteristics that he always puts the emphasis on the right spot.

AFTER this little incident the Dance of the Decimals went on without further interruption. This dance of Sir Herbert's trained figures, combines and gathers up the scattered grace of the Maypole, the Walpurgis night revels, Napier's Logarithms, and the Differential Calculus. To follow its twists and turns, its permutations and turbinations, its mazy whirl of shimmering convolutions—not to break one's neck trying to understand it, demands an intellect of the  $n$ th power, such as Sir Herbert's is. As for ordinary members of Parliament, they view it with dread not knowing what may happen if Sir Herbert loses the key. They frequently get up and leave the House to shun the horrid sight; but they needn't, because Sir Herbert never takes his eyes off it for a minute and it never gets out of hand, slips a cog, or kicks your hat off. It may be hard to follow but it is always decent. It is vigorous but not unseemly, or impossible. It is what Sir Herbert as a church member and a Christian gentleman makes of it. At no stage is anything permitted to occur which would shock the Synod. Sir Herbert has perfect control and he never relaxes.

It may not be out of place here to give an instance of this perfect control. The Dance of the Decimals was at its height, the ordered frenzy of the highest Terpsichorean art. It looked as if the figures were all in a knot and that nothing short of an axe would untie it. But Sir Herbert knew it was all right so he smiled the sweet, sad smile of complete knowledge. Wonderful man that he is, he had not turned a hair. Everybody knows how hard the higher mathematics are on the hair. The rule of three, as the old rhyme says, it puzzles me and practice drives me mad. Not so Sir Herbert. The rule of three tickles him to death and, as for the multiplication table, he wallows in it. Which is to say that Sir Herbert's hair was as sleek and shining as ever, not one bonny brown strand of it ruffled though the Dance of the Decimals was at top pitch and the unconfinement of its joy had reached its maximum—a disciplined unconfinement, however, not unlike that of a hose reel at a large fire in the wholesale district.

SIR HERBERT, as I said before, was standing there with his face as steady as six o'clock when something happened that made his heart jump and his eyes blaze. One of the figures tried to lie. It is a fiction among loose thinkers that figures cannot lie. This is a mistake. They can lie if you want them to. They will lie if you let them. At any rate this particular figure wanted to lie. It wanted to lie because it was tired and it was tired because it had been overworked. It had, among other things that afternoon, stood on one toe, weaved ribbons, waved flags rolled hoops and sung patriotic songs until it was ready to drop. Also it had stood on its head, looked at its own back through its own legs and practised extension movements with a view to showing that the revenue as estimated by Mr. Fielding could not possibly cover the expenditure as planned by the wicked Grits.

After that Sir Herbert put it, along with its perspiring companions, through a number of breathing exercises, filling the chest and emptying it again, the idea being to illustrate the swollen capital expenditure indulged in by a Liberal Government and the annual depletions of the public treasury by the same hardened offenders ever since 1896. It was a quaint conceit as carried out by Sir Herbert in The Dance of the Decimals, but, as I said before, it made one of the figures so tired that it wanted to lie.

Did Sir Herbert let it lie? Not for a minute. He pounced on it, shook it, pulled its hair, blackened its eyes, walloped it in the ribs, prodded the base of its spine; in short, beat it up good and plenty but he did not let it lie. It may have tried to lie ever and anon but whenever Sir Herbert saw it slipping he would bring it up sharp with a slap on the ear. He did it with perfect good temper, but with no lack of force. The figure may have sulked a little but it had no chance to go to sleep and it went through the performance without lying, which was what Sir Herbert was trying to make it do. Figures are like that with Sir Herbert. They keep moving or get the stuffing knocked out of them in a gentlemanly manner. Figures do not lie when Sir Herbert has them in hand. They stand up straight like Sir Herbert himself.

SINCE Sir Herbert's friends have come to power, I notice that the figures in the Dance of the Decimals seem to have lost much of their snap. Two or three of the most thrilling movements are cut out entirely and the moral of this great illustrative pageant is not drawn with the same vigor. Sir Herbert has not lost his cunning, but I understand that there is less necessity for rubbing it in now that a government of Sir Herbert's complexion has achieved office.

Still it remains a wonderful performance and I have often asked myself why the man who invented the Dance of the Decimals and made such a success of it in the wilderness, was not created permanent master of the mathematical revels when his friends arrived at the promised land and settled habits. In other words why didn't they make him Finance Minister? Why did they borrow William Thomas White from the enemy when they had Herbert Brown Ames, B.A., in their very midst? The answer is simple enough. He was too good to be Finance Minister. He knew too much about figures to have them feel at home with him. How could figures, no matter how clothed and garnished, behave naturally when they knew that an honest man was looking through them at their inmost souls? If they meant anything else than they said they would just curl up and die under that searching glance.

Besides Sir Herbert has a conscience. The Puritan conscience, imported by way of his Massachusetts, parents from New England and the Puritan conscience, compact of thrift and piety as it is, hates nothing as much as bad bookkeeping. By that, I do not mean wicked bookkeeping,

but bookkeeping purposely indefinite, ambiguous not to say sybilline, which Finance Ministers must practise if they are to retain the confidence of the people; bookkeeping, in short, which never confesses. Accustomed as he was to figures, which told about all they knew and kicked all they could, Sir Herbert would never have been happy teaching them to conceal their emotions. That would have been too cruel for one of Sir Herbert's disposition. It was from this penance his friends cut him off by going outside the party for a Finance Minister.

BY way of compensation they have made him Chairman of the Patriotic Fund, a post which furnishes wide scope for Sir Herbert's ability as a mathematician and a philanthropist. Sir Herbert is the ideal chairman for the patriotic fund, combining as he does in exact and just proportions an algebraic mind with a tender heart. The tender heart urges him to thrust Thirty Dollars a Month on the soldier's wife and family. The algebraic mind says, "No. The fund can't afford it. Cut it down to 15." So between the two the Patriotic Fund is kept in good working order.

For a while after the war began it looked as if Sir Herbert's special talents were going to get no chance but when he sprang into the field fully equipped with a lantern lecture on the British Navy, Canada said, "This hero must have something," and the Patriotic Fund came along in time to give Sir Herbert an opportunity to become its chairman. Sir Herbert realized that no man in Canada had the same combination of gifts for the job and accepted it at once. Sir Herbert has developed the job and the job has developed him. They used to call him a card-index statesman and, perhaps he was, although the cards I am accustomed to study, show more color, but now he is a Human Cash Register. Sir Herbert is director or chairman of various financial companies—he is the kind of man who accumulates chairmanships as a steamer trunk does labels—but no chairmanship has made quite the demand on his great talents as the chairmanship of the Patriotic Fund.

It has made its demand and found an adequate answer. If the fund ever becomes a permanent institution Sir Herbert will probably become a cabinet minister via that route because he and the fund were made for each other and might languish if separated. Meanwhile his splendid management of this troublesome business, finance, as it were, swimming in tears, has won the esteem of his fellow citizens and the recognition of his sovereign. Sir Herbert prizes his knighthood next to the glow of soul which a good man feels at a great work accomplished for humanity. Sir Herbert was part of the Westminster Abbey scenery at two coronations, and it was only natural that King George should remember him.

SIR HERBERT was dedicated to public life by his parents and has carried out the dedication. A shoe factory supplier  
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# MANITOBA'S FARMER PREMIER

By NORMAN LAMBERT

AMONG the provinces of Canada, Manitoba holds a unique record. It is the only province in the Dominion that has a "line" of farmer Premiers. In every other province, with the exception of Saskatchewan whose Premier is a newspaper man, the lawyer dominates the parliaments of the day. In the House of Commons, the law is represented in overwhelming numbers, and it has become an accepted rule generally throughout the country that the legal profession is the natural stepping-stone to a place in politics. But Manitoba provides a few notable exceptions to that rule. The late Hon. John Norquay and Hon. Thomas Greenway were Prime Ministers in Manitoba, and both men were farmers. To-day we have the third of the "line," Hon. Thomas Crawford Norris, holding office as first minister of the province of Manitoba. John Norquay was a Conservative, while Thomas Greenway and T. C. Norris represent the Liberalism of their province. Norquay and Greenway lived and acted during very vital periods of Manitoba's history, the former in the early eighties laying the foundations of the provincial railway policy, and the latter, from 1899 to 1900, dealing with the important educational questions which became involved in the consequential Federal issues of 1896. But neither of those two farmer Premiers, whose political lives were coincident with the two most important periods in the earlier history of Manitoba, lived in a more momentous and spectacular time than that which has come with the ascendancy of Mr. Norris.

Western Canada, as a whole, has bigger and more exacting problems to deal with at the present time than ever before. And Manitoba has a share in those problems, no less important than Saskatchewan and Alberta. If the Governments in Manitoba, at an earlier date, had to do with the founding and establishment of educational systems, railway and agricultural policies, which should provide for thousands of new citizens, the men of the present day are faced with the necessity of adjusting these same systems to meet the conditions which a new Western democracy has created. Demands for certain reforms have swept the prairie country from one end to the other. They are most radical in comparison with the old established principles and customs of other parts of Canada. There are four outstanding representative questions in the West to-day, calling for complete answers. They are: (1) Prohibition; (2) Direct Legislation; (3) Woman Suffrage, and (4) Single Tax. In addition, the question of compulsory education and its relation to the serious foreign problem, is very important. There are also such problems of internal economy, as the development of co-operative methods as applied to the growing and distribution of agricultural products, involving questions like "cheaper money," "elevators," "stock-yards," and "abattoirs."

WITH the election of Mr. Norris to the Premiership, Manitoba pledges itself to meet these questions fairly and squarely, and at least give some sort of an answer. Saskatchewan and Alberta already have considered all four prominent issues, that stand out so prominently in the provincial politics of the West. Prohibition has been decided upon in Alberta, and an effective measure towards the same end has been adopted in Saskatchewan. Qualified measures of direct legislation have been granted in Alberta, the referendum having been used last July to express popular opinion and guide the Government on the temperance question. Woman suffrage has been agreed to in Alberta, and Saskatchewan has taken steps in the same direction. Alberta has adopted the principle of taxing land values exclusively for all its towns and villages, and the cities have practically adopted the same system. Saskatchewan, too, has been gradually approaching the basis of exclusive taxation of land values. Premier Norris proposes to place Manitoba on a par with, or possibly, a little farther in advance of Alberta and Saskatchewan in that respect.

Manitoba has been as far behind Saskatchewan and Alberta in these questions, as Ontario; so that the sudden change in Governmental policy will be watched with interest everywhere. For Manitoba becomes at once a laboratory for experimentation in new social legislation of the most radical kind.

WHO is this man, Norris, who has undertaken to remake Manitoba through the statute books of his province? It is quite fair to say that no man in the political history of Canada has had quite so spectacular a *début* into governing circles as the present Prime Minister of Manitoba. Before the resignation of the Roblin Government last May, he was known as the leader of the Opposition, but even in that capacity, he was not well known to the people of his province. In Winnipeg, which politically, is more than half of Manitoba, so far as influence and position are concerned, Mr. Norris was a stranger. It is impossible to picture him in the proper light without reference to



Hon. Thomas Crawford Norris, third in the line of Manitoba's farmer Premiers.

the retirement of Sir Rodmond Roblin and his associates. The details of the Parliament Buildings scandal are familiar to every Canadian who reads the newspapers, and no one, not even the most hide-bound partisan, has any excuse to offer for the Government which has made this black page in the political annals of Canada. 'Tis an ill wind, however, as the old adage says, that blows no good; and Mr. Norris was practically blown into prominence and into power and into the favor of his fellow citizens. Like Alexander Hamilton, who received his first real start in life by means of a hurricane, the present Premier of Manitoba owes a great deal also to the political storm which wrecked a fifteen-year-old Government, and left him standing triumphant on top of all the *débris*.

But to go back to the beginning, Mr. Crawford Norris, as he is known to all his friends, was born in the county of Peel, near Brampton, Ontario, over fifty-three years ago. His mother

was a Crawford, and the member of a very highly respected family which had its home near Brockville. His father was a well-to-do farmer; and Crawford Norris in the early days of Ontario's development learned how to farm. With the knowledge of practical farming and a natural facility in the use of words, he migrated to the West in 1887, when he was twenty-five years of age. He settled at Griswold, Manitoba, not far from the city of Brandon, and the farm which he bought in 1887, he still possesses. He began to take an interest in Manitoba politics about as soon as he began to break the virgin prairie sod. At that time, Hon. John Norquay had just come to the end of a rather interesting period of dealing in railway charters, and Thomas Greenway, Clifford Sifton and others succeeded in establishing a new Government in 1889. At a following election in 1896, Mr. Norris won the seat which he now holds, in the constituency of Lansdowne. He went out of power with the Greenway Government in 1900, but was returned to the Opposition in 1904, and he has held his seat in the Legislature ever since. In 1907, Mr. Norris was chosen to be leader of the Liberal Opposition against the Government of R. P. Roblin, and when finally he became Premier himself last spring and entered upon the period of scandal and

investigation which the following months were to bring forth, he remarked quite casually one day: "If I could get anyone else to take this job, I would gladly give it up. My chief aim during these past eight years has been to put the Roblin Government out of power, and now that we have done that some one else can have my position any time they want it."

Therefore, it may be concluded and quite correctly, that the present Premier of Manitoba is not ambitious for office. The fact is that Mr. Norris suffers through a lack of such ambition. He is too modest, too easy-going, but all the more likeable and popular on account of those qualities. Perhaps if the Premier had been married, and had enjoyed the stimulating influence of the feminine mind during his earlier public life, his ambition would be made of sterner stuff. But he is a bachelor, and proof against the wiles of women.

To look at, he is very much above the average. Standing over six feet in height, powerfully and imposingly built, with a face, strongly featured, Mr. Norris appears on the platform, or under less public circumstances, with remarkable dignity and distinction. As a speaker, he is clean cut, forceful and fluent. He has a keen sense of humor which he uses principally to clothe any references of a personal character, directed in criticism of his opponents. Not once, during the recent campaign in August, following the investigations before the Royal Commission did he allow himself to indulge in so much as a bitter personal insinuation against those men who had conspired to drag him down into the mire. His whole argument was for a higher citizenship within the province, and constantly he charged those who listened to him with the weight of their responsibility as voters. "It is the people who are on trial in this election," he declared persistently.

ONE might have expected in that recent campaign a bitter denunciation of the men who had deliberately attempted on oath to connect him with a "deal," whereby for the sum of \$50,000, he had agreed to call off the investigations of the Royal Commission. But not a word did he speak. The Commission investigating the "Fullerton charges" had pronounced them "entirely without foundation," and he had been relieved of the slightest shadow of suspicion. But there was another reason why Mr. Norris waived the discussion of those charges during the campaign which followed. It was a very deep reason, and related closely to his boyhood days in old Ontario. One of the men who went into the wit-

ness box and calmly attempted to traduce the Premier, had also gone West in the 'eighties from a farm in the same neighborhood almost, as that which surrounded the Norris homestead. One farm was in Peel, the other was just across the boundary in the county of Halton. Both boys had migrated to the Western plains about the same time, and they had always been friends, although opposed to each other in politics after reaching Manitoba. The investigation into the "Fullerton Charges" had its tragic, as well as its triumphant, results for Mr. Norris.

Despite the fact that Hon. T. C. Norris had sat in the Manitoba Legislature for a longer period of years than any other man in Parliament with the exception of the exception of the present Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Valentine Winkler, he was in a comparatively obscure position, so far as the people of Manitoba were concerned, until the dramatic events surrounding the downfall of the Roblin Government forced him into the limelight. True to the retiring nature of the country man, Mr. Norris, even when leader of the Opposition, scarcely ever spoke in Winnipeg during past political campaigns. He kept close to his rural friends, the farmers, however, and they are his main source of strength to-day. In addition, Mr. Norris has become intimately acquainted with Winnipeg since his advent to the Premier-

ship, and he has done much to overcome the feeling which at one time was often expressed because the man was not known, that "until the Opposition finds a strong leader there is little hope of defeating Sir Rodmond Roblin." It will be remembered that the same thing was said about Sir James Whitney when he sat opposite to Sir George Ross in the Ontario Legislature. But the times produce the men and, when the time came, T. C. Norris stepped into the breach, indifferent perhaps, but confident and unafraid.

People who remember Clifford Sifton's domination of the Greenway Government as Attorney-General, and those who are persistent in seeking political intrigue, hint that the present farmer Premier of Manitoba will be displaced in due time, and that his position will go to the able gentleman, now head of the Attorney-General's Department, Hon. A. B. Hudson. There are two very plain reasons why such a change is not probable. In the first place, T. C. Norris is a farmer, and also an able man, and secondly, it is doubtful if Mr. Hudson who has a bigger job on his hands than any other member of the Administration would consider the proposition for a moment.

IT is very fitting, indeed, and most significant, that a farmer should be the First Minister in a Western Canadian province at the present time, and particularly in Manitoba with its program of proposed legislative reforms. Long before prohibition, direct legislation and woman suffrage were embodied in the policies of the Western Governments, those issues were adopted and urged from year to year by the organized farmers of the three prairie provinces. Well may the Grain Growers' Associations of Western Canada look with gratification and pride upon the agitation for new legislation which has become so widespread over the whole length and breadth of that vast new territory. They are the originators, and the persistent advocates of temperance reform, legislative reform and an extension of the franchise to women? And through all these new works, strong men have been found and developed into public-spirited citizens. It is not too much to say, that in Western Canada any selection of the ablest brains, represented either in business, in politics, on the platform, or in the office, must include men who are proud to be known as farmers. The problems of the West have been farmers' problems, and to-day they are more than ever farmers' problems. It is only natural that the farmer should produce leaders of ability to formulate



Above—Premier Norris on the hustings. Below—A snapshot of Mr. Norris (centre) with two of his friends.

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# THE FROST GIRL: By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS

## THIRD INSTALMENT

### THE STORY—UP TO THE PRESENT

Allan Baird, who has been running a preliminary survey line for a new railroad to Hudson's Bay, finds a book on a lonely trail in the far north. The name, "Hertha MacLure," is written inside and he traces the owner. She prove to be a strikingly attractive but very mysterious girl. He learns from his chief assistant, Hughey Munro, that the girl runs a trading post which was formerly managed by her father and that she is known all through the north country as "The Frost Girl" on account of her coldness to all the men who visit the post. Baird completes his survey and returns to headquarters at Toronto where he receives peremptory orders to start at once on a complete survey line, from his chief, McGregor, a big railway magnate. McGregor is a financier who has big visions, but he warns Baird that an opposition syndicate will attempt to prevent him from completing his survey as they have, by wire-pulling at Ottawa, had a limit fixed on the time for filing the plans. Baird must complete his work and file his plans at Ottawa by April 1; which means a winter's strenuous work in the frozen north. In the meantime a missionary named Alfred Hardisty visits the trading post of the Frost Girl and expresses his intention of working among the Indians along lines which her father had always approved, leaving them to live as they had always done but teaching them the gospel; and secures her interest in his work. Baird returns to the north after carefully gathering together a picked gang of hard and experienced men and makes arrangements for his winter's campaign. Four days out from Sabawe, their base of supplies, the first blow falls. Nine of their dogs are poisoned over night. This makes it difficult to bring up the needed supplies from Sabawe and, in order to tide them over until the food is brought in, Baird goes to the post of the Frost Girl to secure supplies. She refuses absolutely to sell him anything.

### CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

ALLAN offered no explanations when the crew sat down to supper that night. There was a slim meal for men who had worked hard in the cold all day, but, before the muttered inquiries could begin, the head of the survey spoke.

"We're up against a hard game this winter boys," he began. "But's a game we're going to beat. The National people will do anything they can to block this

survey. You know what their first step was. As a result, we've got to go on half rations until the teams get in from Sabawe. Any objections?"

No one answered. The men merely looked at the speaker and then glanced at one another. Each waited for someone else to speak.

"All right," continued Allan. "Half rations it is, and there's double pay for every man in the outfit as long as there's only half a meal.

"Now this is only the beginning. As I said, we're up against a hard game, and there's liable to be more of this sort of thing. Now, while we're nearest the railroad, is the time to quit. Anyone who doesn't like the prospect can get his time to-night and go out when the teams go next time. How about it?"

He looked around the circle of faces in the light of the big camp fire. No one spoke, though each face was serious.

"Remember, it's not going to be any picnic, and we may expect most anything to happen. But we're going to win. Now's the time to quit if there's to be any quitting."

Again he looked around the circle. His eyes caught those of a young transit man who was watching him closely.

"It's my first time in the bush in the winter," said the young fellow hesitatingly, "but I think I'll hang on until spring."

Allan merely nodded and glanced at the others.

"It's too far to town for me to bunch it," grinned an axeman.

"I like the short days they have up in this country," said another; and everyone laughed.

"Me, too," shouted a dog driver, and he was followed by a chorus.

"Thanks, fellows," said Allan in a slightly humble tone. "I'm glad you're going to stick. There'll be an extra month's pay for everyone who sees it through."

His announcement was greeted with cheers, and the men began their slim meal. Allan, who had been studying each man on the way in from Sabawe and after they had started work, was more than satisfied with his crew. They were a hard, rough lot, the axemen and rodmen and dog-team men, but Allan's method of weeding out had shown results. The transit men, of course, were from Toronto, civil engineers like himself, men accustomed to surveying in all sorts of country and all sorts of weather. If men could put the job through, he thought, these were the men.

THE work progressed rapidly, despite the lean rations and the fact that it snowed all the third day. The fourth day camp was moved to the foot of the lake, less than two miles from the MacLure trading post. So far there had been no word from Hughey. The woodsman had slipped out of camp before daylight the

morning the dogs were poisoned and had not been seen or heard from since. Allan, knowing the desperate measures to which the National people would resort, feared for the safety of his friend, despite the confidence he had in him.

Further, the rations were about gone, and he knew Hughey would send the teams through as quickly as possible. They should have arrived that night. Already the cook was making Johnnie cake and porridge of the cornmeal brought in for dog food; and there was practically nothing else for the next day.

At noon of the fifth day, when there was no sign of a dog team on the lake, Allan took his eiderdown quilt, a small axe and a little food, slipped on his snowshoes and started on the back trail. It had been the plan to have the four dog teams, which had returned to Sabawe, bring up their loads only as far as the cache, where a man was on guard. If Hughey did not reach the cache before they started back, there would be no dogs to haul food on to the crew, and another week would elapse before provisions would reach Kabetogama.

The wind was blowing hard from the north-west when Allan started, and he soon saw that the better going was on the west side of the lake. After an hour the ice was so free from snow that he could remove the webs and, in his moccasins, jog along at six miles an hour. This course took him west of the trail by which camp had been moved up the lake, and it was not until he had reached the south end, just at dusk, that he struck the portage leading into the lake to the south.

He stopped, dumbfounded. The trail, instead of being covered with a foot of snow, was beaten hard, bore the fresh signs of dogs, men and heavily loaded toboggans.

Why had he not seen them? Although he had kept near the west shore, he could see anything on the lake as he went down, and he had not passed the dog teams. He was certain of it. Yet here were the fresh signs.

IMMEDIATELY Allan turned into the trail and started northward upon it. Out onto the lake it went for a quarter of a mile and then, to his further amazement, turned sharply off to the east. He hurried on to find the trail strike the shore and follow an old portage that ran at right angles to the course of the survey.

The young engineer did not stop to question. He only knew that, for some reason, the men had turned off and that they were now traveling away from camp, away from the crew that was rapidly nearing the point where starvation faced them.

In the darkness it was easy to follow the well-beaten, frozen path, and Allan, his snowshoes lashed to his pack, ran on. After a mile he came to a lake, crossed it,

struck another portage and then another lake. Still the frozen, smooth path led on into the east and still he ran on. At midnight he stopped to boil some tea and eat a piece of Johnnie cake. In half an hour he was on his way again.

From darkness until three in the morning Allan followed the trail always at a jog trot. His legs ached, the cold air bit his lungs, his clothing was wet from perspiration that froze on his back and chest in long, feathery strings. His stubby beard was covered with frost, and it was necessary to rub his eyes every little while to keep the lashes from freezing together.

At last, staggering a little, but still jogging on, he turned a sharp bend in the trail to tumble headlong into the drivers' camp. Dogs growled and yelped. The men, rolled in their robes about the half-dead fire, sat up quickly in the darkness. One of them swore. The dogs all awakened and the spruce echoed with the racket.

As Allan scrambled to his feet one of the men threw some dry wood onto the coals.

"Who are you?" he demanded gruffly as the flames showed the newcomer standing before him.

"What are you crazy fools doing here?" retorted Allan angrily. "You're twenty-five miles off the course, and the crew's starving."

"It's the boss," whispered one of the men as he unrolled his robe and stood up. "Old Hughey sent us this way," he continued aloud as he fumbled in a pocket of his shirt.

"Hughey!" cried Allan. "Sent you this way! Is he crazy, are you, or am I?"

"Here's his orders," replied the driver, handing Allan a crumpled, soiled piece of paper. "We found them sticking in the middle of the trail when we hit Kabetogama. He'd been to the cache and left word for us to come right through, and then he came back this way. We hit Kabetogama early yesterday morning and came the way he said."

Allan, spreading out the paper, knelt beside the fire. And, as he read, the weariness and aching of his body, the crew that was rapidly approaching its last meal, the very survey itself, were forgotten before the fact that Old Hughey, the man upon whom he had come to look as an elder brother, the man who had inspired in him affection and confidence, had deserted to the National people.

## CHAPTER VII.

### The Raid

**S**ICK, weak, bewildered, Allan stumbled twice through the scrawl.

"Weren't we right?" asked one of the drivers.

"No!" shouted Allan, the angry flood surging in. "Munro turned crook. Get breakfast started. You've got to make the lower end of Kabetogama by night."

One of the men whistled.

"That's a good forty-five miles," said another.

"Five miles an hour for nine hours," snapped Allan. "You can do it."

Breakfast was quickly cooked and eaten and a little after four o'clock, four hours before daylight, the train started.

Allan, who had rested was refreshed by the first full meal he had had for several days, took the trail ahead of the eager, yelping dogs. At first they were on his heels, but, as is the way with dogs that work, they soon settled to their all-day gait, and on, on, on through the darkness they went.

The progress was silent except for the tinkling of the dog bells, the creaking of the harness and the squeaking of the heavily-loaded toboggans. The men had been told by Hughey that the crew was on half rations, and Allan had even exaggerated the facts as they were eating breakfast. Accordingly, there was no lagging and, whenever a dog showed signs of inattention, a long whip slipped forward and a sharp crack sent the entire train into a new burst of speed.

At daylight Allan's pace began to lag. He had traveled at a dog trot for fifteen hours, with only one slight rest, when he had found the dog train. Then, after an hour's respite, he had again taken the trail with forty-five miles ahead of him. But what his body lacked his spirit had. And his spirit, always most productive of energy when obstacles lay before him, now became a remorseless spur. It brought fresh speed whenever he found his steps growing shorter. Aching muscles were forgotten in the face of Hughey's treachery. On, on he went until twenty miles had been covered.

"Better take a rest," called the nearest driver, who had been watching the faltering stride of the young engineer. "We're going to make it easy anyhow."

Allan rested while the men boiled tea and had a cold lunch. But the pipes had hardly been lighted before he was on his feet, eager to be off again.

When they reached Kabetogama a new problem confronted them. The trail was not broken to the foot of the lake. Allan relinquished the lead to one of the drivers, and the slow, weary, monotonous work of breaking a way for the dogs through the deep snow began.

"Swing out," called Allan from his place at the rear. "The wind's swept it clear nearer the west shore."

The going was better, after a few miles, but it meant a circle instead of a straight line, and there was still a little snow on the ice. Farther north, however, this became less and by mid-afternoon there was good ice beneath them. Allan, who had stolen an occasional ride, again took the lead and, as darkness fell was jogging along down the lake, new strength for the effort coming from the thought of the welcome he and the dog drivers would receive.

**J**UST before six o'clock Allan turned a point to see the camp fire less than half a mile away. He stopped and put all the breath he had into a whoop which, he confidently believed, would bring a cheering crew out onto the ice.

But there was no answer. No dark figures appeared on the white expanse before him. No one moved between him and the flickering fire.

Allan ran on faster, the dogs, seeing the blaze, galloping at his heels. With a rush they entered the circle of light,

only to stop in amazement. Beside the fire stood the cook, stirring something in a kettle. Behind him, on a log, sat the three transit men. There was no one else in sight.

"Where's the crew?" panted Allan, looking at the empty tents.

"They left soon after they got in to-night," answered one of the transit men.

"Left! Where? They haven't quit?"

"No, but there was almost nothing for lunch to-day and slim prospects for supper, so they went over to the trading post."

"Trading post! What did they expect to get there?"

"I think they'll get what they're after," replied the transit man slowly. "They were in the mood."

"You mean," demanded Allan, "that they intend to raid the place?"

"That's what they said they would do. They know the girl wouldn't sell anything to you, and they said they'd take it."

Allan turned at once toward the lake and the post less than two miles away, and he ran faster than at any other time that day.

**E**VEN as he raced on the young engineer knew that something more than a mere desire to repress lawlessness in his crew was driving his tired, aching body. In the excitement and anxiety of the moment he did not stop to analyze this emotion. He only knew that, when his weariness forced him to a walk, he thought of the Frost Girl, not of the cold, unyielding young woman who had refused him food for his starving crew, but of Hertha MacLure he had met on the portage. And a strange, gripping, compelling fear for her, a fear he had never known for himself or for anyone else, forced him into a run.

In his own mind the fear took the form of anger toward the men. In a more calm moment he would have known its real significance. But, heedless, unthinking, he raced through the night on the fresh trail of the raiders.

Once he heard a shout and stopped to listen. He knew the character of his men, knew they were hard, reckless. He had chosen them for that very quality and now, with tightened belts that failed to still the gnawing within, he knew they would stop at nothing.

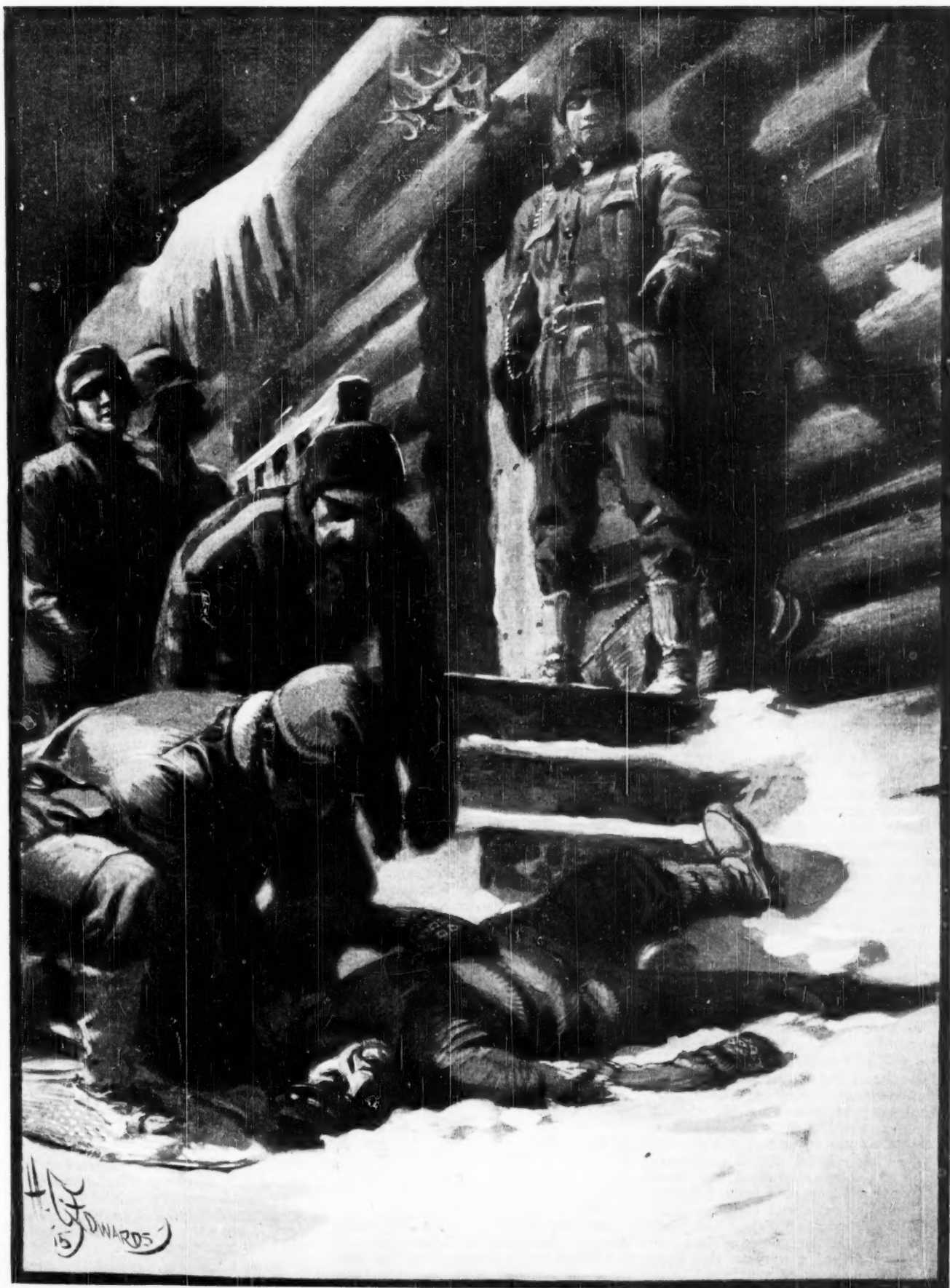
The moon was up, the big, high, bright moon of the northland in winter, and by its light, as he staggered into the great clearing in which Hertha's post stood, he saw the black blotch of a crowd on the snow before the store.

The mob murmur came to him, the snarling undertone of heedless, uncontrolled men; the low, menacing brute roar. He ran on, faster than ever now, and, before anyone realized that he was there, wheeled at the door.

Beside himself with fury, a command on his lips, Allan faced his men. But, before he could speak, he knew that someone else was before him. The voice came from the doorway and Allan turned to see Hertha and behind her a man.

"Remember, gentlemen, that each of you has, or has had, a mother," the





"Pick him up," ordered Allan, stepping back to his place before the door.

stranger was saying, "a mother who was a young girl once like this."

"Your memory's empty if your belly is," growled a man from the crowd.

The others laughed, and the laughter sounded more menacing than the snarling undertone.

"Even as your mothers were once sweet, defenceless young women," the man went on, "so is she. Once, when all men were brutes, as you threaten to become, a woman was a slave, a chattel. The Master, whose humble servant I am, raised womanhood to the dignity to which it is entitled, enveloping her with the respect due her from men. And in His name I beg you to think before you do that which you threaten to do. Remember your mothers. Remember that you are cast in his image. Remember that you are men."

"And damned hungry men," came a voice. "If you're through, parson, we'll begin."

**T**HERE was a swaying movement in the crowd, a movement toward the door. Allan faced the crowd resolutely and was about to speak when he heard a click behind him, a click recognized the world over as more ominous than the rattlesnake's signal, and, like the serpent's warning, recognized the first time it is heard.

Then came Hertha's voice.

"Go back, Mr. Hardisty," she commanded. "You can't stop them, but I will."

Allan wheeled to see Hertha, a rifle in her left hand, her right pushing the man behind her into the darkness of the store.

Hardisty retreated, but he seized the hand with which she had shoved him and attempted to draw her back with him. As he did so he held the door and was ready to swing it shut in the face of the surveying crew.

"Don't!" cried Hertha as she frantically endeavored to release herself.

Instantly one of the men darted forward and grasped the rifle from her hands. At the same time Hardisty pulled Hertha back into the store and slammed the door. Allan too, had sprung forward, only to crash against the hastily latched door. He whirled quickly and the men, surging forward like a wave, stopped within three feet of him.

"Back!" he shouted in their faces. "Get back off the steps!"

The surging ceased, receded. Then the crowd seemed to be gathering itself for a new attack.

"Get back, I tell you!" commanded Allan, now in control of his anger. "What are you fellows up to? Didn't you all say you'd stick for the big show? Is this what you meant? I thought for a while I had a bunch of real men working for me. I thought I could trust them and that they'd trust me. Instead of that I see that I've got a pack of yellow dogs who'd go out and rob a girl. I wish that sky pilot had let her alone so that she could have drilled a couple. One shot and the whole pack of you would have gone yelping down the river. Now get out!"

"You can't work on words, boss," growled one of the men.

"You can work on nerve, and you haven't got it," retorted Allan. "Now get back to camp."

There was a slight movement away from the door. Then one of the men in the rear pushed forward.

"We came over here for grub and we're going to get it," he said, shaking his fist above the heads of the others. "Get out of my way. I'm going through that door."

The crowd opened readily for him, more readily than he had expected and before he could stop, he was directly in front of Allan.

**A**LLAN did not swing for the jaw. He didn't draw his arm back for a straight body punch. He balanced on his left foot for an instant, took a lightning step forward until his face was close to the startled face of the new leader of the mob.

No one in the crowd knew how it happened. They were rough, ready fighters, hard men, tough battlers, ignorant of the science which a fellow colonist on the other side of the globe had developed to the point of world supremacy. They only knew that the man crumpled up before Allan as though suddenly paralyzed. They had seen no blow. The victim himself had not seen one coming. The solar plexus had been introduced into the north country.

"Pick him up and rub snow on his face," commanded Allan, stepping back to his place before the door. "He'll come to in a minute."

There was silence as two of the fallen man's comrades bent over him. Allan took immediate advantage of it.

"Look here, fellows," he said gently. "I realize what drove you to this. I realize that, in a way, you were justified. I also know, now that you're looking at it soberly, that you see you are going to be ashamed of yourselves when you get back to camp."

"Now I'm going to ask you to go back and fight this thing out with me. I know you can fight, and I know that some one man of you is responsible for this. I only hope I got him."

"You did," laughed one of the men, "and I wish you'd show me how you did it."

"I will," replied Allan quickly. And then he added, amid more laughter, "when we get to the bay."

The man on the snow stirred.

"Set him on his feet," ordered Allan. "He can walk now. Beat it for camp, you fellows, and we'll forget about to-night."

There was a slight pause while the subdued crew watched with interest the efforts of the victim of Allan's short-arm jab to remain on his feet. Then, silently, slowly, they turned across the clearing toward the trail of the lake.

Allan, still standing on the steps, watched them go. He did not move as the group strung out in single file. Just as the leader reached the spruce and disappeared in the shadows, he jumped down and shouted. The line halted.

"I forgot to tell you fellows," Allan called, "that four teams got in half an hour ago with a ton of grub. The cook'll have some of it ready when you get there."

**W**ITH a yell the men sprang into a trot and disappeared in the forest.

"The lad's sure got guts," panted a rodman to the man behind him as they swung out onto the lake. "He could have told us as soon as he came that there was grub in camp."

"He's worked that game before with us," called a man farther back in the line. "He didn't offer us double pay until we'd said we'd go on half rations."

The exultation of his victory was still with Allan as he turned and knocked on the door. A lamp had been lighted within, and he heard someone fumble with the bars. Then the door swung open and Hertha stood before him.

"I want to express my regrets, Miss MacLure, for what the men have done to-night," Allan began. "I cannot tell you how sorry I am that this has happened, and I can assure you that there will not be a repetition of it. If there was any damage I want to make it right as far as I can."

"They did nothing more than you saw," replied Hertha.

She had been standing with her back to the light, her face in the darkness. But, as she spoke, she half turned, and Allan saw that the hostility he had encountered on his previous visit was gone. The eyes were a soft blue again, and, while they did not appear to be friendly, there was a faint suggestion of admiration in the way she looked at him.

"I am glad I arrived in time," said Allan, greatly relieved.

"Why did you not tell them at once that there was food for them in their camp?" asked Hardisty, who had come forward. "They would have gone away peaceably then."

"And come back the next time," retorted Allan, somewhat impatiently. "Now they're licked, and they know it."

"But you might not have conquered them," insisted Hardisty. "Then anything might have happened."

**A**LLAN looked at the missionary as he stood beside Hertha. He gained an impression of intimacy between these two. The man seemed to be at home, to feel free to speak for the girl. And immediately Allan knew that he disliked him. And, as he had failed to analyze his emotions as he raced to the post, he now made the mistake of ascribing his feelings to contempt for one who would try to quiet a mob with gentleness. Jealousy seldom flaunts her true colors, is ever hiding behind a mask.

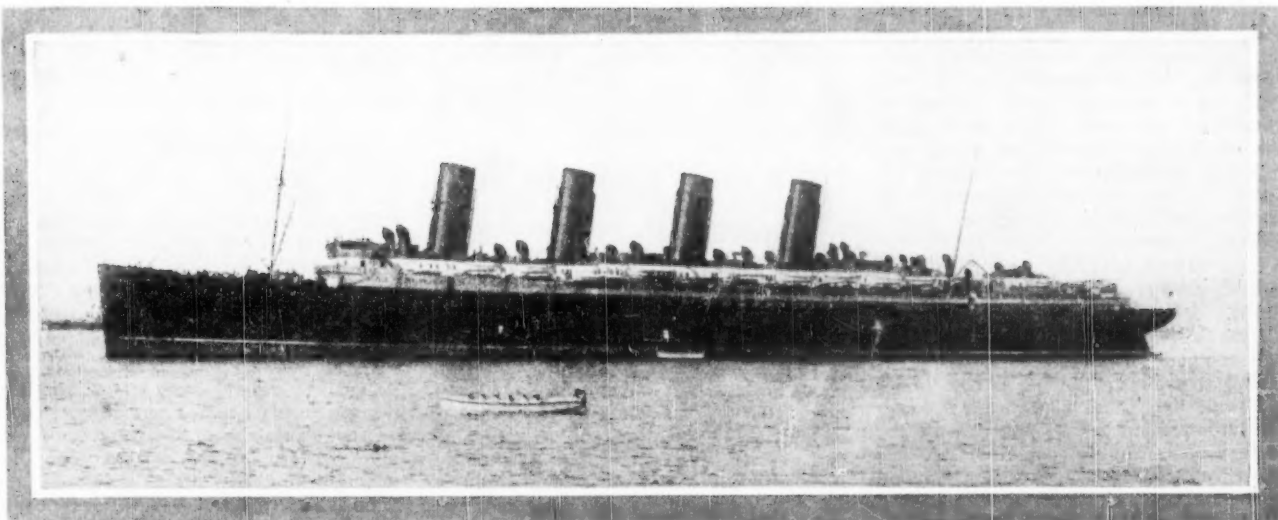
"Nothing happened," retorted Allan, speaking to Hardisty. "But I am more sorry than I can tell you, Miss MacLure," he continued, "that this has occurred. If there is anything I can do to right it, I wish you would tell me."

"There is nothing," replied the girl.

There was just a trace of her former

*Continued on Page 85.*





## What Lack of Ships Costs Canada

**C**ANADA in 1915 had a wheat crop of 336 million bushels of which from 200 to 225 million bushels may be set down as available for export. With the largest crop for export in its history, why has the North-West remained in an attitude of financial doubt, if not depression?

Solely because the West is not sure that that huge crop can be put across the ocean at freight rates that will leave any profit to the farmer.

Last year, the farmers were urged to seed every acre possible with wheat to feed the Empire; and the result is the biggest wheat crop Canada has ever known. Next year if needs be, the West can produce 400 million bushels of wheat; but what the West is asking itself is this—What is the use of producing a huge wheat crop, if every acre we produce is at a loss? The situation is like that of a magazine with an increasing circulation and decreasing advertising. Every increase of circulation without advertising stands for so much lost. Every bushel of wheat raised, if you can't sell it for more than it has cost you, stands for a loss in time, labor, seed.

If you read the Western country papers carefully, you will see there is an inclination to make politics out of it—to blame Rogers, to blame Borden, to blame Roblin, to blame, in fact any culprit but the guilty one; *which is the whole Canadian people*, for failing to realize what lack of ships means in peace and war. War has simply emphasized an embarrassment that was bound to come sooner or later to a country with an enormously growing foreign commerce dependent on outsiders for ocean carriers.

**F**IGURES speak most clearly on the need.

You can ship wheat from Portland to New York via Panama on the American-

By **AGNES C. LAUT**

Hawaiian Line for 45 cents a cwt.; or 27 cents a bushel. That is—you can send wheat when there are ships to carry it—5,000 miles for 27 cents a bushel. This is the prevailing rate of the American-Hawaiian Line as given to me by President Dearborn for the fall months of 1915. But on the Atlantic owing to the war, there is a terrible scarcity of ships from Canadian ports. The most of Canada's subsidized lines have been requisitioned for the Admiralty. At the time I am now writing—October—the rate from the St. Lawrence to Liverpool is 35% cents a bushel for 2,600 miles. That means a rate of 45 cents from Ft. William 58 cents from Virden, something over 60 cents from the sections westward of Virden. In Europe just now wheat is selling at from \$1.14 to \$1.25. You have left for the farmer of the West the difference between market price and freight, or from 50 cents to 67 cents a bushel. We'll suppose the farmer has harvested from 25 to 30 bushels to the acre. His returns on his wheat will stand from \$7.50 an acre to \$18. Now it costs from \$7 to \$8 an acre to produce wheat. You can figure out the net profits to the farmer for yourself. The farmer, who raised 40 bushels to the acre of best grade, is safe. The farmer who didn't—and owing to the weather there were many who didn't in 1915—is behind.

And the whole cause of the loss is lack of ships. Rates a year ago, before ships were requisitioned were 16 cents for the Atlantic. Before the war, rates ran at from 5 to 10 cents.

The United States with only eight Atlantic liners when the war broke out was

in bad enough shape in all conscience; but a change in laws brought in more ships.

Coasting lines like the American-Hawaiian took to Atlantic traffic. The big foreign liners—except the German—continued calling at Atlantic ports; and though rates are higher, grain keeps moving from the United States' harbors; and grain as a consequence is 8 cents a bushel higher in Duluth than in Fort William; and 4 to 6 cents higher in Minneapolis than in Winnipeg. Why? Because Canada hasn't the ships to get her crop out.

**T**HE blockade of Canadian wheat affects not only the 180 to 200 million bushels exported but the price of every bushel of Canada's 340 million crop. It is not too much to say that lack of ships to move her crop will cost Canada 10 cents a bushel or \$34,000,000 for 1915. For that figure, you could buy out the Hamburg-American or North-German Lloyd combined, though these passenger liners are not what Canada needs. What she needs are ships like the new Great Lakes Lirer—"the Grant Morden" which carries 500,000 bushels of grain in one cargo.

If you want to grow hot on the shipping question and force it as a political issue, first compare what the American-Hawaiian is charging Portland for wheat to New York—27 cents a bushel, for 5,000 miles; to what Canada is paying on wheat for 2,600 miles—35½ cents a bushel.

Do you wonder that the transcontinental railroads of the United States are petitioning the Interstate Commerce Commission, not to raise rates, but to reduce them on Western traffic? The Santa Fé attorney openly stated that the Canal is now getting 90 per cent. of Western traffic. Canada's only efforts to relieve the situation have been to relax her navigation laws, permitting American ships on

the Great Lakes to come in on the Canadian side and call from port to port. But this means that the bulk of Canada's great crop will go out via American railroads and American ports, instead of Canadian. This is bad business. Canada has spent a fortune on her canals and railroads and harbors. She should use them. Are we enlarging Welland Canal for Pittsburg leviathans or for future Canadian carriers?

Last year Canada's merchant fleet showed an increase of almost 100 ships; but the delusive nature of that increase became apparent when you considered that the most of the vessels were little fishing smacks and towing barges under 200 tons, and those classified as larger vessels were subject to the call of the Admiralty. They did not help Canada's ocean traffic one pound. British Columbia ranks next to Ontario in the largest registry of new vessels for 1915; and unfortunately much of British Columbia's registry is of such vessels as those of Robert Dollar, the American, who exchanged the American flag for the Canadian; but except for his lumber ships from Vancouver to Toronto, keeps on the old American route. The Dollar ships are the great American Pacific freighters. Dollar was driven by the new Seaman's Law to come under the Canadian flag. Also he could not do a purely coastal trade in Canada without coming under the Canadian flag. The distinction should be kept in mind between coastal and foreign trade. American and Canadian laws do not permit vessels under a foreign flag to engage in coastal trade. That is—a foreign vessel can come to New York and return to a foreign port; but it cannot come to New York and go on down to Baltimore and on round to Los Angeles. A Canadian ship can come from Vancouver to New York; but it cannot carry cargo from New York to Los Angeles. Likewise under Canadian law,—until relaxed this year for the Great Lakes—an American ship could not go from Canadian port to Canadian port on the Great Lakes. It could go from Ft. William, say to Duluth; but it could not go from Ft.

William with a cargo to Montreal. Long as Dollar carried lumber from Tacoma to Toronto, it was all right. He could use the American flag; but when he carried lumber from Vancouver to Toronto, he had to use the British flag.

THE question is asked why Canada cannot charter ships for these war years as Norton Lilly and Grace Brothers and the other big charter firms of New York do. Find out what is paid for these charter ships; and you are answered! The American-Hawaiian Line have freight ships of 5,000 to 10,000 tons. Ordinarily, they consider \$5,000 a month a good charter rate. To-day they are being paid \$50,000 to \$55,000 a month, which is at the rate of \$11 a ton, 33 cents a bushel for wheat. War munitions can stand such rates; and Norton Lilly have 40 to 50 "War Order" ships chartered for Vladivostock this month. War must pay the price, however high; but ordinary trade cannot carry such a rate. The Charter lines can make more chartering for War Orders than ordinary trade.

Canada must have her own ships; and there are peculiar reasons why Canada should build up a great merchant fleet for North American commerce.

*In the first place, she needs a merchant fleet for her own growing foreign commerce. Before the war, Canada's foreign commerce came seventh on the list of the leading nations of the world. That is—Canada with a population of eight millions had a foreign commerce of a billion. You don't appreciate these figures till you are told that the United States with a population of ninety millions—eleven times greater than Canada's had a foreign commerce of only four billion—four times greater than Canada. Canada's aggregate foreign trade is a total that marks almost a trade genius in the race. It has been a marvel of which Canada was unaware.*

Now I don't know what Canada ocean freights with insurance total; but I do know that the American ocean freights, at a rate lower than Canada's, amount to \$300,000,000 a year—seven and a half

per cent. of the value of the foreign trade. At that rate—and Canada's rate is higher—ocean freights cost Canada \$75,000,000 a year. Ten per cent. of that yearly toll would provide Canada with an ocean-going fleet that would dominate the ocean traffic of

America. Please note another point! Ocean freights are never paid in trade. They are paid in gold. If Canada owned her own merchant fleet, that \$75,000,000 ocean toll would stay in Canada.

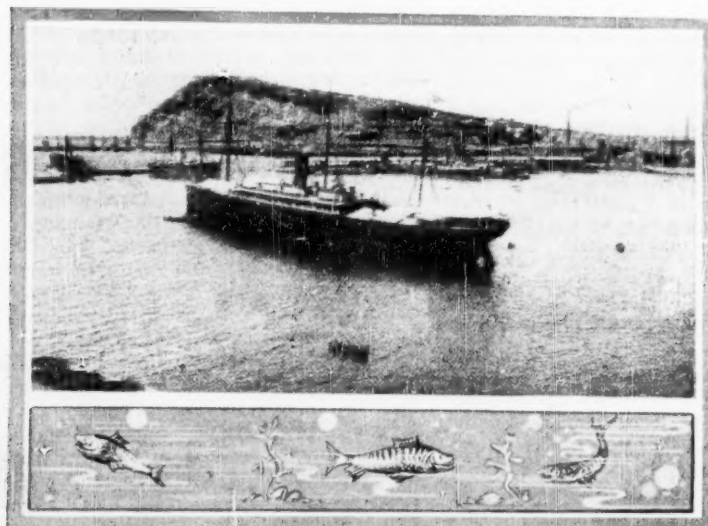
Another reason Canada should build up a merchant marine is to supplement her rail and canal system. Why spend a billion on rails and canals, to feed those railroads and canals through American terminals? Over 50 per cent. of Canada's grain trade to-day goes out by American channels. It is a good thing for Buffalo and New York and Baltimore and Boston. It is not a good thing for Montreal and Halifax and St. John.

Consider what has made England great! Surely the war has demonstrated the fact so plainly all men must know. It is her control of the world's seas—her dominance of the ocean traffic of the globe. Now the one conspicuous failure in the commercial life of the United States is that country's inability to build up a merchant fleet. The United States is utterly dependent on foreign nations for ocean carriers. She pays them a yearly toll for ocean freight equal to three-fourths of the world's gold production. She ships that amount of gold abroad every year to pay her ocean freight bill. Before the war, the United States had only eight ocean liners on the Atlantic and about six on the Pacific. Since the war, 160 vessels attracted by high charter rates, have come under the American flag and are engaged in Atlantic trade; but on the Pacific, when Hill sells "the Minnesota," not an American vessel will be left in foreign trade. The coasters will still ply to the Philippines and Hawaii; but of American vessels engaged in foreign trade, not one will remain on the Pacific. The United States has made a present of the Pacific to Japan.

WHY has Uncle Sam almost no foreign merchant marine?

The reasons are complicated and detailed:

First of all, the Great Middle West, which dominates Congressional voting, is blankly indifferent, if not hostile, to marine interests. Call an appropriation "pork barrel" for some little Middle West dredge or bridge or back water; and the Middle West votes for millions and billions with both hands. Call it a subsidy to build up foreign shipping—a subsidy smaller than has been squandered on many a back water swamp—and the Middle West turns it down and stamps on it with both feet. Owing to Union wages, it costs 60 to 75 per cent. more to build a ship in the United States than abroad; and owing to foolish navigation laws, it costs 40 to 59 per cent. more to operate a ship under the American flag than under a foreign flag. And the Middle West will never, as long as time lasts, consent to a subsidy to equalize the cost of building and operating U.S. ships in competition with foreign ships. In coastal traffic, such a pig-headed system works all right; for there is no competition. Foreign ships are excluded from coastal traffic; but on the highways of the sea where protection





cannot fence off competition, *Uncle Sam's over-legislated ships are simply legislated off the sea.* Up to the time of the war, the law did not permit a ship built or bought abroad to come under the American flag.

This was to encourage home ship building, which employs in all perhaps 50,000 people, compared to England's 250,000 ship builders. But when the war broke out and it became apparent that the foreign carriers on which American commerce depended would be needed by their own governments, Wilson's Administration hurriedly passed the Ship Registry Bill, permitting foreign built and foreign owned ships to come under the American flag under certain restrictions. From eight, the number of American ships engaged in Atlantic traffic climbed almost at once to 160; but what are 160 compared to England's thousands of ships—28,000 before the War?

McAdoo's remedy was to have Uncle Sam buy, build and operate a line of his own; and having blundered in one extreme, the Middle West seemed inclined now to blunder in the other and support the Ship Purchase Bill. I don't fancy Canada's experience as a national railroad builder would ever encourage her to become a national ship owner and ship operator. Precisely the same considerations defeated the Ship Purchase Bill. Though the Middle West was afraid it would not have tonnage to ship out its wheat and its meat and its corn and its flour, and was inclined to support the Ship Purchase Bill, the fact that government management is always extravagant and often grossly incompetent gave pause to the Middle West voter on the Ship Purchase Bill.

AND the very session when the Ship Registry Bill was passed to help the American Merchant Marine, the Seaman's Bill was passed which killed it. A furor is raging round this Seaman's Bill now; and it has practically driven the American flag from the Pacific Ocean. Not an American owner can afford to operate his ships under that law on the Pacific. Ostensibly, the Seaman's Law was aimed to improve the conditions of sailors on the high seas, to protect them from crimps and to ensure their rights against brutal masters. That was on the surface; and on the surface everybody endorsed the aims of the Bill. But in reality, the Bill was so disguised as to compel the employment of union men only at union wages. A man must have served a certain apprenticeship before he got his card. This was to cut out scabs and pick-ups during strikes or desertions. Men must speak English to the extent of 75 per cent. of the crew. This was to cut out cheap Japanese and Chinese labor on the Pacific, and leave the ship owner powerless in the hands of the unions. There was also a provision about payment of wages on demand in port. This, too, looks innocent enough on the surface. Surely a workman should be paid his wages on demand; but did you ever think that a ship in a foreign port is in the same

position regarding its seamen as an army in a foreign country regarding its soldiers? Desertion from a ship in a foreign port is fraught with as great danger to passengers and cargo as desertion from the army, which is accounted crime. Suppose a ship comes to anchor in China! The crew can demand wages and go on a glorious drunk. Where is your ship master to get a crew? Likewise of foreign vessels coming to American ports! If sailors deserted, the ship masters could not arrest. This side of the law contravened twenty Marine Treaties, which the United States had with other nations. The hope here was to unionize foreign ships as well as American. But what has been the result? Every single American line on the Pacific except the American-Hawaiian and a Spreckles ship, which operated under coastal laws, changed flag or sold out. On the Atlantic, results have not been so disastrous because there is not the competition of cheap \$10 a month Chinese and Japanese labor against \$40 and \$50 a month to be paid to white sailors; but the real test of the Seaman's Act will not come on the Atlantic until after the war, when charter rates come down to normal. The point is—the Seaman's Act has dealt the already dying American Merchant Marine a killing blow.

### WHAT is all this to Canada?

*It is a chance to jump in and fill the gap.* If Canada had a merchant fleet and carried but half of Uncle Sam's foreign trade across the seas, she would reap an annual harvest in gold half as great as her biggest wheat crop.

And if the Seaman's Law was not bad enough, Uncle Sam had previously piled on the Panama Canal Act forbidding railways to operate their own steamers. This was designed to prevent a pooling of land and water rates to keep rates higher. As a matter of fact, it also prevented the pooling of rates to keep them low. Hamburg's great world commerce has been built up by perfect harmony in agreement between rail and water rates. Each plays into the others' hands. Undoubtedly in the United States, the smothering of water rate worked great evil on shippers; and the Panama Canal clause was inserted to cut off collusion between water and rail "pools"; but as usual, it swung too far; and dealt American shipping a another blow.

These are the reasons for the great American railroads selling their steamship lines to-day.

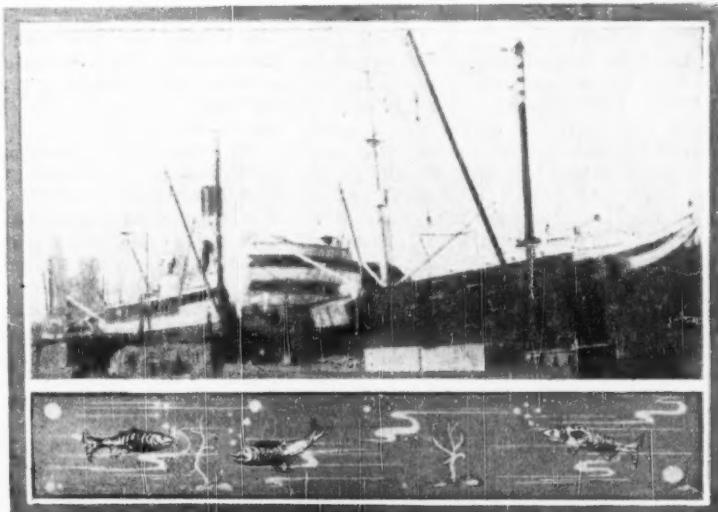
Canada labors under none of these handicaps. She can make of her merchant marine what she will, unhindered by foolish meddling laws; and she can dominate the seas of the New World if she builds up a Merchant fleet. She can become to America what England is to Europe—mistress of the seas, with all the reward of wealth which that implies.

Ship building and its allied trades support a million people in Great Britain, perhaps in all, 300,000 in the United States. If Canada had a Merchant Marine to do for Canada what England's merchant fleet does for Europe, it should support a million people—sailors, shipyard hands, fitters, repair shop workers, longshoremen, charterers.

Canada is at the same stage in her development as England when her defeat of the Armada sent her forth as the great sea power. I can hardly conceive of the Dominion building up a great system of railways and canals to feed wealth into foreign ships and foreign ports. To the best of my ability to find out, Canada's yearly subsidies to ships have never exceeded two million dollars. On her crop, Canadian ships could earn some \$24 million a year, and in carrying trade for the United States, Canada's earnings would be limited only by her ships. The war has demonstrated what ships mean. That is Canada's next national job.

### A Chemical Car

A new form of fire-engine which seems almost miniature in appearance, has been evolved to meet the need of suburban districts and small towns. It consists of chemical and auxiliary equipment mounted on the chassis of a light standard motor car. It is provided with a 35-gallon chemical tank and soda canister, 200 feet of hose, a small extension ladder, pikes, axes, and all the other paraphernalia for fire fighting. It promises to overcome many of the difficulties under which small-town and amateur brigades labor.



# The Return of John Anderson

By HUGH S. EAYRS

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL

JOHN ANDERSON'S rise to an eminence of sorts in the theatrical world had been gradual, and a matter alike of many years and much labor. He had had his troubles climbing Hill Difficulty and young ambition's ladder grew old in service before England knew Anderson for one of her play-bill pets. At that, mind you, he was not right at the top. In greenrooms and the like, allowing a generous percentage of discount for the nastiness politely termed professional jealousy, you would hear that there was Liegrue and Donovan—these two with knightly handles to their names—and Kennington—heightly ahead of Anderson. He was a star, but of the second constellation. The green room might be adjudged right: the public corroborated. Nevertheless, Anderson had got there by the gradualness which is the path of sure genius and more than a suggestion of obstinate pride. This last had now and then been a stumbling-block. For Anderson never bowed and scraped to anyone or for anything.

If his rise had been gradual his descent was sudden. It happened very quickly and very simply. It commenced, in fact, in his dressing-room.

ANDERSON had finished for the night and he sat at his mirror removing *cosmetique*. He heard the door open and knew somebody had come in. He surmised it was his man.

"All right, Homer. I shan't need you," he said without turning round.

Apparently the one who waited did not hear. There was no click to announce an exit.

Anderson went on brushing his hair. He was thinking of nothing in particular but it occurred to what some people would call his subliminal consciousness, that Homer had not answered him and that he had not gone. So he said again: "I told you you could go, Homer."

"But it isn't Homer."

Anderson turned quickly and beheld in place of his man, a rather jaded-looking girl with a flat parcel under her arm. The voice had been the girl's. In a quick glance he took in her near-poverty and the brave attempt to hide it, and noted the tired look which intensified rather than disguised the wan, expressive face.

"What are you doing here?" he asked gruffly. "I gave orders—"

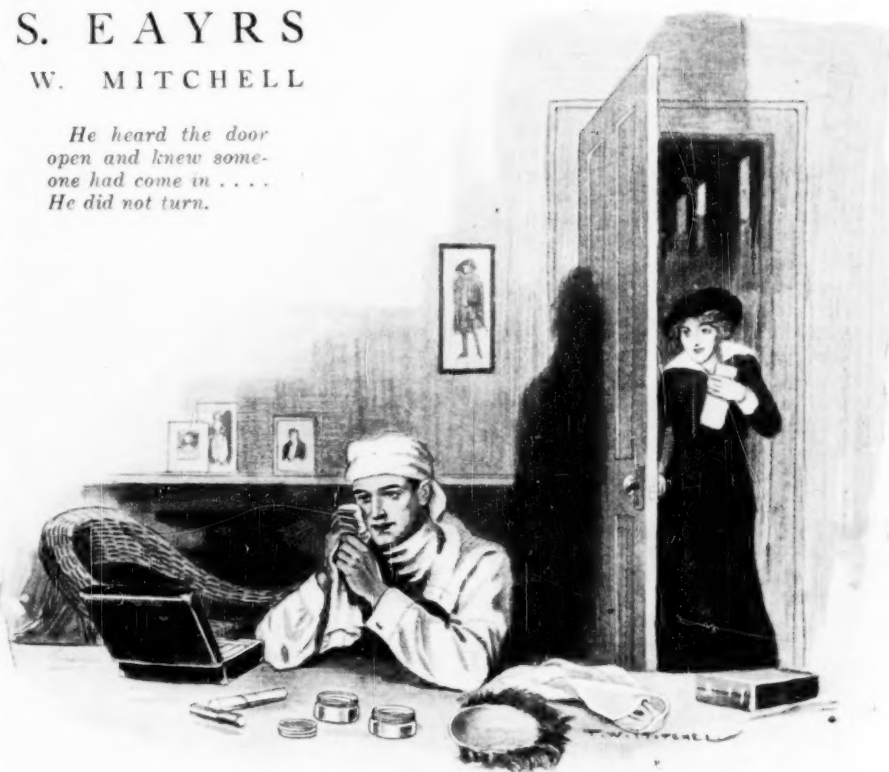
"Oh, I know you did, Mr. Anderson, but I managed—" The owner of the tired look had an appealing voice.

"To elude the ever-watchful Homer?" he finished for her.

"Yes." She lowered her gaze and fumbled with her gloves, nervously and aimlessly widening the holes already therein.

"You want my autograph, I suppose." He had turned and was fastening his col-

*He heard the door open and knew someone had come in . . . He did not turn.*



lar. "Do you know we people get sick of this everlasting signing of albums. I distinctly told Homer—"

She cut in quickly and she tried to make it brightly: "I know what you told Homer. But it wasn't his fault. I've schemed and planned for three months to get this opportunity, and fifty Homers don't matter to a desperate woman."

Anderson wheeled round suddenly. Desperate? Did she want something more than an example of his bad caligraphy? Desperate? Possibly? He voiced it aloud.

"Eer—pardon me, Miss—"

"Shaw, Doreen Shaw."

"Exactly—er—is it in connection with the Cause? Do you wish to break any windows or attack me or are you merely anxious to convince me that woman's suffrage is come, and that I'd better drop my opposition?"

She was silent for a moment. Then she said wearily, "Oh, I'm not a militant. The only thing I fight for, Mr. Anderson, is a living. I need that more than a vote."

"I don't see—" he began politely.

"Wait," she silenced him with a nervous but authoritative gesture. "The reason I am here is to sell you a play. Wait," she commanded again; she saw he was going to disclaim any appetite for plays.

"I have a play here called 'The Minister's Son.' It is a good play. It will be a successful play. I know it. I feel it. But I can't sell it. I've tried everywhere. I've been insulted twenty times a day because I've crept in here and sneaked in there to see producers. Agents are no good. They

only take your money and they use your manuscript for an ash-tray. I've been trying for three months to get this interview and persuade you to promise, at least, to look at my play. Mr. Anderson, I haven't half a crown in my purse beyond what will pay for my two weeks' board. And if I can't sell you my play—"

THE words trailed off and were lost, and she buried her face in her hands. Spasmodic sobs racked her frame. Anderson got up and walked nervously up and down the room. He pulled at his collar, and looked at the girl, and then away from her, and then he walked up and down again. He couldn't bear to see her cry. He never had been able to countenance distress without its affecting him. Anderson was a fine example of a type you very rarely meet, big-hearted and genial, exuding kindness; a man who combined the milk of human-kindness with the gentleness of a woman. When he was property-man for the never-to-be-forgotten Robert Wilson he would walk a mile to help a fellow, and lend a shilling to any sort of God-forsaken wretch who happened along, a degree more poverty-stricken than himself. Then he would live on coffee and sinkers, for a week to make up for it. When, having got his chance, he agreed with a manager to bear some little part of the task of captivating the public for the munificent sum of five pounds a week, any sort of good-for-nothing with a hang-dog face and a plausible tale could get a sovereign out of him, "just as a temporary loan, old fellow." It was



so all through the years. As success had come to him his generosity had increased in more than one proportion. Very rarely, if ever, did Anderson refuse a fellow who was either actually or apparently down on his luck.

"I've been there myself," he would say sometimes when his friends remonstrated with him. That was reason enough for him.

He stopped in front of her.

"There, there," he said, and patted her shoulder as though to comfort her. His touch was as gentle as a woman's. "There, there. I'll look at the play. Leave it with me, and also your address and I'll see what I can do."

HE decided to produce the play. He read it over two or three times and decided that the girl was right. Her play was good. With creditable handling it should get over. He himself would play the lead. His present leading woman, if she were free, would play opposite. It was even betting that the play would be a success.

He produced the play. Within a week it proved a failure. The critics, as is their way, waited to see, at the end of each act, what the public thought of it. Finding that it didn't think much, they went back to Fleet street and wrote columns. The best that was said was that it was "artistic." Most of the papers, though, slammed it and slammed it hard. They called it tawdry. Before the end of the first week the critics and the public between them had killed it.

The box office reflected the result. From that point of view it was a frank and rank failure.

Anderson changed the action somewhat. It gained a further lease of life, but it was only putting off the evil day.

It was Anderson's stage manager who started him seriously thinking about where this play was landing him. It had run now for four months.

"You should have taken this thing off after four days, much less four months," snorted Bevis between the acts.

"But I thought," murmured Anderson, "that it would get over."

Only Anderson himself knew just how serious was his case.

As he sat down after his night's work he thought things over. He was in a pretty bad way. No one suspected into just what troubled waters his impetuous generosity had carried him. It came to him that he must close up in a week's time. He hadn't the money to go on.

He remained a long time before his mirror. Homer was noiselessly putting costumes away and straightening up the dressing room. He saw that Anderson was quiet.

When his man had gone Anderson filled and lit an old pipe and began to figure just how he stood. Here he was, John Anderson, undoubted star in the English theatrical heaven hanging on to a bad play which he could not get rid of for another week, and which was costing him dear money every performance he put on. He told himself he had to do something—and something different from what he had been doing since he became a noted actor-manager. He figured that when a

week hence "The Minister's Son" was turned adrift—like the hero of the play itself—and all expenses had been met, he would be worth just about four thousand pounds. Four thousand pounds after years of endeavor, after days of struggle and nights of sleeplessness! Four thousand pounds!

THE astonishing smallness of the sum surprised him, and yet again, it did not. He knew he could not have much more. He had never been a business man. Money with him came and went.

He was peculiarly impotent. He hadn't the money to produce another play, for he dare not stake the little he had on a venture which might turn out ill.

He told himself, sitting there long after everybody else had left the "Titanic," that there was only one thing for it. He must get out. He must leave the stage. The thought of it hurt! After toiling for years for a position of honor in the profession he had made his own, he had to climb down. The pathos and bathos of the whole business became startlingly clear. What a retrogression!

What then to do? Anderson debated the question a long time. He lingered, in the days of his pondering, for the companionship of a man to whom he might detail the whole circumstances and who would, with him, go into committee on ways and means. But there was no one. Anderson's was a great pride. He could not speak of his predicament. When he gave out that he was leaving the stage it was supposed, on most hands, that he had made a tidy bit and was going to enjoy the rest of his days quietly as a gentleman of leisure.

Anderson recognizes very quickly that he could not live long in London on four thousand pounds, not even if it were carefully invested. It did occur to him that he might get into something else. He thought, for instance, of writing. But he decided that he would not make a success of it, and indeed, there again, his pride was a hindrance. People would wonder why he needed to do anything at all. Explanations would have to be made, and Anderson knew that would mean giving himself away.

HE finally decided to go into the country. He knew of a lonely little place up there on the Yorkshire moors. He could live there, alone and without any friends but simple villagers, and the income from his four thousand, properly invested, would be enough for his needs. So he left for Shipley in August.

He rented a bit of a cottage and he arranged for one of the villagers to come in and do for him. All went well for a year—except that he had not yet invested his four thousand. His life consisted of tramps over the moors and a chat now and then with the old fellows who gathered in the Wentworth Arms. It was a queer existence for him; who so lately had been known to thousands of people and who had carved for himself at least a temporary niche in the hall of fame. A year ago and he had acquaintances by the score and a few friends as well. Now he had no friends, and his simple-minded acquaintances knew him for a man who—

though inherently different from themselves—was yet living their sort of life and appeared to be content therewith. Anderson became resigned to the change. He bought a few books and read those, and for constant companionship of sorts he had a collie dog and an old briar pipe.

Then one day came a polished stranger, and with him a glittering chance for investment. It matters little what it was the suave salesman had to offer; suffice it to say that Anderson was attracted by the proposition and finally placed his savings, almost to the last cent, in the venture. It turned out exactly as might perhaps have been expected.

The day on which the dividend should have been paid brought no dividend. But, a couple of days later when Anderson saw a paper, he read that the Amalgamated Something or Other had gone bankrupt.

THE news was a stunning blow, and it was some time before he realized all that it meant to him. He did so when he discovered that he had four pounds and nineteen shillings left in the world. Vaguely it dawned on him that he had to do something, and that quickly. He could not stay in Shipley, with its life of walks, and smoking and gatherings at the Wentworth Arms. He saw no means of subsistence there. The only thing to do was to go to London.

He went. Moving about as if in a dream he sought employment. He walked many miles and he saw many people—and asked for work, some work, any work. But he was so obviously a little beside himself, so patently unaware of just what he was saying and doing, that they either laughed at him or shut the door on him as soon as he proffered his request. Moreover, he could not do anything, had had no experience in doing anything, but acting—and he would not go to any of his former *confrères* lest they should become aware of his fall. Great was the pride of John Anderson. He set it up as an impassable barrier and swore none should break it down.

The time came, at last, when he decided to let everything go. He came home sick at heart to his room one night and he swore to himself that he would appeal to no one else. He found he had exactly one guinea left and he took the mad resolution that he would seek no opportunity of adding to it. Instead, when it was gone, he intended simply to—let things end. Of course, he was more than a little mad.

He found an attic in the east end, and with none to comfort and none to cheer, he prepared, sedulously and scrupulously, to end his days according to his schedule. In two or three weeks, though he had carefully husbanded his resources, he came to his last half crown. A word overheard reminded him that this day was the last day of the year. He looked at the half crown.

"John Anderson," he said to himself, savagely, "I will celebrate the year 1915 with you. I will buy you your last meal on earth. Come on and I'll buy it now."

He betook himself to a restaurant in Soho. The last time he was here, he reflected, he was prosperous enough. Now he wore a coat which covered the re-

mains of a two-and-eleven-penny shirt.

He sat down, and he ate and drank his fill.

AT eleven that night he wandered on to the Embankment. Some poor devil, a degree worse off, whined a request for a copper. Anderson turned on him savagely.

"Damn you!" he half yelled. "I have nothing to give you, and if I had you should starve first!"

And his laugh, curiously wild, as though somebody else were laughing, while he listened, frightened the beggar so that he slunk away.

Anderson saw him join the miserable stream of London derelicts and turned to look over the parapet. The eve of a New Year! A year ago he could have helped the most desperate. To-night there was none of all those teeming millions more needy than he. Looking down at the black and glistening river, flowing silently and surely under the bridge, his mind reverted, at some unknown behest, to all that had gone before. The last few weeks seemed like some preposterous and unconnected dream from which he would soon awake. But the river below him, and the wind howling about him, and the rags he wore, a few degrees removed from the bagman's wares, were all too actual to belong to any mere dream.

He thought of the nights when he had held his public breathless, playing with their emotions. He thought of his associates, some rich and powerful, some in meaner circumstances, but all then doing him honor. He thought of the Actors' Beneficent Fund, and remembered with a shock that he was one of its governors. He, an outcast, a tiny speck in London's flotsam and jetsam, was a governor on the board of an institution whose duty it was to relieve the distress of men and women once connected with "the profession." Verily, fate was a quaint joke-smith, and had a rare sense of humor! There was none of all the thousands of poverty-stricken mummies more in need of relief than he.

The glare of a policeman's lantern suddenly blinded him.

"Come on, there, get out of this."

Anderson recognized an officer who formerly gave him a cheery salute. If things had never changed that officer would have been wishing him a happy New Year!

He walked on and on, with head bent and struggling gait, through the rapidly-thinning streets. He never took his eyes off the ground. He wanted no landmarks, scenes of former greatness, silently to taunt him. Where he was going he did not know. By now his intellect ceased to obey his order; he could not bother to think. His desire was to lay down somewhere and rest. He knew that much.

On and ever onward, the lights of the city became more and more infrequent. The streets were more and more deserted. The silence became more and more obtrusive, as the noise of the city that sleeps with one eye open became fainter and fainter. An arch loomed up in front of him. With a weak cry that might have

meant anything he lurched towards it, and fell beneath it.

HE didn't die that night. Dying isn't such an easy matter that a man may shuffle off this mortal coil simply by so desiring. With an oath he greeted the morning. Some children passing within a yard of him were crying "Happy New Year." He struggled to his feet. Hungry for food, so weak that he could hardly drag one leg after the other, and famished for someone to talk to (this last he did not know) he trudged back citywards. It was all the same to him where he went, to spend what time and strength remained.

Almost before he knew it he was in the heart of the city and walking through the Strand. A man and woman passed him and the woman suddenly turned. She stopped on the pavement, caught her companion's arm, wheeled round and hurried back. Her companion, not understanding, suffered himself to be dragged by her. They came upon Anderson and the woman said: "Mr. Anderson?"

He looked up, then recoiled: "You?" he exclaimed.

"Then it is Mr. Anderson," she made reply. "Why how wonderful. But—"

Anderson stayed one second to mutter a curse and started on.

"Oh stop him, dear," the woman said to her companion. "It's Mr. Anderson of the 'Titanic.'"

The other started back. "Great Caesar, so it is. Why, Anderson, what does this mean? Where on earth have you sprung from?"

"Let me go. I don't know either of you." Anderson snarled, as he struggled to release the hold of Brady on his arm.

But Brady was convinced now. So was Doreen Shaw. And both of them were persons of action.

"Get him into a taxi," whispered the girl.

Before Anderson knew it he was hustled into a cab and borne away. There, in the corner of the cab, he fainted. Later, it seemed but a moment, he opened his eyes and looked about him.

Doreen Shaw saw his glance. She nudged Brady. Brady leaned forward.

"It's all right," he said, taking Anderson's hand. "You're here with us. Brady of the 'Irish Theatre,' and Miss Doreen Shaw, the now-famous playwright." He smiled at his companion. "Lie still," he told Anderson, and Anderson closed his eyes again.

A few hours later he awoke. Gradually he became aware that he rested on a comfortable ottoman and that someone with an apron over her trim form was bustling about a room, the room he was in.

Brady strode over to the couch. "Well, better, old man?" he asked. Then he hurried on: "Now lie still and don't say a word. You're here in our flat. Miss Shaw is now my wife. We've been married about three months. She is also the author of another play, 'The Man Who Came Back.' Her first was a failure as you know but her second is going to make good. We open in it to-morrow night. And you are going to play—"

The man on the ottoman made as if to speak.

"No, don't say a word," went on Brady. "Just listen to me. We open to-morrow night. At the last minute Gulliver has fallen down on us. He's in the hospital; pneumonia or something. And you're going to play the lead." He put his hand over Anderson's mouth. "Don't speak. I tell you," he continued. "You're going to play the lead. It isn't awfully heavy and you'll manage to get it up. You've got a full day and a half to cram, and you can do it. That's if you will!"

He took his hand away from Anderson's mouth. Scarcely comprehending, yet sensing that it was not a joke, Anderson half jumped from the couch.

"If I will," he shouted. "If I will! Oh!"

Then he broke down and cried like a little child.

APACKED house for the Irish Theatre. There was an animated buzz of conversation and it all followed the same course. Who was Henry Mills, the leading man? Nobody had ever heard of him. It wasn't like Brady to star a new chap. Everywhere over the theatre you might have heard the word, "Mills," "Mills." Who was Mills?

The buzz grew, and in the middle of it the curtain rose. At the end of the first act round after round of applause succeeded. But no curtain was lifted. Brady and his wife, behind, were anxious. The evening was not over yet. The next act would be the trying time.

"Once past this second act," Brady murmured, as he paced up and down, "and we're all right. I wonder—"

The second act opened, proceeded and closed. Brady, standing there with his wife, pressed her hand and sighed heavily. He felt more hopeful now. The other side the drop the people were stamping and clapping. But again no curtain was raised.

The third act was drawing to a close. The crowd was strangely quiet. They were witnessing such acting as they had never seen before. Came the last words, spoken by Anderson to the woman who was playing opposite him. "Yes. I came back. I had to come. You need me. The people need me. The people, *my* people need me. And they've got me back."

The curtain dropped. Brady and Doreen found a moment in which nearly to shake Anderson's hand off his arm. The audience were yelling, stamping, shouting. The applause was deafening, for the crowd could restrain itself no longer. The frenzied babel seemed as though it would never cease. And the outstanding word was, "Mills! Mills!"

The curtain rose. Anderson stood there a moment, then walked to the wings and returned with Doreen. The crowd guessed it was the author.

Anderson held her hands, and led her forward. He half turned towards her then faced the audience. The din ceased. Anderson began: "Yes, I came back. I had to come. You need me. The people need me. The people, *my* people need me. And they've got me back!"

And the ring of triumph, sure and doubly sure, was in his voice.



# TWELVE Pillars OF SUCCESS

## IDEALS

NUMBER TEN

**I**N Hawthorne's story, "The Great Stone Face," we have an impressive

illustration of the power of an ideal. One's memory holds a vivid picture of its hero, whose mind had dwelt from childhood on the local tradition that a man child should be borne whose face would resemble that of the mountain profile above the little hamlet of his nativity; and that this child would eventually become the leader and saviour of the people. So whole-heartedly did he believe the legend, so earnestly did he long for its fulfillment, and so constantly did his eyes dwell on the prophetic profile, that unconsciously his own features changed until, outwardly as well as inwardly, he completely embodied the ideal which his mind had absorbed.

Many absolutely authentic cases of stigmata are recorded in the lives of mediæval saints, on whose bodies appeared an exact reproduction of all the wounds of the crucified Christ. Some of these cases were in convents and monasteries, and were the result of long and intense concentration of the mind of the subject upon the physical sufferings of Christ. Frequently the phenomena occurred after the austerities of Lent, during which the monks and nuns had focused more intensely and steadily upon the tortures of the Saviour's passion and death.

If the contemplation of those tortures, the constant mental picturing of the sufferings of the God-man, the soul's great sympathy with its ideal could change the very tissues of the body, could reproduce on it the actual physical marks of the cruel spear in the side, of the nails in the hands and feet, and of the thorns in the head, think of the wonderful possibilities in the reversal of these thoughts and this picturing. Think of what the contemplation of the wonderful work accomplished by the Saviour on earth, of the constant mental picturing of His glorious life, of His tenderness, and love for humanity, of His power and dignity, of His continual outpouring of Himself in service; think of what the constant holding of such an ideal, such a model, and the perpetual effort to realize it, would do for the upliftment, the progress of the whole race!

**W**E tend to become like what we admire, sympathize with and persistently hold in mind. The hero of "The Great Stone Face" became the counterpart of his ideal. The history of Christianity is a continuous record of the power of the ideal to raise men and women to their highest power. St.

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

Paul, one of the most conspicuous of these examples, is so possessed, so enthused by the inspiration of his great model, that he cries "I live, not I, but Christ in me."

Nothing so strengthens the mind, enlarges manhood, or womanhood, widens the thought, as the constant effort to measure up to high ideals. The struggle to better our best, to make our highest moments permanent, the continual reaching of the mind to the things above and beyond, the steady pursuit of the ideal, which constantly advances as we pursue, is what has led the race up from savagery to twentieth century civilization.

A great artist was one day found by a friend in tears in his studio. When asked the cause of his distress, he replied, "I have produced a work with which I am satisfied, and I shall never produce another." It is said he never did. The inspiration that had urged him on was his ideal. Without it there was nothing for which to strive. That kept him always striving to improve on what he had previously done.

Without an ideal there is no growth; and where there is no growth there is retrogression. Without a vision the people perish. Nothing in the universe is static. None of us stands still. We are all traveling in some direction, either forward or backward. Everything depends on the ideal.

What we admire and aspire to enters into the very texture of our being, becomes a part of us. If we had the power to analyze any individual, we could tell what books he had read, could detect the type of his friends and associates, and could name his heroes; that is, we could tell what ideals have actuated him.

**P**ARENTS and teachers should urge upon the young the importance of hero worship, of choosing the highest human ideals. Our lives are molded chiefly after the pattern of the ideals of our youth; and there is no danger of too much hero worship, if only the heroes are worthy.

History is full of examples of the powerful influence of ideals upon our great men. It is said that Alexander the Great always carried a copy of Homer's "Iliad" in his pocket, and that he never tired of reading about Achilles, the great hero, whom he was ambitious to resemble. Many a young

American who has been inspired, encouraged and stimulated by Lincoln's career, has not only lived a grander life and made a truer success, because he modeled his life after that of his hero, but he has developed many qualities in common with Lincoln which otherwise might have lain forever dormant.

It is of the utmost importance to choose our ideal early in life a high and beautiful ideal, that shall be our pole star, the highest brightest light we know. Lawson says: "My advice to all those just starting to travel life's turnpike is, Don't start until you have your ideal, then don't stop until you get it."

Of course we all have ideals of some kind when we are young; but how many of us keep them even till middle age? What young man has entered into active life without an ideal before him of what he is going to do, and how the world is going to be bettered by him? What young girl but who, leaving school, life smiling before her, dreams of the ideal love she will find, the ideal happy home she will make, and the beautiful work she will do in life with the ideal man of her girlish dreams by her side? But do the youth and maiden hold these ideals throughout the years with the strength of conviction that overcomes all difficulties, or do they abandon them with the first discouragement and settle down into a commonplace existence with interest in nothing above the material?

To youth, naturally, come ideals, not only of what one's own life is to be, but of what life in general should be—the ideal man, the ideal woman, the ideal social system; and with all these is a vague desire or intention to help toward their fulfillment. But, too often the result of disappointment in the effort to better conditions is, first, to give up the hope of realizing the ideal, and then to abandon the ideal itself. Here is where the great danger of retrogression comes in. Unless the ideal be held with a tenacity that no failure or disappointment can relax, it is apt to fade away after the first ardor of youth is past.

ONE of the greatest aids to the preservation of the youthful ideal in all its freshness and beauty is to recall frequently, daily, the moral heroes who first gave one a glimpse of one's possibilities and aroused one's ambition. Read the special books, or particular chapters which fired you to emulate some noble character. Renew yourself mentally by visualizing the life and work of men and women who have wrought nobly for humanity. Think of the Washingtons, the Franklins, the William Penns, the Emersons, the Ruskins, the Florence Nightingales, the Jane Addams; and you will be strengthened to resist the debasing influence of the fierce competition for wealth and preferment, even for mere subsistence, which in so many instances, pushes out of sight the aspirations and ideals of youth. Keep constantly in mind these grand characters, whose achievements aroused you to noble thoughts and endeavor in the spring-time of life, and your standards will never drop. Character always develops according to the pattern within us. No artist could paint the face of Christ with the model of Judas before his mental vision. No great character can ever be built with low, groveling ideas in the mind. The constant struggle to measure up to a high ideal is the only force that can make a life great, beautiful and fruitful. If we would ever achieve anything worth while, if we would ever accomplish the work the Creator sent us here to do we must live up to our ideal.

WITH eyes fixed on this ideal, we must work with heart and hand and brain; with a faith that never grows dim, with a resolution that never wavers, with a patience that is akin to genius, we must persevere unto the end; for, as we advance, our ideal as steadily moves upward. It

is the divine purpose that it should always be in advance to lead us from height to height. But no matter how high, it is always inseparably a part of each day and the duties of each day.

"The situation that has not its duty, its ideal," says Carlyle, "was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal; work it out therefrom, and, working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the ideal is in thyself."

Never were truer words spoken. Wrapped up in every human being there are divine energies which, if given proper direction, will develop the ideal from stage to stage. Who sees a sculptor at work upon a block of marble sees what appears to be only a mechanical performance. But, out of sight in the sculptor's brain, there is a quiet presence we do not perceive; and every movement of the hand is impelled by that shining thought within the brain. That presence is the ideal. Without it he would be a mason; through it he becomes an artist.

"The ideal is the real." By it we shape our lives as the sculptor shapes the image from the rough marble. External means alone will not accomplish this. You must lay hold of eternal principles, of the everlasting varieties, or you never can approach your ideal. Your first advance toward it lies in what you are doing now, in what you are thinking. Not on some far-off height, in some distant scene, or fabled land, where longing without endeavor is magically satisfied, will we carve out the ideal that haunts our souls, but "here and now in this poor, mean Actual, here or nowhere is our ideal!"

In the humble valley, on the boundless prairie, on the farm, on sea or on land, in workshop, store, or office, wherever there is honest work for the hand and brain of man to do,—within the circumscribed limits of our daily duties, is the field wherein the outworking of our ideal must be wrought.

THE great curse of the average person is commonness, the lack of aspiring ideals. There are thousands of farmers who never get above oxen and wheat, of doctors who never become superior to prescriptions and diseases, of lawyers who never wholly subordinate their briefs. The ideals of the masses rarely rise out of mediocrity. Most of us live in the basement of our lives, while the upper stories are all unused. Millions of human beings never get out of the kitchen of their existence. We need aspiration and great thought-models to lift us.

The Creator has whispered into the ear of all existence, "Look up." There is potential celestial gravitation in every mortal. There is a spiritual hunger in humanity, which, if fed and nourished, will lead to the upbuilding and developing of great souls. There is a latent divinity in every son of Adam, which must be aroused before there can be any great progress in individual uplift.

In a factory where mariners' compasses are made before the needles are magnetized, they will lie in any position, but when once touched by the mighty magnet, once electrified by that mysterious power, they ever afterwards point only in one direction. Many a young life lies listless, purposeless, until touched by the Divine magnet, after which, if it nourishes its aspirations, it always points to the north star of its hope and its ideal.

Every faintest aspiration that springs up in our heart is a seed within us which will grow and develop into rich beauty if only it be fed, encouraged. The better things do not grow either in material or mental soil without care and nourishment. Only weeds, briars, and noxious plants thrive easily.

*Continued on Page 64.*



# REVIEW OF REVIEWS

*The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.*

## How the Battle of the Marne was Won

*The First Complete Description of the Operations at this Decisive Meeting*

WHEN the history of the great war comes to be written it may well be found that the battle of the Marne will rank as one of the decisive battles of the world. What really happened and the exact manner in which the great Germany military machine was put out of gear and forced back on its tracks is told by a writer in *Lectures Pour Tous* (Paris). We quote from the article:

On the morrow of the fighting in Lorraine and at Charleroi the situation without being irretrievably compromised was undoubtedly serious. It was dangerous to attempt the defence of our frontier with armies which had already had to withstand the first shock of war. It was by no means sure that they could hold their ground till the reserves arrived, and moreover our position from a strategical point of view was by no means comforting.

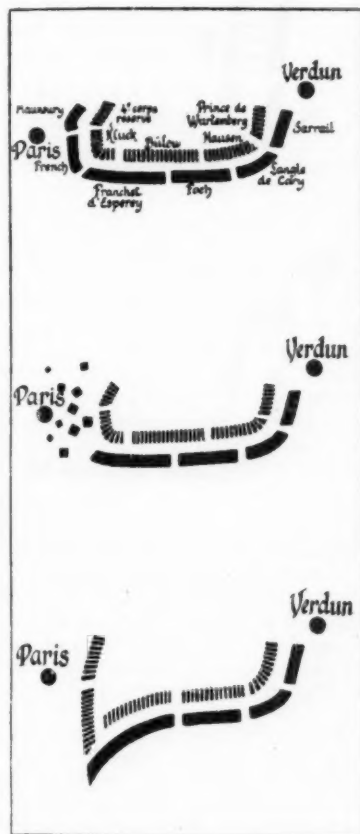
The most satisfactory solution of the difficulty seemed to be to effect a retreat and to bring the armies back to the reserves as there had not yet been time to get the reserves to the armies, and to fight elsewhere a second battle on ground of our own choice. At the same time the difficulty of retreat before a victorious enemy had to be taken into consideration and also the possible demoralization of our troops. This, however, was the course decided upon by the French Commander-in-Chief.

On Aug. 25 a general order was issued admitting that our first offensive had been checked and announcing plans for a future attack. This order ran as follows:

"It having been impossible to carry out our projected plans of attack, future operations will be of such a nature as to admit of the reconstitution of our left wing by a junction of the 4th and 5th armies with the English army and new forces from the Eastern District, thus forming a force sufficiently strong to undertake a fresh offensive while the other armies will hold the enemy in check.

"The movement will be covered by rear-guard actions, chiefly artillery, and by counter attacks with a view to forcing back the enemy or in any case to delay his advance."

The same order fixed the zones of march for the various armies, as it was



Top.—Position of the armies on September 6th. Centre.—What Von Kluck thought he had on his right (note the disconnected units, the supposed remains of the "contemptible" British army). Bottom.—The result Von Kluck expected to obtain.

necessary they should reach fixed spots at a given time in order to effectively support each other, and to be ready to assume the offensive at any moment. It also provided for the formation of a new army made up of various units brought together by rail from different districts. The new army which was to comprise two army corps, five divisions of the reserve, and a Moroccan brigade was to assemble in the district of Amiens from Aug. 27 to Sept. 1st. It was to form the 6th Army and its command was entrusted first to D'Amade and afterwards to Maunoury, and was to play a decisive role in the battle of the Marne.

The order to fall back was executed from Aug. 25 to Sept. 4, incessant counter attacks being made in order to delay the enemy's progress.

The rapidity of the progress of Von Kluck's army on the extreme of our left wing obliged General Joffre to postpone the date of our resuming the offensive and the new 6th Army had to assemble further south and nearer to Paris than had been indicated in the general order of Aug. 25. Moreover, delays of reinforcements for the British Army and transport difficulties due to congestion of railway traffic round Paris decided the Commander-in-Chief to retreat still further to the South.

On the night of Sept. 3 the Military Governor of Paris issued a communiqué stating that the Paris Army had had no contact with the enemy since the 2nd of Sept. near Compiègne. The next day the British aviators and the cavalry reported that Von Kluck's army, the German right wing had deflected its march towards the south-east, thus abandoning the direction of Paris. An explanation has been universally sought for this unforeseen movement of Von Kluck's army. As a matter of fact, it would appear that he hoped by a bold flanking movement to envelop the left wing of the French army. He counted in thus cutting off our armies from Paris. After their defeat he would turn and invest the capital. With the German commander who thought he had before him an army exhausted by ten days retreat it was a matter of acting promptly in order to take full advantage of his adversary's demoralization.

With the French army beaten the capture of Paris would have been only a matter of a few days for troops flushed with victory and who had already reduced Liège and Namur.

This movement of Von Kluck's was the starting point of the victory of the Marne for by this flanking movement he exposed his own right flank to an attack by our left. By reason of the addition of Maunoury's army our left wing, which Von Kluck imagined was formed by Franchet d'Espérey's army, extended to the walls of Paris and outflanked the German right wing. Freed, moreover, from all danger of being outflanked ourselves we were able to attack the enemy's flank.

General Joffre therefore decided to take advantage of the situation. He had taken from his right wing two army corps, two infantry divisions and two cavalry divisions and had used them to reinforce his left and centre. On Sept. 4 he issued an order that all armies were to be prepared to attack, and on the 5th he visited General French, the Commander of the British forces and informed him of his intention.

The front of the battle of the Marne extended from the Ourcq near Paris to Verdun, that is 180 kilometres. The armies camped beyond Verdun and on Nancy took no immediate part in the action. Nevertheless they were an important factor in the success of the second week of September. The tenacity with which they maintained their positions was an indispensable condition to the realization of a victory on the Marne. If Castelnau had been dislodged from his position on the Grand Couronné or if Verdun had fallen the wave of the invader would have flooded France on all sides. The victorious counter attack of Sept. 6 would have been impossible. But the Nancy-Verdun front held firm. Verdun on the East and Paris on the west were the two *points d'appui* of the armies of the Marne when they thrust the enemy back to the Aisne.

As regards time the limits of duration of the battle of the Marne are easily fixed. It commenced on Sunday, Sept. 6 at dawn. On the French right wing the combat finished on the evening of Sept. 9. Von Kluck's army consisted of five army corps (the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 7th of the active forces and the 4th corps of the reserve) and two cavalry divisions.

The evening of Sept. 5th saw Von Kluck beyond the line of the Grand Morin with his headquarters at Coulommiers. To cover his ambitious movement he had left behind him on his extreme right the 4th Army Corps of the Reserve between Nanteuil-le-Haudouin and the Ourcq.

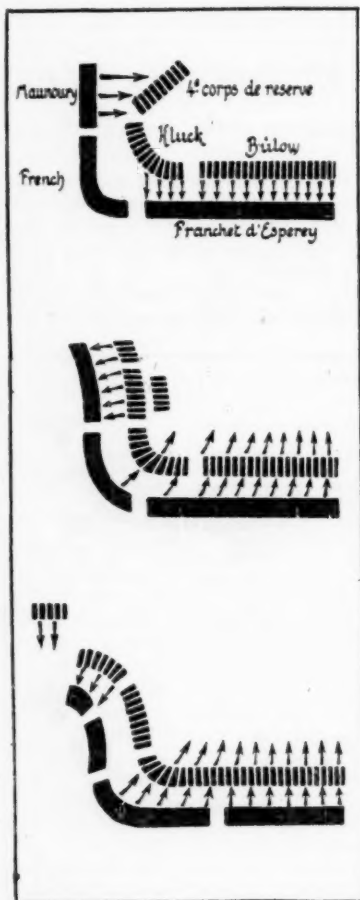
Owing to the faulty information of his scouts Von Kluck thought he had only to deal with the army of Franchet d'Espérey. He imagined that French's army—a "contemptible" factor the Emperor William had called it—was thoroughly disorganized.

His patrols of Uhlans and his aviators had failed to advise him of the 6th Army, formed and assembled in the outskirts of Paris, whose movements had been easily masked in this area of dense population. In fact in his rapid advance to the south

he was leaving on his right flank a considerable force. He was about to clash with no less than three separate armies:

(1) The 6th Army under Maunoury consisting of one active corps, one corps of reserve, three territorial divisions and the corps of cavalry under Sordet. At the commencement of the action it was also reinforced by an Algerian division, and on the eighth of September by a division of the 4th Army Corps. This 6th Army, indicated in the order of August 25, and dislodged by the Germans from the line of the Somme on the day of its formation, had become a formidable factor in the struggle.

(2) The British Army under General French, comprising three army corps, and representing a total of 130,000 men.



Top.—The 6th September, Maunoury attacks the 4th reserve corps which retreats. Centre and bottom.—Von Kluck sends the 2nd and 7th corps, and a corps of Landwehr to the help of the 4th reserve corps. Our other armies advance.

(3) General Von Kluck had directly facing him the 5th French Army of Franchet d'Espérey. It comprised three corps, two divisions of the reserve and a body of cavalry. More than half of this army was engaged with the second German Army under Bülow.

At dawn on September 6th, in accordance with the general order to all armies from Paris to Verdun to assume the offensive, General Maunoury attacked. Having opposed to him only the 4th Division of the German reserve, which

constituted the extreme right wing of Von Kluck's army, he made rapid progress during the course of the morning and doubled his adversary back towards the River Ourcq. Recognizing that the army attacking him was one of considerable strength, the German commander in charge of the 4th Division endeavored to stem his retreat and sent word to Von Kluck for immediate reinforcements.

On the same day towards the afternoon General French and General Franchet d'Espérey, who had been in conflict with Von Kluck's left wing and with a part of the second German army under Bülow, noticed a marked slackening of activity on the part of the enemy. Von Kluck had just despatched his 2nd and 7th corps to the help of the 4th reserve division which was giving way before Maunoury and at the same time he ordered a landwehr division stationed at Compiègne to advance by forced marches and attack Maunoury in the rear. Weakened as it was by the departure of his 2nd and 7th corps, Von Kluck's army was forced back on the evening of the sixth, north of the Grand-Morin. French and English detachments occupied Coulommiers within a few hours of the departure of Von Kluck, who had established his headquarters there.

The day of September 7th was marked by violent German attacks against Maunoury's army. The latter's offensive role had now terminated. By its sudden apparition on Von Kluck's right it had succeeded in throwing out of gear the wheels of the German military machine. Henceforward it had only to hold its ground. Von Kluck, seeking to regain the initiative, endeavored to crush it by overpowering assaults and to turn its flank from the north. Maunoury's army had now to resist these assaults until French and Franchet d'Espérey, who had been assisted by his attack, should in turn come to his assistance.

During September 7th Maunoury had to yield some ground, still, however, holding Von Kluck's impetuous attacks in check, while French and Franchet d'Espérey passed the Grand-Morin and took up positions on the Petit-Morin.

On September 8th Maunoury's army was reinforced by one division, but his position was getting gradually worse. On his left, to the north, Von Kluck's troops started an enveloping movement which threatened to develop a most serious position. The armies of French and Franchet d'Espérey, however, continued by vigorous assaults to force back Von Kluck's left wing nearer and nearer to Maunoury's battle front, and on the same day, September 8th, the English crossed the Petit Morin and the French entered Montmirail.

The day of September 9th was the most critical of all for Maunoury's army. The troops, exhausted by three days' incessant fighting, saw Von Kluck's army in force bearing down on them. On the night of the eighth, Maunoury had informed his chief of the wearied condition of his troops. Joffre replied, asking him to resist to the last man. A precipitate retreat on Maunoury's part would have left Von Kluck free and would have irreparably compromised the success of operations.



There might perhaps have been no battle of the Marne. The struggle on the French side took on the character of one of desperate heroism. It was significant of the famous order of the day of September 6th: "A force which can not advance must be prepared to fall where it stands." At Marville 3,000 men held at bay the whole of a German division. But bravery is powerless against numbers. Despatches advised Maunoury of the approach of the Landwehr corps from Compiègne, the reinforcements sent for by Von Kluck on September 6th. The arrival of these fresh troops from the north would have completed the enveloping movement commenced by Von Kluck's right wing on the 8th. It was at this critical moment that General Gallieni, Governor of Paris, hastily collecting some 20,000 men from the various barracks of the capital, despatched them by means of 5,000 autocars and auto-trucks to Maunoury's assistance. These reinforcements came at an opportune time to support the worn-out troops. But, when night terminated the struggle for the time being, it seemed as if it would be impossible to continue such superhuman efforts at resistance for another day.

During this day of September 9th French and d'Espèrey had made decisive progress. The British troops passed the Marne in the neighborhood of Ferte-sous-Jouarre and the French troops arrived at Chateau-Thierry after a most desperate conflict, and rolled the enemy back to the north of the river after inflicting upon him enormous losses.

At sunrise on September 10th, reconnaissances established the fact that the German army which on the previous evening had so hardly pressed Maunoury's forces, were in full retreat. Their flight had been so precipitate that they had abandoned immense quantities of war material.

What had happened? Von Kluck, on the evening of the ninth, hard pressed on his left wing by the British army had given the order to retreat. French and d'Espèrey on the evening of the 9th had relieved Maunoury from Von Kluck's clutches in the same way as Maunoury had, by his attack on the morning of the 6th, arrested Von Kluck's offensive against French and d'Espèrey.

Victory was in sight.

While these desperate engagements had been taking place on the left wing of the French army, the centre had been the scene of a conflict still more violent. On the evening of the 6th the enemy, recognizing that Maunoury's attack paralyzed his right and checked his enveloping movement, resolved upon an attempt to break our centre in the neighborhood of Fère-Champenoise. This attempt lasted from the 7th till the 10th. Had it been successful, our army, victorious on the left wing but with its centre broken, would have been thrown back in disorder. The German assault against the French centre was the direct reply to the French attack upon the German right wing. The French centre consisted of two armies on d'Espèrey's right, under Generals Foch and Langle de Cary. Opposed to them were the second and third German armies

under Bülow and Von Hausen. On the 6th September at daybreak Foch and Langle de Cary took the offensive and during the day Foch advanced north of Sézanne. On the 7th the Germans made a violent counter attack. This was the beginning of the attempt to break through the French centre. Foch's army repulsed these desperate assaults throughout the day and towards evening fell back slightly. On the 8th, knowing that on his left the Germans had retreated and that French and d'Espèrey were across the Petit Morin, he decided upon a general attack in spite of his retreat the previous evening. A terrible struggle followed round Fère Champenoise and Sommesous, which was taken and retaken three times during the day, Foch finally retaining possession.

Foch's contact with the second and third German armies gave him the opportunity to execute one of the most daring manoeuvres of this week of battles. On the evening of the 8th, Bülow's right wing had been thrust back by d'Espèrey beyond Montmirail. The effect of this movement was felt by his left wing which by some means lost touch with Von Hausen's army on its left. General Foch, who was fighting Bülow on his left and Von Hausen on his right was informed by his aviators of the gap which now existed between these two armies and decided to take advantage of it.

During the night, a very stormy one, Foch hastily transferred some troops from his right and thrust them in, wedge-

like, between Bülow's army and that of Von Hausen. He thus took the German forces on their flank, especially the Prussian Guard which the day before had caused his retreat, and forced them into the Saint Gond marshes. A large part of their artillery remained embedded there. On the 9th he pursued his advantage still further, fighting throughout the day on both sides at once. On September 10th he arrived at the Marne.

As far as the armies of Maunoury, French, d'Espèrey, Foch and Langle de Cary were concerned, the battle of the Marne finished on this day. The effect of our advance now began to be felt by our three armies, massed between Langle de Cary's army and the frontier, under Sarraill, Castelnau and Dubail, which were opposed by the armies of the Crown Prince, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, and General Herringen. Sarraill's army although inferior in numbers vigorously attacked the Crown Prince, successfully resisted a violent counter attack on the 10th, and started to advance on the 11th. On the 12th the Crown Prince's army had become involved in the mass movement of the Germans retreating to the Marne and had to retreat also. On the same day the enemy's forces between Nancy and the Vosges were forced back. Dubail's army advanced, and Castelnau's army entered Lunéville.

The German defeat was decisive, our victory complete.—*Translation made for MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE.*

## Where the Stone Age Lingers

*Papua, the Country, the People and Their Customs*

**A**LTHOUGH the march of civilization is gradually rolling back the veil of mystery that enshrouded so large a portion of the earth, there are still some corners of the world where conditions approximate the earliest days of man's occupation. In New Guinea, Papua, there is still tremendous scope for the civilizing influences of the governing British. Dr. Alfred Goldsborough Mayer contributes a very thorough and interesting article on the subject to *The Scientific Monthly*. He says, in part:

Papua, the land of the tired eyes and the earnest face, of the willing spirit and the weary body, waning as strength fails year by year in malaria and heat, the land wherein the heart aches for the severed ties of wife and home; its history has hardly yet begun, but the reward of generations of heroism will be the conquest of another empire where England's high standards of freedom are to be raised anew. A victory of peace it is to be, as noble as any yet achieved in war; and great though its death roll, and forgotten though the workers be, the fruits of their labors will bless that better world Great Britain is preparing for those of ages yet to come.

There are great resources in Papua with its area of 90,500 square miles. Untrodden forests where the dark soil moulders beneath the everlasting shade; swamps bearing a harvest of thousands of sago and nipa palms, and mountains

in a riot of contorted peaks rising to a height of 13,200 feet in the Owen Stanley range.

It is still a country of surprises, as when petroleum fields, probably 1,000 square miles in area, were discovered only about four years ago along the Vailala River, the natives having concealed their knowledge of the bubbling gas springs through fear of offending the evil spirits of the place. It is evident that although the country has been merely glanced over, there are both agricultural and mineral resources of a promising nature in Papua. It remains but for modern medicine to overcome the infections of the tropics for the region to rise into prominence as one of the self-supporting colonies of the British empire.

The touch of a master hand is apparent in a multitude of details in managing the natives of Papua; and it is of interest to see that in broad essentials the plan of government is adapted from that which the English have put to the test of practise in Fiji; the modifications being of a character designed to meet the conditions peculiar to Melanesia, wherein the chiefs are relatively unimportant in comparison with their role in the social systems of the Polynesians and Fijians.

In Papua, every effort has been made to prevent robbery of the natives by unscrupulous whites. The natives are firmly secured in the possession of their lands, which they can neither sell, lease nor dispose of, except to the government itself. Thus the natives and the govern-

ment are the only two landlords in the country. To acquire land in Papua, the European settler must rent it from the government, for he is not permitted to acquire fee simple rights. The whites are thus tenants of the government, and are subject to such rules and regulations as their landlord may decree. The tenant is, however, recognized as the creator and owner of any improvements he may erect upon the land, and, at the expiration of his lease, the government undertakes to pay him a fair compensation for such improvements, provided he has lived up to the letter of regulations respecting his tenure.

For agricultural land a merely nominal rental is demanded, ranging from nothing for the first ten years to a final maximum of six pence per acre; yet this system has had the effect of retarding European settlement, for, although its area is twice that of Cuba, Papua had but 1,064 whites in 1912, and only one one hundred and seventy-fourth of the territory is held under lease.

Men of the type who can conquer the primeval forests and create industries prefer to own their land outright, and are apt to resent the restrictions of complex government regulations, however wisely administered. Socialism, while it may in some measure be desirable in old and settled communities, serves but to dull that sense of personal freedom which above all spurs the pioneer onward to success in a wild and dangerous region.

Possibly in the end, the government may find it advantageous to permit certain lands to be acquired by Europeans, in fee simple; for until this is done the settlement of the country must proceed with extreme slowness. Moreover, mere tenants owning nothing but their improvements, and even these being subject to government appraisal, may be unduly tempted to drain, rather than to develop, the resources of the land they occupy.

But the chief aim of the Papuan government is to introduce civilization among the natives, and a slow increase in the European population is of primary necessity to the accomplishment of this result.

At present the natives are not taxed, the chief sources of revenue being derived from the customs duties upon imports, the bulk of which are consumed by the Europeans, and this source of income is supplemented by an annual grant of about \$25,000 from the Australian Commonwealth, but, due to the duties upon food and necessities, the cost of living is higher than it should be in a new country.

Judging, however, from the experience of the English in Fiji and of the Dutch in Java, the natives would be benefited rather than oppressed by a moderate poll tax to be paid in produce, thus developing habits of industry, and in some measure offsetting the evil effects of that insidious apathy which follows upon the sudden abolition of native warfare.

There may be more than 275,000 natives in Papua, but, due to lack of knowledge of the country, the actual number is unknown.

Among the mountain fastnesses, defending themselves in tree-houses, one finds a frizzly-headed black negrito-like race hardly more than five feet in height. These are probably remnants of the "pigmy" pre-Dravidian or Negrito-Papuan element, which constituted the most ancient inhabitants of the island and who

long ago were driven inland from the coveted coast.

The burly negroid Papuans of the Great River deltas of western Papua differ widely from the lithe, active, brown-skinned, mop-headed natives of the eastern half of the southern coast; and Professors Haddon and Seligmann have decided that in eastern New Guinea many Proto-Polynesian, Melanesian and Malayan immigrants have mingled their blood with that of the more primitive Papuans. Thus there are many complexly associated ethnic elements in New Guinea, and often people living less than a hundred miles apart can not understand one another; in fact, each village has its peculiar dialect. Social customs and cultural standards in art and manufacture vary greatly from the same cause, and each tribe has some remarkable individual characteristics. In the Fly-River region, the village consists of a few huge houses with mere stalls for the families, which crowd for defence under the shelter of a single roof. Along the southern side of the eastern end of the island, however, each family has its own little thatched hut, and these are often built for defense upon piling over the sea, reminding one of the manner of life of the prehistoric Swiss-lake dwellers.

Nearly 12,000 natives are at present employed by the whites as indentured laborers in Papua, their terms of service ranging from three years, upon agricultural work, to not more than eighteen months in mining. Their wages range from about \$1.50 to \$5.00 per month, and all payments must be made in the pres-

ence of a magistrate and in coin or approved bank notes.

At every turn both employer and employed are wisely safeguarded; the native suffering imprisonment for desertion, and the employer being prohibited from getting the blacks into debt, or from treating them harshly or unjustly. Their enlistment must be voluntary and executed in the presence of a magistrate, and, after their term of service, the employer is obliged to return them to their homes.

One is impressed with the many manifestations of a fair degree of efficiency on the part of the native laborers, who are really good plantation hands and resourceful sailors. In fact, trade has always been practised to a considerable extent by the shore tribes, the pottery of the eastern end of the coast being annually exchanged for the sago produced by the natives of the Fly River Delta. It is a picturesque sight to see the large lakatois, or trading canoes, creeping along in the shadow of the palm-fringed shores under the great wall of the mountains, the lakatoi consisting of a raft composed of six or more canoes lashed together side by side, and covered by a platform which bears a thatched hut serving to house the sailors and their wares. The craft is propelled by graceful crescent-shaped lateen sails of pandanus matting and steered by sweeps from the stern. Trading voyages of hundreds of miles are often undertaken, the lakatois starting from the east at the waning of the southeast trade wind in early November and returning a month or two later in the season of the northwest monsoon.

## What Uncle Sam Must Do

*Practical Methods of Preparedness for War Openly Discussed*

UNCLE SAM is aroused. He begins to realize that his fancied invincibility and impregnability have been a sorry delusion; that, if one of the great military powers were to attack him, he would, under present conditions, be in a sore strait. And so preparedness is a word on every lip. Some statesmen and papers are still raising their voices against it but in the main a tendency is shown to face the issue squarely. Methods of achieving preparedness are being soberly debated.

In the course of a lengthy article in *Everybody's Magazine* Howard Wheeler discusses the situation from every angle and voices certain conclusions. With reference to the navy, he sums up his facts as follows:

Before Congress adjourns this time we laymen, without much doubt, are going to be pretty well satisfied on several points:

1. That it is time that the United States brought an end to its vacillating naval policy. We have blown hot and cold from the time that we started our little naval policy immediately after the Revolution.

2. That the warship is not the means of national defence, but a valuable auxiliary to national defence.

3. That our fleet can be developed and organized only up to the point of meeting the probable chances of war. Beyond that there is waste. Security against the possible chances of war lies only in a nation trained to arms.

If we get into a row, and come to blows over it, the first decisive thing to happen is going to be a sea-fight. Even if an opponent has a means of coming at us from Canada or from Mexico, if he plans a real invasion, he isn't going to bring on his invading machinery until he has cleared the way to his landing-places and has cut us off from outside help and communication. The question of control of the sea will be decided during the first month of the war. We shall "sic" on our war-dogs, betting that they can't be beaten. Winners, we can roll our guns back into the arsenals and begin at once carving statues of our naval heroes. Losers, we can quit the game, or stay in, shy our navy card.

In other words, an efficient navy, proportionate to a balanced system of defence, may be security against invasion. An efficient army, adequate for any possible emergency, will be security against invasion. And we can, if we will, have such an army.

Then why a navy at all? Because, since no nation on earth would attack us by land without having secured control of the sea, a navy victorious would mean a conservation of life, money, and time that is almost beyond calculation.

He argues vigorously against a large standing army and with equal vigor points out the inefficiency of the militia idea. His plan is to have a good standing army as a nucleus, a large trained officer nucleus and—but let him tell it himself.

With a trained peace-nucleus on land, with officers in the making for a war army



of a million trained fighters, all we lack is the million trained fighters—and a sure way of giving them the things to fight with.

This nation is going to be all stirred up over the man problem for some time to come. There is nothing to squabble over in the problem of industrial mobilization.

The problem of getting men is a political one. That of getting guns and the things to put into both men and guns is a business and an industrial one. And business is where we live. The business man fits into a scheme of preparedness primarily as a producer and an organizer of materials. It is the industrial experts that must be relied upon to cram down the maw of modern warfare the vast supplies with which military experts can organize a victory. Business mobilization involves the manufacture of military armament and explosives, the organization of general supplies, conservation of the chemicals of war, the conservation and organization of labor skilled in the manufacture of materials of war, and the organization of transportation.

There is not space here for a detailed analysis of the problems involved in all this, or of our present chances of meeting them successfully. To get, then, to the problem of men:

"The Lord will provide" brand of patriotism may be beautiful. Like many other beautiful things and creatures, it is apt to be dangerous.

K. William Hohenzollern had all the trained men he figured he would need before he began talking about himself and God. We are never going to get men the way K. William did. But if we ever do have a well-balanced scheme of national defence, we shall have to get them some way.

Fortunately, an American sense of humor took all the anaesthetic properties out of Mr. Bryan's profession of faith that "if this country needed a million men and needed them in a day, the call could go out at sunrise and the sun would go down on a million men under arms." Yet Bryan was only expressing, in a silly sort of way, a very definite American trait. For a century and more, in spite of repeated warnings from our greatest men, and blind to the terrible lessons of our wars, we have let it go at just about that. Once a year we trim up our streets with Old Glory and go with our wives and daughters and sons or our best girls to cheer on into his most dizzy flights our pet local orator, knowing in advance that he is going to tell us once more about the bulwark of the nation—"our sturdy, courageous, unwhipped citizenship."

In the last few months, however, we have come to agree that wishing it were so does not make it so, and that this form of self-deception is a bad habit that may at any time lead into a catastrophe.

Even if we agree that out of our whole male citizenship a million trained men is ample security for this nation, where are we going to get them? With our Congress ready to get down to business, we are not altogether ready to answer this question.

I think it is fair to say that the majority of us know what the answer is. Yet those who are satisfied with it and who are big enough and wise enough and prominent enough to make themselves heard all over the house, should they care to, are acting like a lot of bashful lovers, hesitating and side-stepping, praying for an opening that will let them get it out of their systems in an easy and natural way.

*Of course, the answer is compulsory training.*

Whether we are sufficiently clear in our national mind at this time as to what we want to do, there is no question that this coming Congress can, by legislation of a very simple variety, give us real national insurance. It can approve of introducing military instruction in all of our public schools. It can make it the law that all able-bodied young men when they reach the age of nineteen shall become members in the Continental Army of the United States; that they shall be under Federal organization and authority, and shall be furnished, at the expense of the United States Government, with all necessary military equipment; and that for three years they shall receive not less than two months' training each year, such training to include active field work and practice with the regular army.

In conclusion he sums up what the United States must do as follows:

We must develop and organize our business and industrial resources to the point where, in time of war, munitions and supplies for our defending army can be furnished in maximum quantity with mini-

mum loss of time and with minimum waste.

We must increase our naval power to the point where it becomes a real and adequate defence. That point has been indicated.

We must increase, organize, and equip our paid standing army to the point where it can successfully discharge the duties laid upon it.

We must create a reserve strength which will give us, with our standing army, a first-line of land defence of not less than 500,000 men and a second-line of defence of at least 500,000 men.

That means some plan of general military training. It means universal military training. We can have this without sacrificing our ideals or giving ground an inch on our institutions and our traditions.

We must have military instruction for all young men at a time and in a way that will not interfere with their work in life, but will the better prepare them for that work. It is the natural way. It is the economical way. It is the only way.

It is democratic. It is patriotic. It is common sense.

## The War and the Poet

*A Review of the Poetry Inspired by the World Conflict*

THE war has brought forth a tremendous crop of poetry—and most of it has been bad; so bad, in fact, that in the public mind war poetry now stands almost for something ridiculous. But Lascelles Abercrombie, writing in the *Quarterly Review*, contends that this is a snap verdict and an unfair one. He has reviewed the best war poetry to date, selecting with a rare discrimination, and has succeeded admirably in establishing the fact that much really excellent verse has been produced. Let us quote from him in part:

When the present war began it was expected among other wonders, that a great outburst of patriotic poetry would accompany it. We certainly had the outburst; but history will scarcely find that the English temper owed much to the verses which the newspapers lavished on us. It was not altogether the fault of the verses. As the first bewilderment—a state not favorable to poetic influence—passed off, there followed a mood which did not altogether require poetic influence; the tragic gravity of the time was sufficient in itself. What Mr. Kipling said, with his trenchant symbolism:

"There is nothing left to-day  
But steel and fire and stone,"

the nation already knew to be mere truth; and, in its heightened sense of itself, had already felt the thrill of his conclusion:

"Who stands if freedom fall?  
Who dies if England live?"

Mr. Kipling has once more spoken for his country. The gain was not encouragement, but expression. Thus it turned out that the very state of things which at first seemed likely to realize the ideal of Tennyson's phrase, made that realization unnecessary. It seems to have been otherwise in Germany. There a nation, in a state not far off mesmerism, found itself profoundly responding, like an

hypnotic patient to extravagant and ignoble suggestion, to Herr Lissauer's fiery rhapsody—a hymn which we may easily allow to be perhaps as good as poetry essentially insane can be. But indeed the occurrence in war-time of the electrifying song, the song that nerves a nation's heart, always depends, probably, less on the quality of the poetry than on the momentary psychology of the nation. If the nation needs electrifying, it will certainly find the song to do it; a sort of communal whimsy will decide on it. And it will probably not be a very good song; "Lillibullero," which is said to have been remarkably electrifying, may perhaps stand as typical. "Tipperary" is about level with "Lillibullero," but is hardly a case in point, as its warlike significance is entirely accidental; it came from the ruck of music-hall sentimentality, and had but the vaguest suitability in rhythm and feeling.

There is, first, the decisively patriotic poetry—poetry which directly stimulates patriotism, or which celebrates, by occasion of the war, the idea of England, its claims and its glories; and secondly there is poetry which is content merely to express the fact of the war in one of its innumerable aspects. Anyone who has had the industry to read at all extensively in our war-poetry must have soon come to the conclusion that a certain measure of success is more easily obtained in the second than in the first of these two classes. A good deal of the merely expressive verse has been on a quite respectable level of accomplishment; though not much has gone beyond this. On the other hand there has been little patriotic poetry; but, when it has been successful, it has been of far more conspicuous artistic merit than the other kind. After all, when war-poetry is the business in hand, the frankly patriotic poet is not only taking the line of least resistance, or at any rate the line along which natural passion flows strongest. He who takes advantage of that current will, with good steering, have a greater course than he who keeps in slack water; but there the steering is easier. It is as

risky for a poet as for a boatman, to venture into an especially vehement rush of his element; whether it be passion or water, to yield one's direction to it may always become to abandon oneself to it.

Leaving the poetry which merely expresses the war for that which is specifically a declaration of patriotism, we pass over a tract which lies between. This is battle-poetry, poetry of the class of Drayton's "Agincourt," and Tennyson's "Revenge," and Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic." Such poetry is very seldom contemporary; indeed, the imaginative excitement of a battle-subject, intensified by the deliberate intention to arouse patriotic ardour, must especially require prolonged digestion; and probably the best will be made of it only when it has been pre-digested by tradition. Certainly, the battle-poetry we have had during this war has been crude and worthless—very imperfectly digested. Mr. William Watson may give us something considerable when the war is over; but at present his most conspicuous effort in this direction is "The Battle of the Bight," which attained the wrong kind of sublimity when "each rejoicing gun"

"Opened its mouth outright  
And bit them in the Bight."

That is one of the things we must try to forget; but it is not very forgettable. We have had two poetic war-plays, too, which join on here: Mr. Alfred Noyes's "Rada" and Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Armageddon." But these also we must try to forget. And we shall not mention any of the poetry of invective, though in a census of war-poems it would make an important class. There is an ignoble variety of everything. The poetry of invective is the ignoble variety of patriotic poetry.

It is scarcely surprising that three fine patriotic poems are as many as we can collect out of the mass of the war's versified utterance. Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Ghosts at Boulogne" rises clearly above the average; an effective sonnet celebrating love of England and friendship with France together, in the figure of a dreamer who saw certain "wargaunt shadows" watch the English troops land on "the welcoming fields of France":

"Saw Churchill's smile, and Wellington's  
curt nod,  
Saw Harry with his Crispins, Chandos' lance,  
And the Edwards on whose breasts the  
leopards dance:  
Then heard a gust of ghostly thanks to  
God  
That the most famous quarrel of all time  
In the most famous friendship ends at  
last."

But this is scarcely on a level with the other three. They are Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Song of the Soldiers," Mr. John Masefield's "August, 1914," and Rupert Brooke's "1914."

Mr. Hardy's poem differs markedly from the other two. Of the kind of patriotic expression which takes the form of a marching song as naturally as love goes into a *canzone a ballo*, this poem is as good a specimen, as strong, as hearty, as self-controlled, as any that can be found in our literature. To the reader who has in mind the grandest of all recent English compositions, "The Dynasts," this "Song of the Soldiers" must come as a sort of small finial, or, should we say, as a rider, to that magnificent structure of tragic imagination:

"What of the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away  
Ere the barn-cocks say  
Night is growing gray,  
To hazards whence no tears can win us;  
What of the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away?"

In our heart of hearts believing  
Victory crowns the just,  
And that braggarts must  
Surely bite the dust,  
Press we to the field ungrieving,  
In our heart of hearts believing  
Victory crowns the just."

The ringing formality of that, its persistent pattern, is very much in Mr. Hardy's best and most characteristic manner; and it has what his verse has not always, the incalculable quality of fine poetry. In rhythm and thought and language it answers superbly to the loftiest confidence we can have; and at the same time has the plain downright vigor of patriotism the most elemental and unanalyzing.

Mr. Masefield's fine poem, "August, 1914," begins with a gradual evocation of the exquisite peace of an English summer evening; but not merely as the landscape of a picture, rather as the beloved condition of Englishmen's lives—Englishmen who must now willingly determine to lose their lives.

"These homes, this valley spread below  
me here,  
The rooks, the tilted stacks, the beasts  
in pen,  
Have been the heartfelt things, past-  
speaking dear  
To unknown generations of dead men,  
Who, century after century, held these  
farms,  
And, looking out to watch the chang-  
ing sky,  
Heard, as we hear, the rumors and alarms  
Of war at hand and danger pressing  
nigh."

And knew, as we know, that the mes-  
sage meant  
The breaking off of ties, the loss of  
friends,  
Death, like a miser getting in his rent,  
And no new stones laid where the  
trackway ends."

And so, sadly and voluntarily, they left  
every good thing their life held, were  
shipped far away from England, endured  
the miseries of foreign warfare,

"And died (uncouthly, most) in foreign  
lands  
For some idea but dimly understood  
Of an English city never built by hands  
Which love of England prompted and  
made good."

The spirit of these forgotten English peasant soldiers—"All the unspoken worship of their lives"—is the spirit of England, the spirit that is pressing down to re-interpret itself in our lives to-day; not, so Mr. Masefield feels it, bragging or arrogant or lightheartedly warlike, but knowing well enough that peace is better than war if peace is permitted—if not, then summoning all the quiet profound passion concealed in the idea of England to make its war effective.

This is patriotism in elegiac mood. It is a noble poem, of assured vitality; the impassioned sense of England is not less but more impressive for the solemnity of the surrounding emotions. But it is in the nature of things that poetry of triumphant mood, like Rupert Brooke's

sonnets, should take our minds on a more thrilling flight than the noblest elegiacs. Other things being equal (and perhaps they are not quite equal; Rupert Brooke's technique is cleaner and harder and more alert than Mr. Masefield's), the radiant exaltation of "1914" must be more to us than the sober passion of "August 1914." But it will do no good to compare the two poems; they have only this in common, that they both add something to the poetry of English patriotism.

The five sonnets, together called "1914," make a single poem; it encloses in firm and exquisitely modulated form the emotions of one who, at the first call, instantly gave up everything to fight for England, with the clear expectation that that would mean to die for England. There is no regret here. The poet exults to welcome, as the highest imaginable privilege, the chance of dying for his country. It is as if his life had leapt into a new element, brighter and finer and nearer to spirit:

"Oh! we, who have known shame, we  
have found release there,  
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep  
has mending,  
Naught broken save this body, lost  
but breath;  
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's  
long peace there  
But only agony, and that has ending;  
And the worst friend and enemy is  
but Death."

Those who think that a great war automatically produces great poetry may be disappointed at our poetic output. But it is not a very reasonable disappointment. It is quite true that the enormous majority of our war-poems have been very bad. Why not? They served their turn, their momentary turn; they need do no more. Poetry does not come about automatically; it is the most unlikely thing in the world, that a great war should be simultaneously celebrated in great poetry. How many of the famous poems about war have been concerned with contemporary war? How many great poets have not lived through famous wars and, so far as their art was concerned, ignored them? We have, however—to make a final selection—verses from Mr. Gibson, Mr. Masefield, and Mr. Hardy, which are certainly immediate poetic commentary on the war as good as we would reasonably look for. And with Rupert Brooke's sonnets, we may say that no other war in our whole history has been instantly transmuted into poetry of purer gold.

## The Number of Stars

Speculation has always been rife as to the probable number of stars in the heavens. Such speculation has, of course, always been limited to the number visible in the largest telescopes. A few years ago an estimate of 125,000,000 was generally accepted. Chapman & Mellotte have made a more recent estimate, however, figuring that there are about 219,000,000 stars brighter than the twentieth magnitude. It is believed, however, that if a 100-inch telescope were available at least 100,000,000 fainter stars would be added to this total, many of which would lie beyond the boundary of the universe as is at present known. It is interesting to note that within a year or so a telescope of this strength will be in use at the Mount Wilton Observatory.



## An American Estimate of Northcliffe

*A Sketch of the Stormy Petrel of English Journalism*

**L**ORD NORTHCLIFFE has been prominently in the public eye for many years, but it was not until he launched his campaign against Lord Kitchener on the munition question that he reached the publicity zenith. At that time Northcliffe was the most execrated man in the Empire. He was everywhere derided as a traitor; his newspapers were publicly burned; subscribers everywhere hurried to cut off their subscriptions. Later, the tide turned somewhat. It was found that the situation with reference to munitions was not satisfactory, and a certain part of the public veered sharply to the other extreme and began to laud the daring publisher to the skies. Many attempts have been made to present him in biographical articles, one of the most interesting of which is by Will Irwin in *The Metropolitan Magazine*. A few extracts from Mr. Irwin's article are presented herewith:

Such a figure has not passed across the screen of British life without attracting special attention from the novelists and their kind. He has figured as a character in a half-dozen works of fiction, none of which, even when the author has tried to be fair, presents any adequate idea of the man. Northcliffe's character is decidedly that of genius, and it takes another genius to convey genius on paper. We use that term somewhat loosely. There may be great ability without genius—Washington is an example. Again, there may be genius without much ability. All of us can find examples in our private acquaintance. But they all have the faculty of seeing for themselves and of hurdling over facts to results. We speak of the simplicity of genius. It is simple in results—as simple as childhood. But it is extremely and subtly complex in the methods by which it achieves those results.

Because of this very complexity, those fiction-biographers of Northcliffe have failed to convey a tenth part of the man. Each has presented only one or two facets of a character which has as many facets as a diamond. And I, myself, shall, of course, give only another partial view.

Like other great impresarios, Northcliffe has the conscious trick of dramatizing his surroundings. The room where he received me suggested the growlery of one who directs great and hidden things from the heart of an empire. It occupies the oldest part of the original *Times* building. The Georgian mantelpiece belongs to the original construction—the mahogany furniture looks like the suite which the first Walter bought in the days when the Thunderer was thundering against traitorous American colonists. The walls are blank on three sides; on the fourth the windows look out on a maze of roof-tops and farther away, on the tangle of crooked streets which is the older London. The celebrated roar of London, unlike any other sound in the world, filtered vague and indistinct through these walls. The room seemed packed with tradition, a place apart in the midst of life.

The hurrying feet carried Northcliffe back into the room. He settled himself solidly in an easy-chair, rang for tea, and began, before he was seated, to talk. When

I first glimpsed his face, I had thought of it as massive. In conversation it became boyish. His sharp, straight nose, his mobile mouth, were as points of light.

This was last February, when the locked line in Flanders was fighting desultorily, when the Germans had declared the submarine blockade, and when all who hoped with the Entente Allies looked for a drive to free Belgium in the spring. I had just returned to England and I was eager to know about the real situation. In ten minutes of talk, Lord Northcliffe laid it all before me with grasp, with logic and with that orderly arrangement of what he had to say which only the trained journalist ever perfectly achieves in conversation. I remember that he shattered a number of my own pretty dreams. Northcliffe had just been down the whole French line, taking his chances under the guns as zestfully as a cub reporter. He had positively no illusions about a short war or an immediate "drive" of the Allies. He knew his enemy, and did not underestimate German strength.

"It's a two or three-year job," he said in his quick, nervous speech; "we'll win, but no one here knows what we must go through. If we could only get the country to accept conscription! We must have it



—Sam Hunter, in *Toronto World*.

*And the spirit of a martyred girl shall lead them.*

in the end, but the eternal difficulty here is to make the British do things on time." He reviewed, with that amazing frankness which journalists are likely to use among themselves, the weaknesses of England; in quick, one-minute character sketches he outlined the lords of the land, laying hold on the vital characteristics of each man so that when he finished I felt that I knew them. A pessimist concerning immediate results, he was an optimist concerning the final outcome of the war. "It stands to reason that the Germans placed as they are, can't win, if the Allies keep on. There will never be any thought of quitting here. You Americans have been telling us that we aren't awake—and that's true. But we never stop. Neither do the French." Then, I remember, he launched into a eulogy of those same

French. Like everyone who has seen the heroine of the nations in action, he was all admiration.

"And what they'll do when they get Germany down!" he laughed. "The French are the greatest bill collectors in the world. Did you ever spill ink on the tablecloth of a French hotel room? You remember that you paid, don't you?"

However—I recalled it afterward with a sense of shame for my own American volubility—I did most of the talking. Northcliffe made me. He is no monologue artist in conversation. He believes in give and take. He was eager to learn just how the United States, both government and people, felt about the war; how the German publicity campaign was succeeding, what we could do in case Germany forced us in. "After all," he said, "you are, perhaps, the only neutral nation whose opinion we greatly value just now. Try to conceal it as we may, we feel really hurt whenever we think that the United States is not with us." It did not occur to me until afterwards that by his very questions he proved his own knowledge of the United States—our government, our ways, our manners and our national spirit. He kept me laughing with his little, keen turns of wit. If I can remember none of them now, it is because that wit is dramatic, so to speak—it grows, like a good line in a play, out of the situation.

The next time I saw him he was consciously and formally at work. The *Daily Mail* is published from Carmelite House, around two corners from the *Times*. This also inhabits an old building, grown up with the centuries. Beholding it, I always found it impossible to believe that it housed offices, plants and machinery for the greatest daily circulation in the English-speaking world. Apartment One in Carmelite House is Lord Northcliffe's own—a large room, heavily paneled in carved oak and hung with the pictures, photographs and signed letters which are the souvenirs of a quarter-century in the biggest of big journalism. As the apartment in the *Times* suggests hidden control of great things, so this one suggests the reception-room of a lord. When Northcliffe is in London, he is pretty sure to sit in this room for a general executive session each day. Not that he always sticks to Apartment One at such times. He is likely to develop a sudden impulse toward movement, and to speed away with that hurrying yet singularly light step of his toward some far corner of the building.

On this day, however, he was sticking to his desk; and I was waiting with him for a man who was late to an appointment. When I entered, he had just settled a point of policy important to the *Daily Mail* and the Empire; when this was finished a secretary, fluttering in the background to choose the proper psychological moment, announced by appointment the editor of a comic weekly. Two or three of these publications, the British equivalent of our own "humor supplement," figure in the Northcliffe "string." The editor had scarcely reached the desk before Northcliffe, the latest copy of the comic weekly spread out before him, had started the conversation.

"Smith—sit down—" he began; "why don't you put paunches on those policemen? The public expects a comic policeman to be fat. And the persecuted husband must always be thin. That fellow doesn't look persecuted—you'd think she fed him well. Be careful or we'll get too refined!" With that joke he dismissed the editor of the comic weekly, laughing. The next visitor was one of the editors of the

Mail. Again, Northcliffe was deep in conversation before his visitor had taken a seat.

"Excellent article on page three," he said. "I like the easy way it runs along from one thing to another. But it should have been on the editorial page. There is little news in it, and people look for news on page three." On another page of the current *Mail*, as it lay before him on his desk, was a marked item from a Continental correspondent. Northcliffe or his secretary had ringed it with a pencil mark. "That's good," he said. "That man can write. Watch him." The visitors came and went. There entered presently the head of one of the mechanical departments. Something had gone wrong with a rotary press. Northcliffe took this occasion to inquire into the state of the presses in general. Number three was below her guaranteed run the last time he heard from her. Had they found out yet what was the matter? How was the new flying pasteurizer working? Out of this talk grew the impression that Northcliffe knew every machine in the shop, with its powers and its latest improvements. And he seemed to take as much delight in his knowledge of his machinery as in his understanding of European politics. In fact, when the session was done and he looked across at me with that peering, searching glance of his, I felt the Celt in him coming to the surface. "Oh, mon, am I no a bonnie fighter?" quoth Alan Breck, in his moment of triumph, to David Balfour. "My boy, do I not know this business?" Northcliffe seemed to say.

No one but his family and his secretaries knows all his hiding-places in England. I understand that he still keeps that suite of rooms in which, during the days of his early struggles, he edited *Answers*, his first success, with a paste-pot and a pair of shears. Among others, also, there is a country place on the East Coast of England, and that venerable old estate, Sutton Place in Surrey, whose Tudor house excels even the chateaux of the Loire for beauty and interest. I doubt whether Northcliffe himself knows which one of these dens he is going to tenant tomorrow. A puff and he is off. You merely learn at the *Daily Mail* that "The Chief"—such is his only title about his newspaper offices—has gone out of town and has said that he may not return for four or five days. Then, too, he has the British belief in keeping himself "fit"—and the harder the emergency, the greater the necessity for condition. So, after a burst of work, of talk, of intense living, he will drop everything, even in these war times, for two or three days of fishing in Scotland or a round of golf at Sutton Place.

No wise employee of the Northcliffe newspapers ever counts on the absences of the Chief. He is likely to announce that he is "off" for four days and to come bounding into the office, full of a new idea on the morrow. He uses the long distance telephone like an American broker; at any time of the day or night he may be on the wire. Once, I remember he telephoned to me on a matter of some importance to my personal plans. I wondered why he did this; I had thought the matter was settled before he left London. The business was over in a minute, but he stayed on the wire for ten minutes longer while he described to me the Zeppelin raid which had occurred in his neighborhood the night before.

Of course he could never have succeeded in directing journalism had he not been a judge of men as well as of copy. "I pick

men by the shape of their heads," he said one day. Having a divine inconsistency, he would probably have given another formula on another day. What he means, really, is that he knows a man useful for his purposes—he does not know why, except that it is so.

However, he sticks pretty consistently to one rule, I understand. In selecting new men for his organization, he tries to get them as young as possible. Not that he holds to the so-called Osler theory that a man has outlived his usefulness at forty. It happens, however, that Northcliffe journalism is peculiar. To get the Northcliffe idea, he believes, a man must be caught young. Speaking one day of a great American editor whom he much admires, he said:

"I should have offered him an executive position at twice his present salary had he been under forty—and I couldn't start him here so late in life." A few years ago he perceived merit in the star scholar of a London College of Journalism. He tried him out and found him not wanting; and so the young man was graduated straight from college to the *Daily Mail* staff. "He is to be editor of the *Mail* in the next generation," said Northcliffe.

In this age, which worships success, we are always asking for the secret of a suc-

cessful man—hoping, I suppose, to apply it ourselves. As I have said before, there are not formulas for a mind like Northcliffe's. However, one of his powers is his vitality of spirit, his capacity for living intensely. In these horrible days which have come upon Europe, everyone is under strain; and he, carrying the heaviest burden of journalism in a country where the press is all-important, no less than the rest. The very emotional stress tells most heavily, I think, upon the British, who by constitution and custom do not give outlet to their emotions like the French. Yet at the end of the day full to the last second with large affairs of business and of state, a day in which he has worked, mind and tongue to white heat, a day, too, tense with the sharp emotions engendered by war, you find him as boyishly eager as when that day began. Once I heard him complain that he was tired. The next moment he gave himself the lie by launching forth on the vital topic of the day with his usual brilliance and wit. I fancy, however, that this high-speed method of his accounts for his whimsical appearances and disappearances. When he feels the bearings of the engine grow hot, when the oils begin to smoke, he shuts off the power. When the machine has cooled off he starts it again.

## The Logic of Germany's Viewpoint

*They are Upheld by Logic—the Rest of the Nations by Heart*

PERHAPS the most remarkable article bearing on the question of the German state of mind that has come out of the great mass of matter written on this subject is contributed by Arthur E. P. Browne Weigall to *Nineteenth Century*. He ascribes the ruthlessness of German methods, the perversion of German national aims, everything in fact that led up to the war and to the method in which the war is being conducted, to logic. And this is how he makes out his case:

German civilization and that of the rest of the world have marched along separate lines. The former has advanced towards pure materialism and the abandonment of all spirituality; the latter has made for greater delicacy and the development of an increasing objection to unadorned fact. Germany has defined culture as the recognition of human limitations; the rest of the thinking world believes civilization to rest upon a deliberate blinding of the mind to the more horrid facts of life. All the atrocities which the Germans have committed are due to their devotion to apparent fact, and to their belief that fact is the beginning and end of existence; all the protests which the other nations of the earth have uttered are prompted by our acknowledgement that there is something which lies behind fact. The Germans are so cultured, as they would call it, that they see things as they are; we see things as they ought to be. The Germans, being ultra-civilized, are inspired by the doctrines of unqualified intellect; we are inspired by the dictates of what is called "heart." The Germans follow the process of thought to its logical consequence; we shun that conclusion and create rules of

conduct which cannot be justified in logic. The Germans define life and act only upon materialistic reason; we leave life undefined and render tribute to the intangible. We are steeped in the beliefs, handed down to us by our fathers, which tell us that mercy and truth and honor are worth while; but the Germans regard such things as mediæval foolery which they have outgrown. We believe that culture means the ostracising of the crude and bestial element in human life; but the Germans, on the contrary, are of opinion that culture is the frank recognition of those elements.

Let me explain my meaning by a few random instances exemplifying the contrast between the two points of view, and illustrating the two distinct lines upon which our civilization and theirs have developed. Cold reason tells us that mankind is a race of animals not very dissimilar physically to the beasts of the field, and that human beings sustain life by preying on other animals, devouring their flesh and bones and drinking their blood. Untold millions of defenceless creatures are slaughtered daily to fill our stomachs, and thousands of men are employed solely in knocking out the brains or cutting the throats of the victims. In England some attempt is made to hide these unpleasant facts. The slaughter-houses are discreetly hidden; the flesh of the slaughtered creatures is cooked until it is hardly recognizable; the menus are for the most part written in French; and in the English language a pig when dead is called pork, a calf is described as veal, and a cow becomes beef, as though to hide the true character of the substance and to dissociate the thought of meat from that of the massacres committed to procure it. But in Germany the fact is honestly faced, and it is openly admitted that man is a beast of prey. Pork is frankly called pig's flesh, veal is spoken of as calf's flesh, and so forth; while the flesh of cer-



tain creatures is eaten raw and undisguised. There is a general frankness about these matters which would horrify an English cook; and though it is obvious that the point cannot be labored, one may say in a general way that there is a callousness in the German treatment of the horrible food-question of the human race which is as correct from the point of view of reason as it is displeasing to the nicer senses. The Germans have no sensitiveness, no squeamishness, about these matters. The high state of their civilization has led them to discard sentiment and to face fact in a logical manner; and that paradoxical delicacy which makes life tolerable to us has been abandoned by them as being illogical and uncultured. We enjoy our beefsteak because we shut our eyes to the manner in which it was obtained; the Germans enjoy it because they have learnt how to look at the slaughter-house with complacency.

In regard to certain other matters which I do not care to mention in unveiled words, but which the Germans would have no objection to name, we see the same bold lack of sensitiveness on their part. Just as they call a spade a spade, so they call a stomach a stomach. There is no people in Europe which refers in such undisguised terms to the functions of the body which we are wont to hide. Human beings, they declare, are but animals; and a really civilized people, a people which has abandoned old-fashioned methods of thought, cannot any longer refuse to face facts because they happen to be nasty. The Germans delight in an unclean jest; their comic papers are stuffed with indecent drawings; and they believe that their free disclosure of subjects veiled by us from sight is the mark of their superior civilization. Man, they declare, is an unclean beast; then surely it is logical to admit the fact and to build upon it.

So also in German art the subjects chosen for representation are largely those which we object to display. I do not refer to the voluptuous or coquettish paintings so common throughout the world, but to those crude delineations of nature unadorned which are seen with such frequency, for example, in the Secessionist exhibitions at Munich. The German artist delights to face frankly the raw facts of our life; and the idealization of the human form has been discarded as not worthy of the clarity of vision which his civilization has brought him. Pregnant women; hairy, amorous men, fat matrons suckling their babies; sweating laborers, are his chosen models. For the Teuton, being logically-minded, sees life as it is, and not as we should like it to be.

In view of this general tendency of German civilization to reduce all matters to their logical conclusion and at the end to face the undisguised fact, no matter how ugly it is, there ought to have been no surprise that the Kaiser and his staff should have conducted their operations with such an entire disregard for the accepted usages of warfare. The symptoms of the cancer within ought to have been apparent; but it was not until war had laid bare the world's vitals that we were able to see the disease in all its terrible-ness. Militarism and the military preparedness of the German army themselves are indications of the disease. The Teutonic mind, admitting only cold fact and discarding ideals, had recognized that the nations of the earth are but rapacious packs of animals preying upon one another, and every effort was made to prepare for the inevitable fight bound to follow the first clash of interests. The Brit-

ish nation, on the other hand, whose civilization tended towards the ideal rather than to the material, blinded itself to so harsh an aspect of life, and hoped for the best. The Teutonic disease manifested itself in this militarism, just as it had in the habits of the German people, in their morals, and in their arts; but the disease itself was nothing more nor less than Logic—the acceptance of conclusions arrived at by logical deduction without any admission of what I may call the spiritual element.

Our civilization tends towards an increasing regard for human life; but German logic is for ever forcing upon the people an appreciation of the fact that Nature does not hold the life of the individual in any great regard. How, say the Germans, can we be such fools as to consider life as precious when we know that in any event it must be terminated so soon? Individually we are not the tree of life; we are the leaves. The whole race is the tree, and from the branches the leaves fall in such profusion that surely it does not matter if some are shaken or knocked off by force. Is it logical, they ask, to pay such reverence to individual life when the accidents of everyday existence so often and so suddenly bring it to a close? Death is not a tragedy; it is part of Nature's process, it is inevitable; and hence a cultured people must, for its own happiness, treat the misfortune of death as lightly as possible. The spirit thus engendered in Germany has led to the most surprising increase in the number of murders committed. There have been about 140 murderous assaults in Germany to every one in England in recent years. A similar process of reasoning has led to the smallest regard being paid to private property as opposed to State possessions. There are some seventy-five recorded cases of malicious damaging of property in Germany to every one in England. In Germany military operations the attacks in massed formation which have no regard for individual life, and the destruction of enemy property, is but the interpretation upon a large scale of the codes laid down by their national civilization. It is not a sign of barbarism; it is the mark of the latest phase of their culture. It is a symptom of the cancer of German logic.

A short time ago the Germans issued a defence of the use of asphyxiating gas in warfare. They contended that there could surely be little difference between firing high explosive shells at the enemy, thereby killing or maiming every living thing within 150 yards of the explosion, and puffing clouds of gas into the faces of the opposing ranks. The recognized object in either case, they said, was the same—the disabling of as many soldiers as possible; and therefore, by all the laws of logic, the one method was as justifiable as the other. I do not think that their reasoning is at fault when we observe it from their own materialistic standpoint; for logically I do not see that anything is to be said against this dastardly use of gas. Of course, in employing this weapon the Germans have broken their word pledged at the Hague Conference; but logic and honor are not related one to another, and the point, therefore, does not concern them. I am of opinion that the Germans are perfectly sincere in the surprise they exhibit at our objection to this innovation; and when they ask what possible moral difference there can be between ripping a man open with shrapnel and choking him with fumes, they are

quite honestly at a loss to understand our point of view.

The Germans consider that our objection to the use of gas, or to the sinking of passenger ships without warning, is due to our conservative method of reasoning and our inability to adapt our minds to the new conditions imposed by the necessities of warfare. They honestly laugh at us as the world's old fogies. To them we are like the early Victorian rural classes who objected to the introduction of steam locomotion, or like the cabdrivers who will not learn to drive a motor "taxi." When we declare that the employment of gas is not fair play, is fiendishly cruel, or is against the usages of honorable warfare, they reply with an entirely sincere burst of laughter. For logically our contention is absurd, and they have absolutely no understanding of any sentiment not dictated by logical reasoning.

Any desire on our part to limit the horrors of war seems to them to be the most ridiculous of paradoxes. Modern warfare, they contend, is essentially the imposing of every kind of horror on the enemy until he is so morally outraged and dazed that his physical powers of resistance are destroyed. The idea that war is a fair fight between man and man is regarded by them as an antiquated notion which ought to have been relegated to the world's dustbin ages ago. To them the very term "fair play" smacks of primitive barbarism. The whole art of war, they contend, is to deceive, to cheat, and to addle the enemy. War is not a trial of brute strength, they say; it is a trial of cunning, of ingenuity, of brains, unrestricted by sentiment. An English newspaper lately referred to a captured German officer, who had shown a certain amount of chivalry, as a "sportsman;" and immediately a German newspaper responded with a hot and palpably honest denial of the insinuation, declaring that, thank God, the German army did not contain such an abortion as a sportsman on its rolls. The thought was utterly distasteful to them that any German officer should be such a fool as to subordinate the scientific business of his profession to sentimental considerations. War is war, they declare, and it is lunacy to suppose that the rules of the playing-field can be applied to it. We mask our batteries, we issue orders that our forces are massing in one direction in order to hide their concentration in another, we elicit information by means of spies whose business it is to lie. Then why, in Heaven's name, should we talk of fair play or of honor in warfare? The rushing of trenches under cover of unexpectedly released clouds of poisonous gas is simply a *ruse de guerre*, as admissible as any other stratagem. . .

In reasoning in this fashion the Germans display a material intellectuality upon which they believe modern civilization to be based, and they regard our point of view as belonging to a bygone age. They truly think that they are acting in a civilized manner as opposed to a kind of barbaric simplicity. Nobody, they declare, has ever called it unfair for European soldiers to slaughter uncivilized tribes in Africa by the use of firearms which the poor natives had never seen and did not understand. Why, then should it be unfair for the German soldiers to employ new scientific devices which had taken their enemies by surprise? "We Germans," they seem to say, "are so far advanced intellectually that we are able to face facts in a manner which our enemies are not sufficiently de-

veloped to appreciate. We know what mankind is: we have no illusions. Our enemies, being still under the influence of ancient ideals, are swayed by conflicting emotions. They still fight as though they were the sons of God, responsible to a supposed higher power which is largely the figment of their mediæval imagination. Like the pleasant but unpractical warriors of old, they talk of fair play, of honor, of chivalry, and of humane considerations, as though such sentiments still had a place in civilized warfare. But we Germans are so cultured that we can look frankly at human limitations. We have arrived at a state of culture wherein we see clearly the basic facts of life which are still obscure to others. We do not presume to cloak the operations of warfare in a veil of sentiment. We have attained to the cold reasoning of pure logic: we have set aside childish things and we play the man, the super-man, in full knowledge of man's place in nature." Such I believe to be the German point of view; and such the cancer which it is our bounden duty to remove from the body of the human race. We are fighting for the heart of the world against that type of modern intellectuality which does not admit the existence of a heart. But in order that we may the better contend with the disease of logic let us understand it and recognize its significance. It is absurd to call the Germans barbarians, it is we who are the barbarians; the splendid old race which still dares to attribute a beloved meaning to the qualities denoted by our terms "gentleman," "sportsman," and "man of honor." It is ridiculous to speak of the German methods as uncivilized: their conduct is the harvest of the latest phase of civilization and culture. The ideals, the processes of thought, of the Allies are utterly dissimilar to those of the Germans. We are separated from this people—praise be to God—so completely that we are totally unable to see eye to eye with them; but let us not on that account accuse them of insincerity or of prevarication. They honestly believe themselves to be in the right in regard to their methods; and logically they are in the right. We can never prove to this generation that they are wrong; but we can see to it that never again shall the young men of their nation be trained in those hateful ethics which have brought such misery into the world.

A short time ago a British officer, writing from Flanders, described how he and his men had exploded a mine under a German trench, thereby blowing to atoms the main part of the defending force. "The few Germans who were still alive," he wrote, "ran aimlessly about in a demented condition, and really we had not the heart to shoot them down." That is the interpretation of the term "heart" as I here use it, and that is the quality which the Germans have discarded as being incompatible with their civilization. They have abandoned all those attributes which we designate by this word, and have given themselves over to the domination of pure reason unqualified by any sentiments whatsoever. In their advance up the river of human development they have come to the point at which they have felt themselves able to drop the old Pilot, and henceforth they have proceeded without regard to the accepted rules of the road. They do not think that they are breaking the laws: they believe that they are making them.

In contrast to the logical deductions of the German mind—deductions resulting in the most complete materialism, the most utter disregard for the illogical sentiments which sweeten life—our own methods of thought assume a character

altogether more human and more inviting. Our very muddles, our lack of organization, our happy-go-lucky methods, become endued with a kind of sanctity, as exemplifying our blessed freedom from this materialism of our enemies. I do not mean that our lack of organization is to be applauded; but that happy refusal to face facts which has been the cause of our unpreparedness is our greatest asset as well as our greatest danger. Were the Germans in a position to impose logic upon the world and to force us to educate our younger generation in the heartless doctrines of uninspired reason, the very soul of England would be lost, for the laws of modern German culture would turn their destructive hand against every better feeling, every high instinct, in our national character, and would make of us what they have made of their own nation—a people without a soul.

The Germans, confident in their civilization which has brought them such material gains, honestly believe that our ideals are antiquated and our sentiments barbaric. They honestly believe that they are fighting for the good of the world and the benefit of the human race. They argue that since they are probably the best organized people on earth and the most systematic and painstaking, it would certainly be an inestimable advantage to the nations of the world if all were to pass under German supervision. They hope for universal peace almost as ardently as we do, but they believe that the millennium can only be introduced when all the nations are united under the practical rule of the Kaiser, and have tasted the sweets of German tutelage; when what we call honor and chivalry and fair play have been confined to the play-field, and to certain spheres where they do not interfere with the actions of individual or national life; when all men have been taught to face the facts of existence, to recognize that might is right, to dispense with sentimental ideals, and to subordinate personal or national feelings to the will of the central Germanic government. The Germans are sincerely of opinion that only in this way can peace be assured on earth; and very especially they believe

that the British tendency to champion the smaller nations and to hold dependent peoples in the loosest possible control, is derogatory to good government. They hate us of England more than they hate their other enemies because we are the shining example of a nation which has become powerful, wealthy, and beloved, by the aid of a system of ethics completely opposed to their system; and because we are the unconscious exponent of the value of all the loved things of life which they have abandoned as useless. Logic told them that our civilization was bound to go under before the onslaught of theirs; and they find that after all materialism is likely to break itself against the mighty walls of an ideal. They hate us because just as we think their point of view degrading, so they think our attitude towards life obsolete, and they are irritated by the solidarity of an Empire united by a mere bond of heart.

British unpreparedness and lack of organization have brought us to a dangerous pass; but we shall win through by reason of those very qualities which have been so nearly our undoing. We shall be victorious in this war because we are illogical; because we have ideals, unpractical though they be, to brace us for the fight; because we believe that there is something to live for greater than fact and transcending material intellect; because, in Biblical phrase, we turn our eyes to the hills. Professor Seeley once remarked that England "seemed to have conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind." It is the characteristic of our race that we do not take ourselves too seriously, and are not inclined to boast of our victories, nor does misfortune depress us. We never exert our full strength and consequently are never exhausted. We readily admit our faults and quickly adapt ourselves to new conditions. The Germans, however, having all things cut and dried, all rules of action formulated, and all the machinery of their organization working at full pressure, are far more likely than we to collapse *en masse* at the first real surprise. This is a war between cold, stiff logic, and what I have termed heart; and heart will win, because it is pliant.

## Will Europe's People Come?

*How Immigration Will be Affected After the War*

**W**HEN the war is over new conditions will arise. The existing order of things may be entirely upset. No man can foresee what will happen in the realms of finance and industry, in forms of government. Speculation is rife on these points and equal degrees of apprehension and hope are shown in approaching the many-sided problems of the future.

One problem of particular interest to the United States and Canada is that of the effect on immigration from Europe. Frederic C. Howe, commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, discusses this problem in *Scribner's Magazine*, saying in part:

The results of the war are a subject of conjecture. It is claimed by some that, irrespective of the outcome, European nations will gird their loins to repair the ravages of the war. They will prohibit

emigration in so far as they can. Their energies will be devoted to the rehabilitation of their wasted places, to the planting of crops, the manning of mills, the rebuilding of roads and homes, and the re-establishment of industry. They will struggle to regain lost markets and, under the militaristic régime that has been developed, state activities will be carried to far greater lengths than ever before. There will be an organized effort to keep people at home.

By others it is claimed that millions will flee the Old World to avoid militaristic conditions; they will seek to escape the burdens of taxation; they will be driven by want and despair to find a freer home in a new land.

Both of these conjectures are probably in part correct. Immigration from some countries will cease, while immigration from other countries will be accelerated. New currents will be set in motion that will change the character of immigration, as well as its volume. New social necessities will change the functions of govern-



ment, while the war itself will profoundly affect the new *Völkerwanderung* which for at least twenty centuries has been moving steadily towards the west.

It is safe to assume that Germany will permit as few of her people to migrate as possible. Germany is the most socialized state in the modern world. She owns the railroads, express, telegraph, and telephone lines. Individual states own and operate coal-mines, the potash industry, smelting works, and great hydro-electric power stations, while the cities own not only the public-service corporations but perform a great variety of other undertakings as well. Great agricultural estates are owned by the states and cities, as are forest preserves. Docks, harbors, canals and waterways form part of the transportation system, while the state is a partner in a variety of other enterprises. Over 3,000,000 men are employed in the state civil service, and, exclusive of the profits of the cities, more than \$280,000,000 is earned every year from the various state undertakings, whose aggregate value exceeds seven billion dollars. Germany has an efficient civil service; the traditions of the state are those of paternalism, which the war has carried to far greater extremes than prevailed in times of peace. Undoubtedly, when the war is over, the existing militaristic organization will be applied to reconstruction.

The same forces will be set in motion in England. The railways have already been temporarily nationalized as a war emergency measure. Millions have been appropriated by Parliament for the building of working-men's homes. Steps have been taken for the partial nationalization of the food-supply and laws have been passed permitting the government to commandeer any factory or manufacturing plant and transform it into an establishment for the production of munitions of war—a measure more sweeping and revolutionary than any social legislation ever adopted by that country. At a single stroke a condition has been created beyond the dreams of socialism for many years to come.

What is true of Germany, England and Belgium is only less true of France. She, too, will have great waste stretches to rebuild; she, too, has a socialistic ministry with a definite political and social programme. And socialization will undoubtedly be carried to a great extent by this country. State socialism on an unprecedented scale will undoubtedly be one of the by-products of the war all over Europe.

In addition to the efforts of the state, the loss of from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 able-bodied men will create a labor vacuum. Mills, mines, and factories will find difficulty in securing employees; the farms will be denuded of men. Eastern Europe has been overrun by armies, as has northern France. This shortage of labor, together with the efforts of the nations to quickly rebuild their industries, will lead to an increase in wages, an increase that is inevitable. In addition to this, all life has been disorganized, and men will return to their work with old traditions destroyed and a new sense of individual power.

Under these conditions wages may rise very rapidly. They may rise to something like a parity with wages in the United States. This will keep men at home. It may bring about a reversal of the immigration current and lure workers to these countries from America. For there is always a counter-current of outgoing ones. Between 300,000 and 400,-

000 aliens leave America each year to return to their native lands. They take with them their accumulations. They acquire small holdings, they open shops, and spend the balance of their life in their old home surroundings. There is no indissoluble affection on the part of many foreigners for America. And, with wage conditions improved, there is no reason why hundreds of thousands of the more recent arrivals, who have not taken root in this country, should not return to their native lands under more favorable economic and social conditions.

These are some of the forces which will tend to check immigration, and the most desirable immigration. It will keep the able-bodied, the well and strong, at home, who have always been welcome to America and who have contributed so much to our industrial development.

But while state action, the re-establishment of industry, and a labor vacuum will keep many men and women at home, other forces will be set in motion which will drive them to this country. They may come in such numbers as to create the most serious immigration problem we have ever had, and one that will tax our sympathies and emotions far more than the individual cases that now present themselves to the immigration authorities. In the first place, there will probably be from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 widows or dependent women left husbandless, fatherless and destitute by the war. Possibly twice as many children will be bereft of their providers. Many of them will have lost their homes; they will not be wanted by any of the contending nations. They will be an additional burden in the period of reconstruction. Millions of these women and children have friends and relatives in the United States to whom they will extend appealing arms. This is especially true of Russia, Austria-Hungary, Poland, Italy, and the Balkans. All of these nations, in addition, with the exception of Italy, have been ravished by the war; in some parts the entire country has been laid waste.

War is always hardest on the Jews. They have no voice in the government. They are subjects of personal and official persecution. And the centres of Jewish emigration are in the eastern war zone. Jewish immigration to this country is as-

sisted as is that of other nations, by friends already in the country, who give generously to the oppressed of their race and have organized agencies for the distribution of incoming Jews and the finding of places of employment for them. The stories of Jewish outrages have quickened the ready sympathies of the American Jew, and undoubtedly when the censorship is raised and the stories of atrocities find their way to this country Jewish immigration will be stimulated at a more rapid rate than ever before.

Immigration from southern Europe will probably continue to predominate and will probably increase in volume. Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and the Balkan states are not as efficiently organized as are Germany, England and France. They are not experienced in state or socialized effort. These are peasant countries with but few large cities. A great majority of the people live upon the land, much of which has been fought over and from which the horses and live stock and growing crops have been requisitioned, so that it will be almost impossible to re-establish agriculture for many years to come. Hope in these countries will be at a low ebb, while a large part of the able-bodied population will be gone. Already in many sections only old women and children remain. There will undoubtedly be a heavy immigration from these countries.

The immigration of women and children will also undoubtedly reach large proportions. This change is already manifest. They, too, will be assisted to come. Not by foreign governments seeking to dump their undesirables, but by relatives in this country who send money, who write about conditions in America, who lure old neighbors by stories of high wages, improved social and political conditions, by tales of achievement on the part of their children, and who advance the cost of transportation and sufficient "show-money" to enable the alien to pass the immigration inspector. From seventy to eighty per cent. of the immigration from the south of Europe is probably assisted in this way, and fully eighty per cent. of the incoming immigrants are ticketed to some friend in this country, who "grub-stakes" them, finds employment, and cares for them until they secure a footing.

## The Policy of Japan

*A Survey of the Far Eastern Problem, Present and Future*

AN interesting contribution to the controversy which has waged over the policy of Japan in relation to China is supplied by J. O. P. Bland in the course of an article in *The Nineteenth Century*. While subscribing fully to a belief in the aggressive ambitions of the Japanese, he does not read into their motives the sinister undertone that many students of the East have ascribed. The policy of Japan he outlines in part as follows:

It is clear that, even had the European War not broken out, nothing remained, after the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese *entente* to prevent the rapid elimination of China's shadowy sovereignty over the vast territories in which Russia and Japan had effectively asserted their "special rights and interests." It is equally clear that the war in Europe has given Japan an opportunity to accom-

plish, without fear of interference, many of the ends towards which all the efforts of her soldiers and statesmen have been steadily directed for the last thirty years. Public opinion throughout Japan would have denounced unanimously any sentimental hesitation in taking full advantage of the present situation; internal politics apart, the rulers of the country have been compelled to recognize the strength of public sentiment in this matter. The demand for a strong policy in China has been steadily growing since 1895, and has been unmistakably expressed whenever the internal condition of China has created real or possible opportunities of successful fishing in those troubled waters. At the time of the Chinese revolution, for instance (October, 1911), a large body of public opinion denounced the Government at Tokyo for its timidity and vacillation, demanding the adoption of a bolder policy entirely independent of that of Great Britain, and urging that the time had come to

claim definite recognition of Japan's priority of rights and paramount position in China without further regard to the obsolete doctrine of equal opportunities. Neither Count Okuma's Cabinet nor any other could hope to withstand the popular movement which would be directed against the Government in the event of failure to carry matters with a high hand at Peking. Any doubt on this subject was finally disposed of by the elections last March, when the complete defeat of the Sei-yu-kai and the triumph of Prince Katsura's new "Doshikai" party showed that the China question had become a vital issue nationally as well as politically. The utterances of the vernacular press, before and after the elections, proclaimed with no uncertain voice the people's demand that the Government should take advantage of the situation to assert and establish Japan's paramount interests not only in Shantung and Manchuria, but throughout China. The Government's hesitation to adopt strong measures on these lines was undoubtedly the cause of the assassination of the Director of the Political Affairs Department at Tokyo, and led to the fall of the Cabinet. Count Okuma went to the country for a mandate in regard to China, and the result was an emphatic demand for a forward policy. Since then, despite all that has been done at Peking, it has been the frequent complaint of the forward military party that Baron Kato's friendship for England and respect for the terms of the Anglo-Japanese alliance have prevented him, as Foreign Minister, from taking the gifts which the gods have offered. In the columns of the Tokyo Press is to be found the full explanation of the demands which Japan has carried through at Peking, formulated in reply to China's plaintive protest against her continued military occupation of territory beyond the leased area of Kiaochow.

There are two voices of the Japanese people in the ultimatum which, after face-saving "negotiations," the Japanese Minister handed in to the Chinese Foreign Office on the 7th of May, and to which China has yielded. One of these is the voice of economic pressure, persistent and intolerable, the bitter cry of a people taxed to the uttermost farthing, instinctively demanding more elbow-room and new sources of subsistence for itself and its posterity. The other is the voice of racial pride and ambition, eager for the day when Dai Nippon shall have reaped in territorial aggrandisement the reward of her long years of sacrifice and self-restraint, when she shall have definitely set forth upon her predestined path of Imperial destiny. From Count Okuma himself down to the humblest peasant, the Japanese have resented for years the Western nations' general assumption of racial superiority, and particularly the humiliation of the Exclusion Acts. By taking full advantage of the present opportunities they believe that Japan will be able not only to establish herself in a position of paramount influence in China but to compel her respectful recognition by the Western world on terms of complete equality.

After the war, the European Powers, and particularly Russia, will have enough to do without troubling themselves overmuch concerning the fate of China. The inefficiency and corruption of the Mandarins, old and new, will continue to play into the hands of the astutest diplomats in the world. While consolidating her position in Manchuria by colonization and industrial activity, Japan will

continue unswervingly to pursue her policy of peaceful penetration in Central and Southern China. From Shantung and Fukien as *points d'appui*, her political and financial agents will continue to peg out valuable claims of the kind which, in their working, confer political ascendancy. Slowly but surely, by means of railways, mines, thinly veiled monopolies and special privileges, by loans to needy officials, and adviserships at the provincial capitals, the Chinese will be led to accept as inevitable the ascendancy of Japan. How far this process is likely to be successful in the immediate future will, of course, depend largely upon the duration and results of the European war; but, in the long run, it will depend upon the ability of the Japanese to gain the goodwill and respect of the Chinese. So far, despite their common ties of literature and religion, there would not appear to be much sympathy between the two races; in Manchuria, the natives frankly prefer the Russian to the Japanese invader. If Japan's dream of a great Asiatic Empire ever comes true, it will be when Japanese officers have proved themselves capable of organizing and commanding Chinese troops in the same way as the British officers did in 1861 in the Yangtze Valley, and again in 1898 at Wei-hai-wei. The raw material is there: can it be trained in loyalty to Japanese leaders,

and imbued with Japanese ideas and ambitions? If not, if the policy foreshadowed in the "contingent demands" of the Protocol should ever be carried out by force and against the wishes of the Chinese people, it may safely be predicted that Japan, like earlier invaders of the Celestial Kingdom, will live to rue the day on which she set out on so great an adventure. Japanese statesmen are aware that the Chinese are a peaceful and a tractable race; that, given good government and justice, peace and security for life and property, it is to most of them a matter of indifference whether their rulers be Manchus or Mongols, British or Japanese. If Japan can confer such rulership on China, the cause of civilization has everything to gain and nothing to lose by her doing so, for the Chinese themselves are certainly incapable of producing anything like good government during the present generation. But if Japan's ethical standards and experience in the art of government are unequal to the stupendous task, as indeed they well may be, then it were better for the future peace of mankind in general, and of the Chinese in particular, that Japan's demands in China (contingent and otherwise) should be confined to those thinly-peopled regions in which, and for which, she defeated Russia.

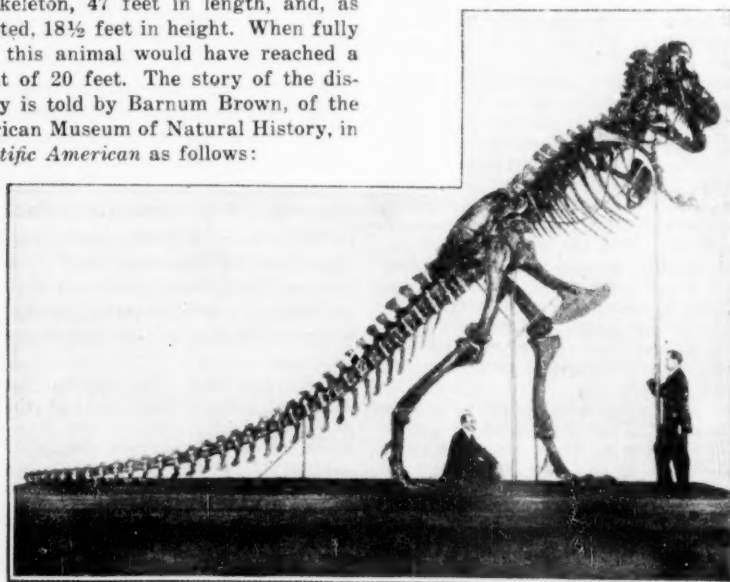
## Most Dangerous Animal that Ever Lived

*Skeleton Found of Huge Prehistoric Animal of Prey*

HAVE scientists found what was perhaps the most dangerous animal that ever lived? There is in the American Museum now the skeleton of the largest flesh-eating animal that ever trod the earth; and it quite apparently was incredibly powerful and dangerous. This is *Tyrannosaurus*, the tyrant lizard, a dinosaur that lived during the close of the Cretaceous period. It was one of the very last expressions of its race and, judged by size and structure, was king of its kind. An idea of its immense size can be formed from measurements of the skeleton, 47 feet in length, and, as mounted, 18½ feet in height. When fully erect this animal would have reached a height of 20 feet. The story of the discovery is told by Barnum Brown, of the American Museum of Natural History, in *Scientific American* as follows:

We camped on Hell Creek near the Sieber ranch and before the cook's call for dinner had located a specimen that proved to be one of the *Tyrannosaurus* skeletons. High up on a hill were numbers of large rounded sandstones; some had tumbled down the hillside and several contained bones. Tracing these scattered fragments up the side of the hill we at last found some running into the sand. Here were the bones in position where they had originally been covered before turning to stone. Nearly every bone in this specimen was encased separately in a flinty blue sandstone as hard as granite.

At first the sand was soft, but as we





excavated beyond the frost line it was firmly cemented and so hard that a pick made but slight impression on it. As the bones were scattered and the hillside steep the undertaking became a herculean task with the means at hand. But it was recognized that the bones were those of an unknown creature, so additional help was secured and with plows and scrapers we attacked the hill. Soon, however, the sand became too hard to plow and then it was necessary to blast with dynamite. Each cut was carried down nearly to the bone layer and the bones were taken out separately. In this specimen there were several large blocks; one containing the pelvis weighed 4,150 pounds, and when crated could be moved only with tackle. It took six horses to move this block twelve miles out to the main road and four horses to transport it to the railroad.

Part of a second season was also spent in recovering the bones of this animal, and when the excavation was finally completed a hole in the hillside had been made thirty feet long, twenty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep.

Six years later, in 1908, after almost

continuous work in the Montana "bad land," another more complete *Tyrannosaurus* skeleton was found on the Big Dry Creek. This is the skeleton just mounted.

*Tyrannosaurus* was a powerful creature, active and swift of movement when occasion arose. Its anatomical characters show distant relationship with lizards, crocodiles, and birds. Like those of birds, the bones are hollow and the hind limbs in contour and construction closely resemble those of birds.

Long, powerful hind legs carried the body upright, balanced by a long tail, and the front limbs, no longer a means of locomotion, had become rudimentary and restricted for use only in grasping and holding. The massive head was armed with thirteen dagger-like, saw-bladed teeth in each jaw, the largest five inches long. As soon as one of these broke off, or wore out, another grew up from below, thus creating a never-ending supply.

The *Tyrannosaurus* was capable of destroying any of the contemporary creatures and was easily king of the period and monarch of its race.

war. As far back as the Battle of the Aisne, the first of the trench warfare, men lay in the disputed ground between the trenches until their wounds gangrened and they died, not of serious wounds but often of scratches.

Lieutenant Buscombe was killed at Givenchy where the German trenches were only forty yards away. Canadian soldiers who had dropped in a charge lay out between the lines, but it was almost suicide to get them. I did not see those lines, but I have seen others. I have seen places within ten miles of Givenchy where the machine guns swept the parapets so constantly there was no chance to rescue the wounded. If they could not crawl back, they died where they lay. And even if they attempted to crawl the spraying machine guns almost always dropped them on the way. The situation was in some respects worse at Givenchy as the Germans were not fully organized in their trenches and they were covering their preparations under a steady cannon-fire. It was difficult enough to remain alive in the trenches. Deliberately to come up out of them and advance into the open even under the cover of night was heroic. But Lieutenants Buscombe, Brookes and Owen with a party of men crept out in the dark feeling for their wounded comrades. Every minute or two a German shell would flash like summer lightning and they only saved themselves from discovery by throwing themselves on their faces. But this was not always easy to do when they were carrying the wounded men, and the German "snipers," the sharpshooters hidden in advanced positions, picked off Lieutenant Buscombe. The others succeeded in bringing in more than fifty wounded men.

In the same battle the German shelling was so thick that the horses attached to the limbers were all killed and the gunners were running out of ammunition. It was the worst possible moment for the shells to become scarce as the Germans were advancing steadily. Captain A. S. Gardiner in the emergency called for volunteers and formed a human endless chain from the limbers to the battery. Links dropped from the chain constantly, but the rest ran the faster until the advance was checked.

The losses of the Canadians at Neuve Chapelle rivaled the losses of the British during the whole Crimean campaign, which has been remembered ever since as the bloodiest expedition of the century.

The story of the Princess Patricia's regiment is better known, for it was in the gas attack north of Ypres, and was cut off on both sides by the German advance behind the fumes. The English troops on both sides of them were compelled to fall back, but the Princess Pats stayed in their trenches all day of the historic May seventh, steadying the line until reinforcements could be brought up.

The stand of the Princess Pats called the attention of the entire British Empire to the gallantry of the Canadian troops. They were praised by Sir John French. They were mentioned in reports and officially congratulated. Decorations were also distributed and the Canadians were recognized to be among the best troops in the British army.

A young Berliner has executed a series of pictures of the German fleet. They are done in pastels, as it was felt that watercolors were hardly suitable, and will be entitled, "Studies of Still Life in the Kiel Canal."

## The Blood Offering of B.C.

*The Splendid Share the British Columbians Are Bearing in the War*

IN the course of an article in the *Sunset Magazine*, Arno Dosch refers to the wonderful work the B.C. troops have taken in the war. He says in part:

British Columbia is, I believe, more interested in this war than England. If the spirit of its citizens means anything, it is. They are given over to the war. They think of nothing else. And this is the more remarkable in the light of the fact that Canada, particularly Western Canada, had shown an inclination in recent years to break away from its colonial leading-strings. They used to speak only of "the Dominion." Now you hear only of "the Empire." Before the war you could hardly have found the Union Jack in all British Columbia. Now it is fluttering at windows and from every flag-pole.

This is not surprising when you consider that Western Canada has enlisted fifty thousand men. Of these over twenty-one thousand were from British Columbia. Consider the drain on a new country where every man counts. It is another matter in England where a man who loses his job may spend the rest of his life trying to get another. But Western Canada is still in the pioneer stage. It had no men to spare, and yet it furnished fifty thousand men. The city of Vancouver alone contributed ten thousand. Out of every four able-bodied men in Vancouver one has gone to war. England itself with the angry cannon pounding at the lines of the Allies only three hours away and the Zeppelins bringing the war right into London, can show no such record as this.

Here is a part of the story of the First British Columbians, partly as told to me when I came upon them at the cheerless little town of Estaires in Flanders, but most of it the history of the time since. The First B.C. was sent to France in February, among the first, and was taken immediately to the front. Picture low-lying fields with scarcely a roll to them, forbidding little towns astonishingly full of children, the families of the coal-miners of this region. The ground itself was soaked and half-frozen, water standing in the hol-

lows and seeping into the trenches. As the battalion advanced toward the enemy it began to disappear in the earth, as if it were walking into the sea. It was entering the *boyaux*, the long communicating trenches. Soon it was entirely underground, invisible from the surrounding country, but not safe from the whizzing shells. Its first headquarters was in the underground vault of a convent which had been blown to pieces.

The battalion arrived just in time to take part in the battle of Neuve Chapelle and had for almost its first experience a terrific artillery fire, its trenches crumpled, disjointed and blown to pieces all about it. But it stuck. It was left there for weeks afterwards, too, and when relieved and taken back to Estaires for a rest it contained already seasoned soldiers. Next it was moved to Steenvoorde, close to Ypres, then closer yet just in time to be in the first famous gas-attack of the Germans north of Ypres. It too was "gassed" when the chlorine fumes spread over the country turning everything green.

The battalion now entered into the continuous fight stretching from Keerselaere to Grafenstafle to St. Julien, and almost at the beginning it lost its leader, Colonel Hart-McHarg, in times of peace a Vancouver lawyer and a champion rifle shot, the gallant leader of the First B. C. R. He held his men as steady as veterans under the first charges of the Germans, but one night he went forward to make a personal reconnaissance of the ground he expected to pass over in the morning, and was shot before he could get back. He was carried into a shell-hole and there he lay for hours. His loss was mourned more widely, perhaps, than that of any other man in the British Columbia contingent.

Another well-known citizen of Vancouver was killed a few days later. Lieutenant R. F. E. Buscombe was engaged in one of the most dangerous tasks this war affords, rescuing the wounded from between the lines. It comes as a shock to hear that the white flag and the red cross are not respected between the lines but they have rarely been considered in this

## The Friendly Attitude of Norway

*The Scandinavian Democracy is firmly Pro-Ally in Sentiment*

SWEDEN has favored Germany for the most part; at least, that part of Sweden that represents the military and official classes. But Norway is strongly pro-British. The prevailing sentiment of the Norseman is very clearly expressed in an article by M. M. Mjelde in the *Contemporary Review*. He says:

In order to win proselytes for the Fatherland's cause in Scandinavia, the Germans and pro-Germans always tell us that the Scandinavians are of the Germanic race, and, consequently, must sympathize with the Germans and wish them to win the present war. With the exception of a certain number of the upper ten in Sweden the Scandinavians are repelled by Germanism. The reason why the Swedish aristocracy and the military caste favour it is easily explained by the historic fact that Sweden rose to being a European Power by her exploits in Germany during the Thirty Years' War, and that she lost her prestige by being vanquished by Russia. The old aristocratic families can never forgive Russia, nor forget their glorious campaigns in Germany. They pretend that Sweden laid the foundations of Protestant Germany, and therefore they feel even more Germanic than the Germans themselves. Swedish writers and scholars of the Sven Hedin type hold that the Swedes are of a purer Germanic blood than other Scandinavians, and than the Germans also, and that the Swedes are indeed the true aristocracy of the Germanic race. In Norway and Denmark traditions and feelings are quite otherwise. We have had our great troubles with Germanism, and we readily acknowledge that we are not of such pure Teutonic blood as the Sven Hedins. In fact, there is a large stock of Celtic roundheads in Norway, probably from prehistoric times, or from the frequent intercourse with Ireland and Scotland in historic ages. The intercourse with Britain has been the cause of our strong British sympathy, and we prefer British ways and manners to those of the Germans.

Seven hundred years ago one of our greatest kings, the gifted and learned King Sverre, made a speech, during a visit to Bergen, in which he compared the English traders with the German traders. We wish the Englishmen welcome, he said, because they bring us wheat and flour and useful goods, while the Germans sell us bad wines, by which our men get drunk and disgrace themselves, and he concluded his speech by saying that the Germans should make off as soon as possible if they wished to save their lives. This comparison between the English and the Germans is more than casual. There is, indeed, a historic truth in it far above the occasion. The English have always assisted us to develop our best qualities and our economic resources, whereas the Germans most certainly hampered us and have had a deteriorating influence in our history. From the British Islands came the light of Christian religion to our coasts, and our ancient Church was organized on the English model. Some of our greatest and most beloved kings received their education in England; the refined manners of the aristocracy in ancient Norway were developed by intercourse with the English; literary taste and poetry reached us from Ireland, where in ancient times Norwegian chief-

tains established kingdoms and colonies, and the Celtic influence is visible in our old sagas and songs. From the Western Isles and Normandy came also our beautiful ancient architecture, of which the Cathedral in Trondhjem and the Haakon's Hall in Bergen are the best specimens left. As long as we kept our connection with the Western Countries, and received intellectual impulses from them, Norway was powerful and flourishing.

Our ancient civilization crumbled in the dust when Germanism unhappily invaded our country in the shape of the ill-famed Hansa League. They robbed us of our national commerce and shipping, plundered our coasts, brutally fought the native citizens in the towns, subjugated the fishers and peasantry economically, and behaved as if they were masters of the country. The first recovery from this disastrous state of things was effected by influence from the British Islands. We were in those times united with Denmark, which was far more Germanised than Norway. Germanism had conquered the Court and the Army; German pedantic learning prevailed at the University, the German language was preferred to the Danish in the highest circles; in short, Denmark was very nearly Germanized all through. At this critical period Ludvig Holberg (1684-1754) appeared, a Norwegian-born author and scholar, who became the great intellectual reformer of Denmark. He was the first of a series of Norwegians who entered the literary arena of Denmark to fight Germanism and introduce Western ideas. He was born in Bergen of good Norwegian stock. At that time the national commerce had revived in Bergen after the Hanseates had been crushed, and to the old seafaring town came once more English ships and merchants, as well as Dutch, French, and Spanish. The impression of the international life in his native town inspired the first wish in young Holberg to go abroad and study in those countries. He went to Holland, France and England, and even to Italy, and he stayed at Oxford for more than two years. He came home enriched with Western ideas, and settled in Copenhagen the common capital of Denmark and Norway. In satirical poems and lively comedies like those of Molière, by whom he was influenced, and in witty essays, full of English commonsense, he ridiculed German pedantry, German militarism, and German vulgarity in Denmark. He created respect for the native language, reformed its orthography as well as its style and manner of expression, which had been more and more Germanised, and with perfect justice he is called "the Father of the Norwegian-Danish Literature." Ludvig Holberg was the Norwegian-Danish Chaucer and Molière in one person, and by his activity and genius a stop was put to the Germanisation of Denmark and Norway.

The literary renaissance he created was continued and developed by his successors, and it is very remarkable to notice how significant a part the Norwegians played in those struggles to keep Germanism out and to put Western ideas in its place. A very pregnant example of this kind is the Norwegian poet, Chr. B. Tullin (1728-65), who under influence of the English poet, James Thomson, created a new vein in Norwegian-Danish literature when he began to sing the praise of nature in the

simple poetic manner of his English prototype. At the beginning of his national revival in Norway and Denmark, the Norwegians had no clear idea of their own nationality. It was as if Norway, even in her sleep, turned by instinct, through her sons, to her old sources of civilization and intellectual life. She was a latent protest against Germanism, and subsequently she became a living protest, when conscious of her distinct nationality, traditions and aspirations. Without Ludvig Holberg and the other Norwegians who fought Germanism, Denmark would in all probability now have been a German-speaking country, and have shared the fate of Schleswig-Holstein. Norway has thus been the barrier against Germanism in the North.

Important though Germanism may be as an intellectual factor, it has been of comparatively little use for Norway. On the contrary, it has been harmful to us in more than one respect, and this is the reason why the national instinct of Norway always opposed it. It is true we received the Reformation from Germany, but if the German Hanseates had not destroyed us economically, and thereby made us unable for a long time to continue our old relations with Britain, we should very probably have received the Reformation from England, and perhaps participated in the religious as well as the political freedom by which it was followed there. In the circumstances the Reformation from Germany by Royal Danish decree was followed by an even deeper national degradation, Norway losing almost all her institutions as a separate kingdom. Anglicism and Gallicism gave us back, little by little, all that we had lost. Economically, intellectually and politically they restored Norway. They gave our merchants new wealth, our authors new ideas, our nation new political freedom. The great Norwegian merchants, who became rich by commerce with England, grew into a fine patrician class, intellectually interested and with British sympathies, patronizing art and literature, sprung from national genius inspired by Western ideas. In the beginning of the nineteenth century Christiania, then and afterwards the centre of trade with England, was more English in thought and taste than any other Scandinavian town at the time, and this circumstance, besides others, made it a leading city and the capital of Norway, though it was not the most populous town of the country. At the same time as the leading commercial class had English sympathies, the academic classes and the State officials were influenced by French ideas from the great Revolution. The English and French ideas worked hand in hand to develop intellect; they co-operated in spite of the political antagonism between England and France. And a dozen years later, in 1814, the wonderful thing happened that the French trend of ideas created the free Norwegian Constitution—which was based on the principles of the first French Constitution—while the trend of English sympathies became the chief agent for its maintenance. Thus once more Western ideas co-operated to liberate Norway.

As a matter of fact, when the German "World Policy" of the Metternich school decreed that Norway was to be separated from Denmark in order that she should be united to Sweden against her own will, our most prominent English-sympathizing patrician, Mr. Carsten Anker, was sent to London as the spokesman of Norway with the British Government. And so successful was the Norwegian appeal and so



great was the English people's sympathy with our cause that when the Union with Sweden could not be avoided, we were at least given the opportunity to decide for ourselves the conditions on which we would go into that Union. We entered the Union with our free Constitution as our national safeguard. Our democratic little people and its liberal Constitution were always an eyesore to the Austro-Prussian policy which dominated Continental Europe during the Metternich period. More than once our Constitution was in danger of being overthrown by sinister antipathies from that quarter, but English sympathies and their counter influence on the Continent helped us to save it during that age of tribulation for all liberty-loving nations.

What the Western peoples have been to us during the later periods is for the most part within the memory of the living generation of Norwegians. British Free Trade has been one of the chief causes of Norway's great progress in shipping. Among the European countries Norway ranks next to Germany in that respect, and we possess more tonnage per head than any other nation in the world. The development of our mercantile fleet on such a great scale began just after the abrogation of the British Navigation Acts in the middle of the nineteenth century and as a direct consequence thereof. Our flag on all oceans is a shining proof of the untruth of the German contention that Great Britain has abused her naval power and kept other nations down. Even Germany herself, in our opinion, owes her mercantile success for a great part to British Liberalism, which is as far removed from German Hanseatic tyranny as pole from pole. French genius has impregnated our art and literature, and French ideas of freedom have deeply influenced our democratic development. In British political life we found are forms of practising constitutional principles, and from the institution of the British jury we received the model of our new criminal procedure. The British understanding and sympathy shown us in our Union crisis in 1905 was of high value to us, and made it possible to reach our goal on peaceful terms with Sweden.

From Germanism we never received anything so fertilizing to our intellectual and political life as from Britain and France. Germanism always dragged us into an eddy, while Gallicism and Anglicism brought us the refreshing currents of civilization. When the Germans now boast of their "Kultur" and their intellectual influence in the world, we venture to say that, in the present generation at least, big Germany is much more indebted to little Norway and to the other small Scandinavian countries than we are to her. Our literature and art, and even our achievements in science, have been of the greatest importance in keeping Germany in some degree humanized. They have been the fresh springs for the German intellectual earth dried up by militarism and modern Hanseatism during the last decades. What humane feeling was left in the German people, while piling up their Babylonian tower of organization, was nourished and preserved by the Scandinavian renaissance. Scandinavia has been an oasis for the Germans in their desert of materialism. And what have the Scandinavian countries received from Germany in return? Cheap manufactured goods in bad taste, and some learned pedantry and the self-importance of the petty Germanised schoolmaster. Professors, schoolmasters, and other Germanophiles may

sometimes forget the international trend of our nationality, and let themselves be carried as wreckage into the Saragossa of Germanism. But the sound instinct of the Norwegian people has never forgotten—nor will it ever forget—the great intellectual Gulf Stream from the West. Anglicism is never boisterous or intruding. It does not suppress, it elevates and liberates. With Germanism there is always something that makes us fear it, even when it brings us gifts.

The Swedish Government has wisely and loyally kept to neutrality, in spite of

the strong pro-German feeling in some quarters of great influence. But it can fairly be presumed that the attitude of Norway has in no small degree been a deciding factor in this policy of neutrality, and has frustrated the attempts of the Sven Hedins to get Sweden into line with Turkey. The German professor, Treitschke, the great apostle of modern Germanism, regarded Norway as the most contemptible of the contemptible small nations. Well, Norway has had her revenge. In all quietness she is once more the barrier against Germanism in the North.

## Is Germany Starving?

*Information on This Question Gleaned From Many Sources*

**D**ESPITE all official denials, the German papers admit that there is a serious shortage of food, and on account of the prevailing high prices the poorer classes are undernourished. A neutral correspondent of the Paris *Humanité*, a Socialist organ, has recently made a tour through Germany on behalf of his paper and has established the fact that the growing discontent among the poorer classes in the Fatherland is causing the Government no little anxiety. He tells us that the authorities have taken steps to prevent this general dissatisfaction from finding any serious echo in the German press and have suppressed a systematic campaign of protest on the part of the Socialists. In describing scenes which he witnessed the writer in *L'Humanité* paints a lurid picture of conditions in Germany. He says:

"Scenes that took place last week in Chemnitz are very ominous. In spite of the police, hundreds of women took by storm the stores of the butter- and egg-dealers, besides breaking the windows of other stores. Armed forces had great difficulty in driving them off. Parallel scenes are taking place at present in many German towns. Not one-hundredth part of what happens gets to the knowledge of the general public through the press. The censor is watchful."

The veracity of this writer is confirmed by the German press, and, in spite of the censor, strongly worded protests are appearing. For instance, the *Magdeburger Zeitung* says:

"On whatever side one listens, one hears rumors of grave discontent, indignation, and anger, although one hardly ever finds references to it in the press."

"The editors are muzzled and are not allowed to represent the real feelings of the people. The discontent that is brewing is alarming. Something is preparing, the gravity of which can not be minimized. The root of it all is in the working classes, who can no longer secure food at a price they can afford to pay."

Similar comment is found in the Bremen *Weser Zeitung*, so far distant from Magdeburg as to prove that the condition of affairs is not due to merely local disorganization:

"The indignant voice of the people is growing louder every day, although circumstances may muffle their cries. The men at the helm of the nation must know that they have to safeguard, before anything else, the unity of the people. They will be held accountable."

Turning now to another section of the country, we find the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, a conservative and reliable organ, saying:

"While our troops are fighting like the heroes of the classical ages, want is growing acute at home, where the people are beginning to interpret the miserable existing conditions as the defeat of the Empire. We jeered at the blockade, but to-day we laugh no longer. The sinister aspect of things certainly provides no food for laughter."

In the capital matters are undoubtedly serious. The Berlin papers publish Government regulations which forbid the use of meat on Tuesdays and Fridays, and of fats—i.e., butter, oil, lard, etc.—on Mondays and Wednesdays; and Maximilian Harden, in the *Zukunft*, exclaims, "Let us frankly admit that the German people are in distress." The *Berliner Zeitung* says:

"During the last few days at the municipal stores there was such a crowd that the police had to be summoned to keep order. They were mostly women. A great number had to wait hours, and many fainted and fell from sheer exhaustion."

The Berlin *Vorwärts* writes:

"According to calculations on the Calwer system the requirements of a family of four persons cost in June, 1914, \$5.93. In the same month of the present year it was \$8.96. That is an increase of more than 50 per cent., and the figures no longer hold good, because a number of cheap products are not now obtainable. Since June, moreover, the prices of meat, milk, butter, cheese, and sugar have considerably increased. The increase in the prices of most of the more important foodstuffs probably amounts to between 75 and 100 per cent. To this has to be added the enhanced cost of clothing, especially boots and shoes, and of most other articles in general use. The result is a crying disproportion between the wage-income of the working classes and the cost of living."

The rapid rise in price of foodstuffs during recent months is the subject of a long and gloomy article in the Marburg *Christliche Welt*, an organ of the Evangelical State Church. This paper is at a loss to account for the rapid rise in the price of meat. The price of pork has advanced, it says, 300 per cent., and other fresh meat is scarce and expensive. It gives a tabulated list showing the rapid increase in the cost of living in one month, which we quote, the price given being for a pound of each commodity in cents:

	July 15, 1914.	July 15, 1915.	Aug. 15, 1915.
Butter .....	27	39	44
Margarine .....	18	24	26
Lard .....	15	38	42
Ham .....	32	60	60
Fat bacon .....	16	44	48

White beans .....	5	12	12
Peas (dried) .....	4½	11	11
Coffee (4th quality) ..	28	32	34
Cocoa .....	24	50	52
Sugar .....	21	28	34
Tilsit cheese .....	18	28	30
Rice .....	4½	10	12
Potatoes (5 lbs.) .....	8	9	16

The Central Committee of the Social Democratic party and the General Commission of the German Trade-Unions have memorialized the Imperial Chancellor against any further food economies being imposed upon the people. According to the Berlin *Deutsche Tageszeitung* the petition runs in part:

"Germany has not got an abundance of

foodstuffs, but still there is enough at disposal to prevent a general famine. We hear again and again the opinion quoted that the people must be made to economize in the consumption of food, and that this can be brought about by the help of increased prices. We are compelled to protest energetically against this. . . .

"In Berlin to-day the poorer people very rarely see either meat or any fat food; that means that they are not receiving enough albuminous nourishment to meet their needs. The complaints we receive from the families of mobilized men are fearful. Their position is rapidly becoming one of despair."

## Behind the Scenes in the Balkans

*When and Where the Present Situation Started*

THE situation in the Balkans is outlined in a most interesting and lucid manner by George Martin in *World's Work*. His story goes back beyond the Balkan wars to the time when an old lady with the match-making instinct married a Prince of Greece to the homely sister of the Kaiser. It is very readable and also instructive. Here is what Mr. Martin says:

In the shadow land, behind the vivid struggle for the Valley of the Morava, we discern the figure of an old queen. The present King of Greece, Constantine, was at the time of his marriage the hereditary prince of Greece. It became a royal question at Athens whether to send him for the completion of his military education to St. Cyr, in France, or to Berlin. Since 1887 two French missions had been in Greece: one in charge of public works, the other reorganizing and re-equipping the army. The Prince's early education had been obtained in the national Greek military school, which was at that time entirely in the charge of the French mission. It would, therefore, have been a natural development of this beginning for the Prince's future military education to be completed at the great French school.

Enters now the old Queen of Denmark, mother of King George of Greece and grandmother of Constantine. She and her son held counsel together. They both feared the consequences of sending a royal prince for several years to a place of republican influences, but King George most cordially hated the Germans, against whom he had fought as a cadet in the Danish navy twenty-five years before in the Duchy War. Nevertheless to Berlin Constantine was sent, where he became a member of the First Regiment of the Guards, and while there, six feet of Viking in the glitter of a German uniform, he was betrothed to the German Princess Sophie, the homely sister of the Kaiser. The old Queen of Denmark, who had brought him to Berlin, managed also his betrothal.

This seems to have been a very remarkable old lady. She has left the impress of her character and personality upon the affairs of Europe. She was one of the divinities that shape the affairs of kings and people, rough hew them how they will. One of her daughters became Queen of England, Alexandra of eternal youth; another, Czarina of Russia, mother of the present Czar; another, Queen of Sweden—she was a great *marieuse*, as the French say. And finally she brought off the coup of marrying her grandson into the

Hohenzollern family in spite of the fact that her son, King George of Greece, most cordially hated them and all their works.

Behind the King, too, the Greeks themselves, popularly speaking, have for a long time been anti-German. France, England, Russia, *Les Puissances Protectrices*, as they used to be called in south-eastern Europe, had favored the independence of Greece in her great struggle for freedom. More than that, these "protecting powers" had practically closed that struggle by the battle of Navarino, when they combined to destroy the Turkish fleet on the 20th of October, 1827. All through that struggle for independence Prussia and Austria, following the views of the Triple Alliance, had thrown the weight of their sympathy and influence on the Turkish side. The extraordinary thing is that, in spite of the King's sympathies, in spite of the weight of popular opinion, the old Queen of Denmark "got away with it," got away with her German education for the hereditary prince and his betrothal to the homely Hohenzollern sister of the Kaiser. Constantine was married to Sophie at Athens in October, 1889.

The King of the Greeks, then, has a German military education and a German wife. His wife, the Queen of the Greeks, we must also remember, is a sister of the German Emperor, and family ties run strong among the Hohenzollerns. She has never been popular in Greece—a clever woman, but stiff and formidable, as almost all German princesses, barring such glowing exceptions as the Crown Princess of Germany and the Duchess of Luxembourg, are apt to be. During her twenty-six years of Hellenic life she has shown no instinctive adaptability to the country of her adoption—as Elizabeth of Bavaria has so notably shown in Belgium—and apparently she has made very little effort to win popularity with the Greeks, who are very free and easy in manner and temperament. All her subjects acknowledged readily enough her substantial qualities, but she does not arouse them.

It goes without saying that the Kaiser was keen enough about this match. He pooled his interest in the ceremony with a long latent desire to visit the Near East into a kind of diplomatic Mardi Gras. He made Athens in October with a full retinue and all the panoply and circumstance of an itinerant court of the first magnitude. It was the biggest wedding Athens ever saw: Edward, the Prince of Wales, was there, Nicholas of Russia, the old grandfather King of Denmark, and a glittering crowd of grand dukes, lesser princes, principalities, and powers.

But for the Emperor William it turned out to be rather an empty show. He was very coolly received both by the King and the people and his Imperial feelings were hurt. The Kaiser's sister has never overcome the first impression she made on her Greek people, and nothing in recent Greek relations with Germany has altogether overcome the impression the Greek people made in '89 on the Kaiser. He departed sorrowing on his way to Constantinople, where he met the Sultan Abdul Hamid, and there and then started with him his far-sighted Turkish policy, a policy which has resulted in the present alliance. From Constantinople the Kaiser sent back many cables to Berlin, full of appreciation of the beauty of Stamboul and the possibilities of Kultur in the development of Turkey! great praise for Santa Sophia but not a word about the Parthenon. The greatness of the Kaiser appears in this, that though he turned, mortified away from Athens to cement a friendship with the arch-enemy of Greece, he still clung to the hold he had on the domain which one day would be ruled by his new brother-in-law, and in the intervening years he has left no stone unturned to strengthen that hold.

Up to November, 1912, the Kaiser had shared the opinion of most good judges in Europe—which some of them still entertain—that "the glory that was Greece" was B.C. After two sharply fought wars in the Balkans in 1912-13 he began to change his opinion of Greece. He saw that the army had made some distinct progress and he concluded that the King, his brother-in-law, was not altogether such a stupid fellow as he had at first thought him.

Promptly he came out with a rapprochement. He made Constantine Field Marshal in the German army and Constantine, to accept this great honor becomingly—for with the exception of the old Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria he is the only sovereign in Europe who is a German Field Marshal—made a tour of thanks to Berlin, including in his plans at the same time visits to both Paris and London. Observe again here how the vital play of personality weaves its determining thread through the story.

When the Greek King's train rolled into the Potsdamerbahnhof and Constantine stepped out of his carriage on to the red carpet stretched across the quay, he was met personally by the Emperor, who offered him then and there the baton of his new office. Constantine had apparently not prepared a speech for this occasion or had packed the speech in his valise to be delivered "extemporaneously" at dinner—for sovereigns are like other great men in this respect—or upon some future more formal occasion. At all events, he stammered through a somewhat embarrassed reply, which was honestly enough impromptu, and in which he dwelt, not without a certain gracefulness, on the reiterated statement that "he had during the victorious war only made an application in the field of the principles which had been so well taught him by his military education in Germany."

Next day that speech, to his great surprise and embarrassment, was published in the Official Gazette at Berlin and telegraphed all over Europe. It was printed in the Paris evening papers the same day and immediately stirred up a big row there, for the French have always considered, and rightly, that the renaissance of Grecian military affairs was due to the work of two successive French military missions in Greece. And was not the



King's early military education, before he was decoyed away into Germany, also French? The people in Paris considered that Greece owed much more to France than to Germany for her victorious Balkan campaign. Probably, therefore, they suspected ingratitude, disloyalty, or even international treachery, so sensitive had Franco-German relations become since the incident of Agadir.

And so it happened that when the Greek King, who himself regretted the impression so unfortunately made, changed his plans and went directly to Paris from Berlin, German shrewdness had already produced its desired effect. He was received by President Poincaré and at the official dinner given in his honor gave a very excellent toast to the Republic, in which he warmly recognized the work of the French missions in Greece. But on the following day, as he left the Hotel Lotti, a French mob repeatedly and grossly insulted him.

"As long as I live," said Constantine to a Frenchman in Athens, an old and intimate friend, "I shall never pardon the French people for those insults."

So now we must add to the old lady of Denmark, who by this time is dead and gone, and to the Kaiser's irritated plans, and to the quiet German Queen of Greece with a will of her own, the King's anti-French disposition. Let us see now why the King counts in his nation's councils. No amount of French insult would materially affect Greece through a weak sovereign. Why should Constantine now be strong enough to break two ministries and still to oppose successfully—at this writing—the great majority of popular opinion in his country?

In the war of 1897 Constantine, hereditary prince, made a very poor showing. The country was unprepared, there was no money, only the shell of an army. The Turks in '97 plowed straight ahead up to the gates of Athens the way the Bulgars plowed from their borders through deep Ottoman furrows to Tchatalja in 1912.

After the war of 1897, with a heavy indemnity to pay and overwhelming territorial sacrifices only prevented by the Powers, Greek sentiment set more strongly than ever against Germany, the friend of Turkey, and Constantine, as may be imagined, became very unpopular both in the army and out. In the army especially the opposition to him grew. He was charged with giving important places to favorites and being unresponsive to modern ideas, such as French commissariat and field artillery. Dissatisfaction increased steadily until in 1906 a revolution—in reality a mutiny—took place. The garrison of Athens camped outside of the city and demanded of King George specific military reform. They also demanded that the Court should call a Cretan official to be Prime Minister of Greece. That man was Venizelos, the Cavour of this decade, perhaps of this century.

This extraordinary man has identified himself with Greek progressivism and has impressed his personality upon the political leaders of Europe. Cambon and Delcassé consider him the biggest individual in Europe to-day. He is like most Cretans, slender and tall and very graceful of movement. Behind golden-rimmed spectacles shine the most wonderful of eyes, large, compelling, naive in their expression. His is the personal distinction of an aristocrat, manners instinctive, speech deliberate, and yet he has come up out of nothing, the son of a

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farm laborer. When he speaks in public, a rare voice adds to his distinction of manner and the charm and magnetism of his personality. He grips and holds silent every audience he addresses. Such voices are not rare in Crete; "it takes the heart," as the French say. He always call the people *Paidia*—Children.

The first thing Venizelos did was to take away from the royal princes all military rank except honorary distinctions. By so doing he promptly antagonized them all. There were four of them. Also, he called the second French military mission in 1908, whose main work was the establishment of the Greek commissariat and field artillery which counted, more than any other military ingredient, for the unexpected success of the Greek armies in their wars against Turkey and Bulgaria in 1912-13.

When the Balkan War broke in October, 1912 the world suddenly became aware of the real power of Venizelos, for he it was who had performed the impossible: had knit together the supposedly irreconcilable Balkan states into a compact Confederation, and had done his work so quietly that in all the diplomatic and secret services of all the Powers of Europe no one had an intimation of his plans until

Montenegro suddenly jumped in on October 8th. Within a week the combined armies of the Confederation were driving the Turks helter-skelter out of Macedonia and Thrace. Almost they drove the Sultan and his Empire and his armies across the Bosphorus into Asia where they belong.

And at the head of the efficient Greek army, a surprise to all the world with its new commissariat and its new field artillery, Venizelos had the patriotism, the good sense, and the nerve to put the same Prince whom he had pulled down after the military revolution at Athens in 1906.

In the intervening years he had studied the Prince. He had discovered his strong will, his high seriousness, his courage, simplicity, and native democracy. He knew that the military collapse of 1897 had occurred in spite of anything that Constantine could have done. The appointment of the hereditary Prince also suppressed jealousies among the other generals, coordinated the army, and probably saved the transplanted monarchy, which at that time was tottering on its foundations. Another unsuccessful campaign in 1912 would have overthrown it.

Greece, as many people do not know, is a country managed by 500 families who hate one another like poison in true classic Greek fashion. The peasants, the hack-drivers, and the fishermen talk radical politics all day long, but when election day comes they vote for a member of one of these big aristocratic—i.e., "best," in the Greek sense—families. A republic for Greece would mean anarchy, chaos.

No one then appreciated, no one now appreciates, this situation more than Venizelos. Naturally and necessarily he is a monarchist. He would retire rather than threaten the monarchy. He has often been credited with presidential ambitions, but no supposition could be more wrong. In placing Constantine at the head of the army in 1912 he had the courage of his convictions.

As all the world knows, Constantine more than made good, more than justified the judgment of Venizelos. He was in Salonica within a few weeks, beating out the Bulgars into that much-desired haven by three hours. He fought some battles creditable to his leadership even though won against disorganized second-line



Turkish troops, and he took the fortified city of Janina against a determined and able Ottoman resistance. When he marched home again at the end of the war he found himself as popular as he had been unpopular before. More than that, he found he had become a kind of demi-god to the army.

Constantine is the handsomest sovereign in Europe; a strong, tall figure, a strong face, pale, fair-haired, a Dane. Before the last wars he had become in comparative idleness, rather stout. But a year of hard campaigning trained him down fine, made a Viking of him. His personality is like his figure and his face—strong. Less intelligent than his father, the late King George, he also lacks his father's magnetism and vivacity. He is rather heavy and slow of address. It is a pleasure to hear him or anyone of the princes, his brothers, speak, their voices are so deep and clear. But Venizelos could easily win a crowd away from him by sheer magnetism. In some respects he resembles in character the King of the Belgians, but is perhaps less chivalrous than Albert, less domestic, though equally honest, candid, and obstinate. He combines the rare genuineness of being in his court all king and in camp with other soldiers nothing but a soldier. He loves hard and he hates hard, is a man of deep passions, resentful, exceedingly proud.

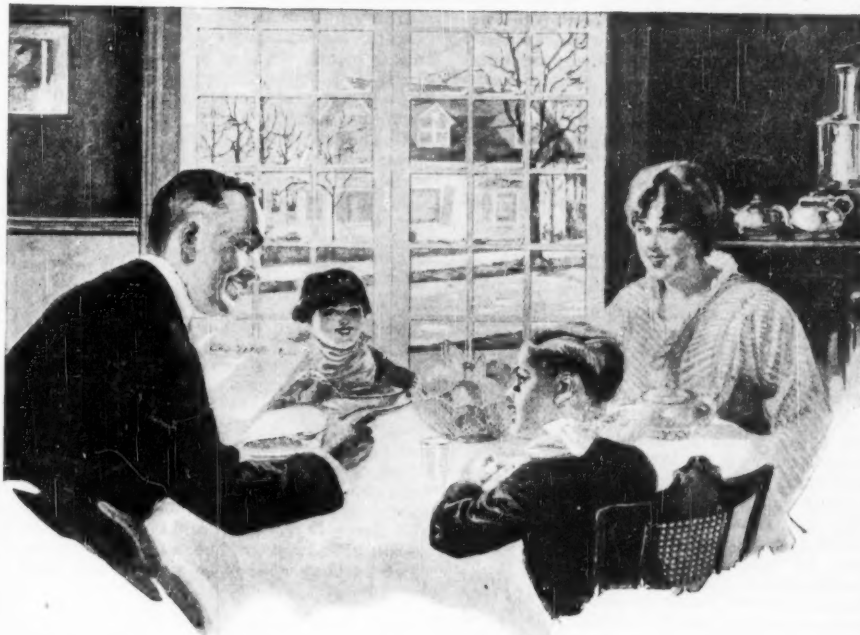
You can imagine the hold a man of this kind maintains automatically upon soldiers. No wonder they adore him, with success as an additional reason. The Greek army is not aristocratic. In that it is unlike the British and Russian armies. Peasants' sons are high officers in it. Constantine is exactly the same to all of them. The army is a unit behind him now and that is why what the King thinks or feels, and what the King decides to do, make a difference in Greece.

Now let us turn for a moment from this consideration of personalities to matters geographical and political which will help to make clear the relation of both to the gigantic European struggle.

The Conference of London, which concluded the first Balkan War in 1913, partitioned Macedonia fairly accurately on the basis of work done by the various Balkan states in overwhelming Turkey. It was arranged that Bulgaria should have Kavala and the rich tobacco region around Seres; Serbia, which took a big slice of Macedonia, should nevertheless be cut off from access to the Aegean or Adriatic; Greece came up north-eastward around the corner to the rich port of Salonica. The Treaty of Bucharest, which concluded six months later the second brief war between the members of the broken Balkan League, resulted in great territorial gains for Serbia and Greece, obtained at the expense of Bulgaria. After all their heroic fighting all that was left to the Bulgars was about one-fourth of their original Macedonian territory and the open Aegean roadstead at Dedeagatch, where you can't unload a schooner when the wind blows strong from the south. Greece spread out eastward from Salonica to include Seres and Kavla; Serbia walked off with all the rest of Macedonia and an Adriatic port.

It is this territorial situation which has formed for many months the crux of the Balkan deadlock. During fourteen months of the war it kept any one of the three states of Greece, Bulgaria, and Roumania from entering the conflict, and the inability of the Allies to solve it threw Bulgaria at length in October into the Germanic alliance while Roumania and Greece remained still nominally neutral.

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The scene in which the great personalities, the diplomacy, and the international politics involved struggled during August and September for mastery may be called the field of Seres-Kavala. There, for two months, it was the Emperor versus Venizelos, or rather, the Emperor plus the Queen and the Greek King with the army behind him, plus the Greek expansionist ambition—all that line-up versus Venizelos and all the rest of Greece. (Greek expansionists must be carefully distinguished. Those just alluded to are the Greek continental expansionists; Venizelos himself wants—and has worked for—Greek expansionism in the Aegean isles and the coasts of Anatolia.)

The Kaiser, as we all know, never wanted the Balkan Confederation to form again. The best way to prevent its forming was to keep Greece and Bulgaria irreconcilable on the question of their debated boundaries. Accordingly he created between them an Alsace-Lorraine called Seres-Kavala.

A good topographical map will show, east of Kavala, a natural boundary line of mountains and defiles forming an excellent basis for defensive works. Between Kavala and Salonica, on the contrary, the hills are rolling and low; it is an unnatural, a surveyor's boundary, without even an ethnic value to recommend it. Furthermore, the territory all about Seres, between Salonica and Kavala and commercially drained through the latter port, is the richest in all Macedonia, particularly in tobacco for cigarette manufacture. A large proportion of all our "Turkish" and "Egyptian" cigarettes come from the Macedonian plantations around Seres.

Neither Kavala as a port nor Seres as a gold mine was necessary to Greece, with plenty of similar territory and as good or better ports. But were vital to an impoverished Bulgaria, without any unobstructed ports at all. But the commercial side of Greece is in many respects the heart of Greece; a typical Greek merchant makes a Jew look like a spendthrift. Commercial Greece craves Seres. And, more important still, the Greek General Staff sincerely believes Kavala is a necessity for Greece on account of the strategic value of the frontier. They know that the Salonica frontier is weak and could be defended only with great difficulty. The General Staff, therefore, organized and trained on French lines, is in its logical military ambitions working along lines which are in reality pro-German. Here, then, is where the King comes in with this military opinion strongly supporting him in what amounts to a pro-German attitude. The Chief of the General Staff, General Dousmenis, is another personality to be reckoned with in this military *impasse*. He comes of noble Venetian blood, was born in the Ionian Islands, and got all his military education in Germany. Grim, vain, hard-working, he resembles a German officer closely enough to be one, and he strongly supports the views of the King in favor of holding on for dear life to Kavala. Leaving personalities and politics quite out of the question, the dominant idea of the King and his General Staff was that Greece could not enter the war unless Bulgaria entered on the same side. It was for a long time abundantly evident that Bulgaria would under no circumstances enter the war on the Allies' side unless her territorial demands, including Kavala and, more recently, Salonica also, were complied with. So all through those long first fourteen months of the war

Kavala held the key to Balkan disunion for the Kaiser.

Venizelos tried his best to deal with this situation and to defeat German diplomatic tactics. With the same unprejudiced vision which he had brought to other military affairs he clearly saw trouble in keeping Kavala away from the Bulgars. In his vehement desire to purchase the reestablishment of the Balkan League and thus swing Greece into line against Germany he inevitably "got in wrong" with the King, the grasping commercial class, and the army, and that combination broke him for the second time in October. The trouble was that he had to fight almost single-handed. He was handicapped by what may variously be regarded as an unenlightened, or a stupid, British policy.

#### THE AUCTION POOL

In the auction pool in the southeast of Europe, where the nations which once constituted the Powers were practically bidding against each other for Balkan support while their armies were fighting over most of the rest of Europe, the Allies made these offers—they made them, but they did not make them strong enough, did not insist upon them, buy them, compel them. They offered Kavala and Seres to Bulgaria and encouraged the re-establishment of the Balkan League; likewise they offered to give back a good

slice of Old Serbia to King Ferdinand, except a generous strip bordering Albania, which would serve to keep the Serbian-Greek frontier intact; they offered to compensate Serbia with Bosnia and Herzegovina and such seaports on the Adriatic as Italy didn't want; and they offered to Greece her long-desired Aegean Isles, populated almost entirely by Greeks since ancient times, Smyrna, and the rich Turkish Asiatic province of Aidin. In such a redrawing of the map Russia was to get both sides of the Dardanelles, Syria went to France, and England was to run the German-built Baghdad Railway down through the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates to a British Persian Gulf. But all this is dreaming. Let us go back to the facts.

In August and September both Greece and Bulgaria began to see things differently. It was not so much that they questioned the good faith of the Allies, but they began seriously to doubt the ability of the Allies to pay. And the farther into Russia Mackensen and Leopold and Hindenburg blasted their seemingly irresistible way the lower fell the credit of the Allies, especially in Bulgaria. And all the time, day and night, Germany was busy working, persuading, buying, drugging, hammering away by any and whatever means to hold the Balkans safe until they could attend to them.

## The Life of Johnny Poe

*Famous Fighter and Football Star Who Died in the British Trenches*

THE story of Johnny Poe will be told for generations—Johnny Poe, the American knight errant, who lost his life fighting for Britain in the trenches. *The Literary Digest* tells of the exploits of Poe as follows:

War is no respecter of Persons, as it proved when it took Johnny Poe, football-player and adventurer, with a "charmed life" that was not proof against machine slaughter. Many years this little man of the free spirit had spent on the borders of civilization, where comforts are few and risks many, but always, as in the old days on the football-field, when the scrimmage was over "Little Johnny Poe" would come up smiling, none the worse and usually considerably to the good. The call to arms in Europe quite naturally found him eager to go to the front, and not a month had passed before he was on his way to England to enlist. But this was a different sort of adventure from any of the others. Personal prowess and daring did not figure greatly here. At best, you were one of a mob in a bayonet-charge; at worst, you sat in a trench and let the artillery fight it out, risking casualties ingloriously. Here Poe made his last score.

Poe was always a name to conjure with in Princeton, during that long period of twenty years, from Johnson Poe's first appearance to the last game of "little Arthur." There were six of them, brothers, of whom John Prentiss Poe was the third in line and in many ways, as a football-player, the most illustrious. While not all the brothers were stars of the first magnitude, yet Princeton's rivals came soon to know and fear the name. As one Princetonian, McCready Sykes, wrote:

Ye Menne hath mustered to ye Fyghte  
Ye worlde is there to see;  
& alle ye People glad recalle  
Ye Antiente Propheseye—

Ye "East" may turne againe to dust;  
"Old Northe" may tumble lowe,  
But Whye Grasse growes and Watere  
runnes  
Princetonne shall have a Poe.

For Johnson Poe & Peter Poe  
Have borne her Bannere hyghe;  
& John yclept, & lytell Nat  
Have made ye Elis crye.

Atte Yale, whenne yye teache Algebra,  
YYe thus doe wryte it doune—  
Yt greater is fyve feete of Poe  
Yn Harvard square plus Broune.

As we are told by Samuel McCoy in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, Johnny Poe, who was of the Class of '95, played in all the fourteen games in the fall of his sophomore year, at quarter or half-back, making some fifteen or twenty of the touchdowns scored by this generally successful team, and kicking most of the goals. Perhaps his mightiest feat that season was making the two touch-downs and kicking the two goals that gave Princeton a 12 to 0 score against the "all-star" team of the Chicago Athletic Club, on which the great Heffelfinger, of Yale; Woodruff, of Pennsylvania; and Ames, of Princeton, played. His last game that season, which proved to be his last game on the field as a player, was against Yale, in which Princeton met with one of her rare defeats. That summer he left college, to return only in the capacity of coach. Neither college nor the East could hold him long, and soon he was bound westward for the frontier. His first venture was in the mining-camps and



mountain forests of Nevada, where, Mr. McCoy writes:

He joined the mounted police of the State and rode the mountain-trails with carbine at his saddle-bow and revolver at his side, carrying the law single-handed into many a rough mining-camp and its rougher amusement-halls. Men learned to know that when he said a thing he meant it. On one occasion he led the mounted police into a stronghold of a desperate band of cattle-thieves and captured the gang at the point of the pistol.

Then he prospected in the gold-fields of Sylolite, Tonopah, and Goldfields, roughing it like a 'forty-niner. He walked up to a husky foreigner who had spoken with an insulting oath about the Stars and Stripes one day and told him quietly to take back his words. The big brute looked down on Johnny's five feet six and sneered. That was about the last thing he remembered before the cyclone struck. Johnny became a hero among the miners as he had been on the football-field.

He was ranching and riding-herd in New Mexico when word came of the big strike made by the noted "Scotty" in Death Valley. It was while "Scotty" was racing East in his private train to hurl his gold dust in the astonished eyes of the effete Easterners that Johnny Poe made up his mind that a claim of such reputed richness should be investigated. All that he found, to be sure, was a robbers' cave "with a number of Wells-Fargo money-chests in it, broken and empty," but the terrific fight that he had made of it across the desert to Death Valley had stirred the *Wanderlust* again within him, and soon, as we are told, he was engaged in undertakings of a more active kind.

His next adventures in the lonely places of the frontier came to him as a member of the Governmental expedition which surveyed the boundaries between Alaska and British Columbia.

Then the war with Spain broke out and he went home to Baltimore to enlist in the 5th Maryland Regiment with his brother Johnson. He got his first taste of actual war in Cuba, and liked it so well that he joined the 16th Infantry Regiment, which was sent to do duty in the Philippines, where the little brown *insurrectos* were doing murderous tricks with *bolos*.

Back home he came when that was over, but still the thirst for adventure was in his bones, and he enlisted in the State militia of Kentucky, when, in 1903, it was ordered to the mountains for duty in connection with the trials of Curt Jett and White for the assassination of Mar-cum.

He jumped at the chance to get into fighting again when the war between the little nations of Honduras and Nicaragua broke out in 1907. One story is that he sailed for Honduras in a motor-boat, in which his only companions were a Chinaman, a Spaniard, and an Indian. He offered his services to Honduras and was commissioned a captain of infantry, leading his ragged company of daredevils with a bravery that won him special distinction at the siege of Amapal. The next year, 1908, he saw a chance for another lovely little scrap when General Mendez led a filibustering expedition against Castro, then dictator of Venezuela. Regretfully, he saw the end of that fighting, and when an American naval vessel touched at the nearest port he went down to get passage home.

"Will you take my baggage along with you?" he asked the commanding officer.



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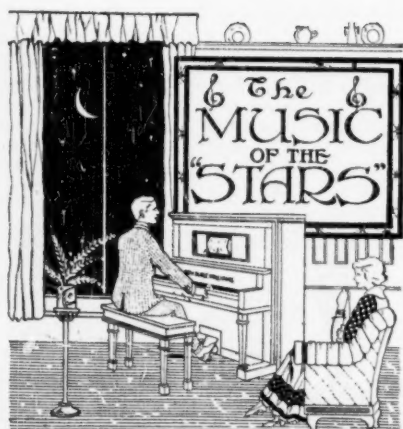
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"How much baggage have you?" was the reply.

"Fifty-four pieces," replied Johnny solemnly.

"Fifty-four pieces!" exploded the officer; "do you take this for a freight-boat? What are they?"

"A deck of cards and an extra pair of socks," said Johnny.

So they brought him home.

During these years Poe's too infrequent visits to Princeton were occasions of rare delight to his classmates and all who knew him. As we read:

No football season or commencement week at Princeton was complete without Johnny Poe's bubbling humor. Year after year he came back to help coach the team or to see old chums once more under the elms of Princeton.

"Well, where have you been since we saw you last, Johnny?" they would ask. And Johnny Poe, his eyes twinkling, would mount a bench in the reunion tent or in the grill at the Inn and tell of strange scenes in out-of-the-way corners of the earth in a way that set all the hearers roaring with laughter.

One of his friends recalls that the last time he saw Johnny Poe was on the day following the election of Woodrow Wilson to the Presidency. Johnny Poe was helping coach the Princeton team that year and the squad was having secret practice behind closed gates at University Field. Late in the afternoon the gates opened to admit the President-elect, who, in Johnny Poe's undergraduate days, had been faculty member of the committee on outdoor sports. A cheer went up and two or three of the coaches left the field to shake hands with him as he sat watching the practice, Johnny Poe among them. And for one solid half-hour John and the man who had just been elected to the highest office in the nation chatted and laughed with each other.

What did they talk about, do you ask? Politics? No. They exchanged football reminiscences.

Then, came the war, the game in which Johnny Poe made his final play. He enlisted as a private in the heavy artillery, which did not much suit him, according to the tone of his letters home. This June, however, he found employment nearer to his desires, in the famous old Scotch "Black Watch," where hand-to-hand fighting was the order of most of their days of activity. He wrote that shrapnel was "most unpleasant," but declared cheerily his fondness for the marching tunes with which the pipers led his regiment. His greatest trial was apparently the wearing of kilts, of which he says:

I had a hell of a time the first time I tried to get into my kilt, but am slowly mastering its intricacies. The colors are green, blue, and black, and there are about seven yards of cloth in it. We wear a khaki apron over it. The approved way of wrapping the kilt around one, is to take a deep breath and pull it tight around you before sticking in the large pins.

I am beginning to feel more at home in it; for while kilts are cool for a long way above the knees, the old saying, "To understand all is to forgive all," comes true in this case.

They keep one from thinking about greater or lesser troubles, too. You know

the story about Jack Simpson's singing. He sang so badly that one fellow said he liked to hear him sing, as one could not think of his ordinary troubles when hit in the head with a piece of 2 by 4.

At Loos, eight weeks after this letter was written, he met his death in a charge by his regiment. We have no record of this last play in which he took part, but we shall not be far wrong, Mr. McCoy believes, if we picture him facing death sturdily and honestly. The concluding words of the above letter, we are told, are characteristic of the fearlessness and merry spirit of the man. He wrote:

I hope you will thank all the fellows in the class who took the trouble to write to me (and it was trouble too). I had no right to expect them to do so. I trust that I shall be on hand at the next round-up to tell you "how the play came up."

And now, in the stately language of the rancher and miner, "I looks toward you all, and also bows. I hope I catches your eye."

As ever, while water runs and grass grows—  
J. P. POE.

## IDEALS

Continued from Page 42.

THE aspiration that is not translated into active effort will die, just as any power or function that is not used will atrophy or disappear. The ostrich, naturalists say, once had wonderful wings, but not caring to use them, preferring to walk on the earth rather than mount in the air, it practically lost its wings, their strength passing into its legs. The giraffe probably once had only an ordinary neck, like other animals, but being long used to reach up to gather its food from the branches of trees, it lifted its body in the upward direction until it is now the tallest of all animals, its elongated neck enabling it to gather the leaves from lofty trees.

Something like this takes place continually in human lives. We rise or fall by our ideals, by our pursuit or our disregard of them. The majority of us make bungling work of our living. We spend much precious time and effort catering to the desires of our animal natures, and live chiefly along the lines of life's lower aims and opportunities when we might be soaring.

EVERYWHERE we see men making a splendid living, but a very poor life; succeeding in their vocations but failing as men, swerving from their own highest ideals for the sake of making a little more money. On every hand we see people sacrificing the higher to the lower dwarfing the best thing in them for a superficial, material advantage, selling the birthright of the soul's ideal for a mess of pottage.

Yet the ideal is indeed the "pearl of great price," in the balance with which "all that a man hath" besides is as nothing. The red letter men of the world have always been men of high ideals to which



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they were ever loyal, men who have said "this one thing I do," and have put the whole strength of their lives into their effort to realize their ideal.

If from the start you listen to and obey that something within which urges you to find the road that leads up higher; if you listen to and obey the voice which bids you look up and not down which ever beckons you on and up, your life cannot be a failure, no matter what its outward seeming. The really successful men and women are those who by the nobility of their example contribute to the uplift, the happiness, the enlargement of life, to the wisdom of the world—not those who have merely piled up selfish dollars. A rich personality enriches everybody who comes in contact with it. Everybody who touches a noble life feels ennobled thereby.

There is machinery so delicate that it can measure the least expenditure of physical force. If similar machinery could be devised for measuring character, many a millionaire would be chagrined at the record of his own just measurement, while many a humble worker would be amazed at the high mark his earnest unceasing efforts to reach his ideal had achieved.

I BELIEVE the time will come when not money, but growth, not lands and houses, but mental and moral expansion in larger and nobler living, will be even the popular measure of true riches, real success. The measure of a successful man will be that of his soul; he will be rated in a new sort of Bradstreet, a spiritual Bradstreet, as a large heart, a magnanimous mind, a cultured intellect, instead of as a great check book.

Phillips Brooks said: "The ideal life of full completion haunts us all. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are. God hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in his life, each feels a trembling, fearful longing to do some great good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in its hidden impulse to do one's best."

Everyone who substitutes the finer for the cheaper goal, each one who to-day and every day holds to his high ideal despite the stress and turmoil of modern daily living, in such measure hastens the day when such an ideal will be the inspiration of the masses and the power that moves the world.

## Taking Motion Pictures

The public has developed such a strong interest in everything pertaining to moving-pictures that even the details of the mechanical processes are readily absorbed. It is interesting to note that it is always necessary to have artificial illuminations for photographing scenes despite the fact that the modern motion-picture plants have huge areas of glass roofs and walls. The overshadowing of the sun for even a single moment would spoil a strip of film. As a result huge electric lamps are used in all the picture plants.

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## The Electrification of Everything

*The Age of Steam is Giving Way to the Age of Electricity*

**T**HE biggest factor in the American industrial world at the present time is the tendency towards electrification. There seems a strong probability that the railways will before many years have passed be changed almost without exception to electrical power. And this, the most significant evidence of the tendency, is but one phase of the great change now being effected. Discussing this question in *World's Work* Frederick Todd says:

Mr. Samuel Insull, head of the Commonwealth Edison system about Chicago, has led in this movement. He says that electrical engineering has gone about as far as it can in scientific construction and operation of plants and now is the time for "engineering of salesmanship." By this he means that the force of intelligence that has accomplished so much by its concentration upon the development of the electrical industry on the producing side shall now concentrate and accomplish great things in finding out new economies and the capacity in the application of electricity to industry on the consuming side. He has made a big start in the carrying out of his idea. His system is now busy a greater part of all the time than any other, excepting the Niagara development, in America. His organization has not only gone out after diversification of consumption in Chicago, but he had an exhaustive study made of every kind of industry within a reachable distance of his central stations for the purpose of finding out how electric power can be advantageously applied for economy or increase of capacity and at just what price level electricity becomes an economy for power without considering added efficiency. Steam and electric transportation lines, coal mines, all kinds of factories, ice plants, water-supply stations, farming, municipal lighting—all have been studied, and Mr. Insull is not only satisfied that in distribution over an extended zone enough different kinds of advantageous uses of current may be found under present conditions to increase greatly and equalize throughout days and weeks the output of current, but he is getting the business, extending his zone, and is the recognized prophet among the big men in electricity who are confident that great power stations are ultimately going to furnish practically all the energy for every purpose in zones of distribution. Incidentally, it may be said that Mr. Insull believes that the most economical distribution of power in this way can come only when one system has a complete monopoly in its territory.

As an incident of what such a development in electrical distribution means, Mr. Insull tells of covering Lake County, Ill., with the system. There had been ten towns with electricity at night only and twelve with no service at all. After the combination of the local concerns into the larger system, there were twenty towns having service day and night and sixty-eight farms along the transmission lines using current for light and power; the cost of producing the current had been cut in two.

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## Best Selling Book of the Month

A Review of Frederick Palmer's "My Year of the Great War"

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookseller and Stationer

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Departing from the usual course of reviewing the best work of fiction, the best selling book in non-fiction has been chosen, this month, as the subject for review. It is not surprising that this should be a war book, for in the shoals of books dealing with the war which have been appearing, even after the countless volumes, good, bad and indifferent, which were rushed through in the first few weeks of the war, there have been a goodly number of most meritorious volumes. Neither is it surprising that this best-seller among books of the war should be the work of Frederick Palmer, most noted of war correspondents.

**S**ELDOM has a book of non-fiction been received with such acclaim as was accorded Frederick Palmer's volume, "My Year of the Great War," published in November. It created a veritable sensation in the book world. As a war correspondent Frederick Palmer is at the head of his profession. He was through the Spanish-American war, the Russo-Jap war and the Balkan wars, as correspondent, and in the present war was the accredited official correspondent of the American press with the British forces at the front.

His experience and his knowledge of warfare are such as to hold the confidence and respect of the highest military officers and this is reflected in the nature of his despatches from the front which have been published in leading newspapers in the United States and Canada.

In the opening chapter, dealing with the question as to who started this war, the author refers to the many analyses of the White, Blue, Yellow and Green Papers of the respective Governments, but the comment on these is that "One learned less from their dignified phraseology than from the human documents that he read between the lines." The remark of a practical German is printed to the effect that Von Bethmann-Hollweg blundered in a diplomatic sense when he talked of a treaty as "a scrap of paper," but, adds the author, "Von Bethmann-Hollweg, said in public what was universally accepted in private."

The following pointed remark of a practical Briton is also reproduced: "It was a good thing that the Germans violated the neutrality of Belgium; otherwise, we might not have gone in, which would have been fatal for us. If Germany had crushed France and kept the channel ports, the next step would have been a war in which we would have had to deal with her single-handed."

From the fact that Palmer was elected by Lord Kitchener as the only American correspondent to be permitted to go to the British Headquarters in France, the exceptional value of the book will be appreciated for its graphic portrayal of the actual life of the British soldiers in the trenches; and to Canadian readers it makes a special appeal because of the particular attention Mr. Palmer pays to the Canadian fighting men, whom he speaks of as "Home folks to the American." For instance, he cites an experience of one dark night in February when he was one

of a party in a motor car making its way with difficulty through a slough of a road when a voice sang out from the darkness back of the trenches: "Gee! Get onto the bus!" The effect of that exclamation, the author sets down as follows: "I was certain that I might dispense with an interpreter. After I had remarked that I had come from New York, which is only across the street from Montreal, as distances go in our countries, the American batting about the front at midnight was welcomed with a "glad hand" stretched across the imaginary boundary line which has and ever shall have no fortresses."

The author proceeds to marvel at the oddity of finding Canadians at the front in Europe, with a man from Winnipeg and perhaps a "neutral" from Wyoming in his company, fighting Germans in Flanders! "A man used to a downy couch and an easy chair by the fire, and steamheated rooms, who had ten thousand a year in Toronto, when you found him in a chill damp cellar of a peasant's cottage in range of the enemy's shells was getting something more novel, if not more picturesque, than dog-mushing and prospecting on the Yukon; for that contrast we are quite used to."

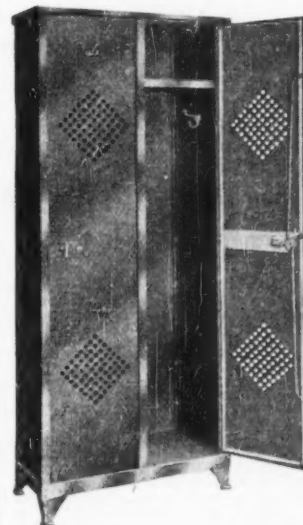
Further references to the Canadians at the front are to the effect that they en-



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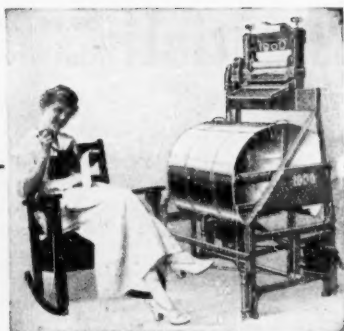
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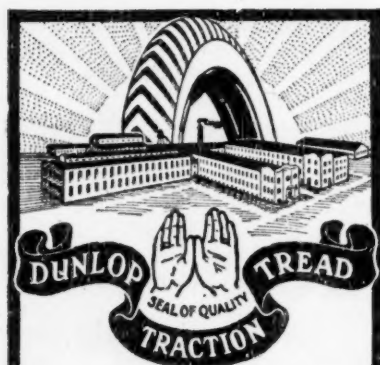
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T 104

livened life there, having more "zip" to them than the thorough-going Britisher. But, while there is a greater degree of the "cameraderie" when the author speaks of the Canadians, he is none the less truly appreciative of "Tommy Atkins" and his fighting qualities. "Some people," he writes, "have said that Tommy is not patriotic. He fights because he is paid and it is his business. That is an insinuation. Tommy does not care for the 'hero stuff,' or for waving flags and speech-making. Possibly he knows how few Germans that sort of thing kills. His weapons are bullets. It seems to me that Tommy's is a very practical sort of patriotism, free from cant and the way he refuses to hate and get excited, but sticks to it, must be very irritating to the Germans."

Not only does the book give detailed descriptions of actual experiences of the

soldiers' life in the trenches, in addition to a running account of the whole year's operations at the British front, with extra attention to the more important engagements, but the British fleet comes in for exceptional notice in an account of the author's visit to the fleet which he found at "the entrance to a harbor." By no means the least interesting portion of the book is that devoted to Britain's sea force and the significance of its strength as a determining factor in the Great War.

Mention should also be made here of the merit of the earlier chapters dealing with the causes which led up to the war and the part played by Belgium in the early days of the fighting.

Altogether it is a remarkable book, deserving of the widest attention. No more intensely human account of the war has as yet appeared in book form.

## Germany's New Naval Policy

*What Strategic Significance Attaches to the Change?*

THERE has been talk recently of a change in the German naval policy and speculation has been rife as to what it portends. The Springfield Republican contributes the following interesting discussion on the likely developments:

What the "shake up" at the German admiralty means is not so clear as was the case with the upheaval in the British navy. It has been called a "triumph" for American diplomacy, but a great naval power does not shape its high command merely to please neutrals. We must not overlook the fact that the clash with the United States was merely an incident of an experimental campaign, the success of which is in grave doubt; it is more reasonable to suppose that the changes announced relate not merely to neutral interests, but to the naval situation as a whole.

At sea the war found Germany as unprepared as England was on land. The Tirpitz programme put "the day" several years in the future, and if it had been thought that it would be necessary to fight the British navy in 1914 there probably would have been fewer battleships and ten times as many U-boats. Thus the German naval policy since the war began has been a makeshift, and the results have been a keen disappointment tempered only by individual exploits.

Much was hoped from the submarine blockade which was projected last December after other naval activities had been suppressed—and was put into execution in February. That it has not accomplished more is due to the fact that Germany was not prepared for it. The submarines were too few to be a serious threat, and the loss inflicted has not balanced the ill-will incurred in neutral countries. Moreover, it is being said on what is called good authority, though the source is not revealed, that the losses of submarines have been very great, by some accounts as high as 63 or 68.

While such statements must be taken with reserve, it is certain that the losses have been large, and that they are the cause of much bitterness. "Frightfulness" may in part be ascribed to rage at British tactics which are deemed as unfair as Britain deems the whole business of tor-

pedoing merchant ships. Under such conditions it can readily be understood that it is not an easy matter either to give up the campaign as a failure or to weaken it still further out of deference to neutrals. New men may make easier a new programme, but the change is not likely to stop with a softening of submarine warfare. If after a thorough trial this has not fulfilled the hopes of those who undertook it, what may naturally be looked for is an attempt to cover up the failure by a more aggressive policy in some other direction, and it is significant that the new chief of the general staff, replacing Vice-Admiral Bachmann, is Admiral von Holtzendorff, commander of the high seas fleet.

We need not suppose that Germany is ready for the grand battle in the North sea which has been awaited even longer than Joffre's offensive, but the German navy has not been idle. Strenuous and secret activity has been going on in the great shipyards and British naval experts have been concerned over rumors as to cruisers remodeled for 15-inch guns. When it is considered how passionately every German desires to hurt England and what enthusiasm has been caused by the shelling of coast villages, the sinking of passenger ships, and the dropping of bombs upon London, it can be seen that even a modest aggressive stroke would be immensely popular. Moreover, if the British are planning new activity on the Belgian coast there is likely to be a renewal of squadron engagements, and a battle of importance is not impossible. The second year of the war is likely to witness greater naval activity in the North Sea, and it is not impossible that even the decisive battle which the Germans have avoided may be dictated by events.

In any case, if the loss of submarines is even approximately as great as reported, no great development of that campaign can be looked for, because they are being destroyed faster than they can be built. It is probably, therefore, that the changes at the admiralty are not to be viewed as a concession to neutrals nor even as marking merely a change in submarine policy. More likely the reorganization has a broader strategic significance for the revelation of which the British admiralty will be on the alert.



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**I**N the past few years there has been a wonderful production of books. Some have been good, some have been bad, some indifferent—but every season there have been a few stories of wonderful strength which have stood out from the mass of printed matter like giant poplars in a forest of stunted pines. Lucky, indeed, is the booklover who has been able to enjoy the best books offered each season. Doubtless, as a reader of good literature, you take an interest in the new books and would welcome an opportunity to secure free one or more of the books which are now dominating the market by their strength and proven worth. Our proposition, therefore, is one that you can take up with enthusiasm.

First, let us explain our side of it. We are sparing no effort or expense to make **MacLean's** the best magazine value on the market and so strong that it will help to create a deeper patriotic sentiment among Canadians. This country needs big periodicals to foster a deeper interest between the different sections of our far-flung Dominion. To achieve this we are enlisting the greatest Canadian authors and artists as contributors to **MacLean's Magazine**. We believe you, as a reader of **MacLean's**, will appreciate the fact that we are now offering a magazine that should be read by every Canadian.

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critics say that "The Money Master" is the strongest novel that Parker has yet offered. No writer understands the French-Canadian character better. "The Money Master" is "the curious history of Jean Jacques Barville, his labors, his loves and his ladies"; and throughout it all is the masterly unfolding of the French-Canadian character as revealed not only in Jean Jacques, but in the other admirable figures which make up the story. It is written in Gilbert Parker's best style—full of coloring and with all his skill in the handling of tense situations. The story is a stern one, bringing the reader face to face with grim realities, but underlying all is the lightness and imaginative quality so characteristic of the French-Canadian character.

### THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT, By H. G. Wells

The MacMillan Co., \$1.50

IN any selection of the very greatest novelists of the present day, H. G. Wells would invariably be included; some rank him as the leader of contemporary literature. When it is said, therefore, that "The Research Magnificent" is held to be the greatest story that Wells has ever done, the wonderful interest aroused by the book will be understood.

To tell the story in a few words, or to give any conception of the greatness of its theme, is of course, impossible. It involves the ambition of a new type of Superman—a characteristic Wellsian creation—to embody in his life and achievements, the very highest human qualities and the greatest ideals—in fact, to make of himself a physical, mental and spiritual King among men. There is at the same time plenty of adventure and love interest in the story. It is, in brief, the story of a glorified Don Quixote, up-to-date, humanized and vitalized by the genius of H. G. Wells.

To gain any real conception of the theme, however, it is necessary to read the book. Wells has several styles of books, and to those who have not read him consistently, he may be represented by the style found in the books they have read. "The Research Magnificent" is a new style—a greater and fuller story than anything he has done before and embracing the best qualities found in his other styles. Perhaps it represents Wells at the height of his power.

### THE MONEY MASTER, By Gilbert Parker

Copp, Clark & Co., \$1.50

SIR GILBERT PARKER occupies so high a place in the world of letters that to say "The Money Master" maintains the high standard of his previous books is all sufficient. Like his other stories, it is laid in Canada and for that reason will have a double interest for Canadians. Some



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### THE DOUBLE TRAITOR, By E. Phillips Oppenheim

McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, \$1.35

DURING the first year of the war two stories appeared in serial form, both of which created a most widespread interest, and both of which were from the pen of that wizard of popular fiction, E. Phillips Oppenheim—"Mr. Grex, of Monte Carlo" and "The Double Traitor." Oppenheim has a wonderful gift of taking a popular theme and working it into an exciting, readable story. "The Double Traitor" is a novel written around the ramifications of the German spy system. There is a wily character, one Herr Selingman, who spends much of his time in England and who, it ultimately transpires, is the master mind of the German web. The plot involves the position of Ireland and Italy in the event of war and also bears on the careful preparations that had been made in the Teutonic Empire for the conflict.

Everyone likes a good story—and "The Double Traitor" is a capital one, with plenty of action and written with the skill that is shown in all of Oppenheim's work. It has the gripping interest of realism also; for the situations that Oppenheim unfolds come very close to what undoubtedly was taking place before the war. If you want thrills read "The Double Traitor."

It is a long story, running 308 pages, and illustrated by that greatest of Artists, Clarence Underwood.

### MOONBEAMS FROM THE LARGER LUNACY, By Stephen Leacock

S. B. Gundy, \$1.25

STEPHEN LEACOCK is the most original humorist of this or any other day. He is at once subtle and droll; and he has the unique quality of being able to put forward serious thoughts in so whimsical a form that you are instructed and amused at one and the same time.

But it is not necessary to extol Stephen Leacock to Canadians. Suffice it to say that "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy" is said by discerning critics to be the best he has yet given us. This is borne out by the early sales, which have been record-breaking. If it is better than "Sunshine Sketches" or the "Arcadian Adventures," is there any book on the market you would prefer? It is a collection of short sketches. Here are a few of the titles:

"Spoof: A Thousand Guinea Novel," "Afternoon Adventures at My Club," "Aristocratic Anecdotes," "Passionate Paragraphs," "Weeje, the Pet Dog," "The Survival of the Fittest," "The First Newspaper," "In the Good Time After the War."

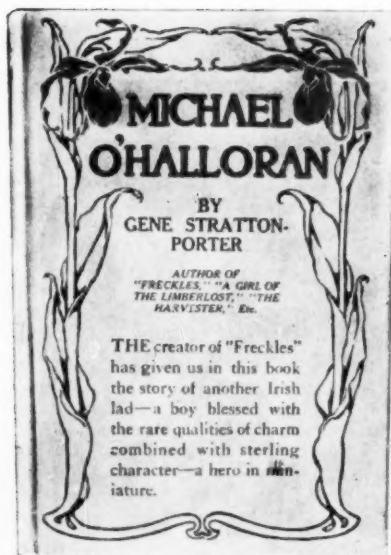
They are all typical of Leacock at his best—shafts of satire finding the weak joints in the human armour, but aimed in a spirit of good-humoured raillery. Leacock's books are different from anything ever written before; and "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy" is perhaps a little more different than any of his earlier work.

See Preceding Page.



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## MICHAEL O'HALLORAN

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Thomas Langton, \$1.50

**G**ENE STRATTON-PORTER founded a new style of book and has seen her products grow into best sellers among best sellers. Taking Nature as a setting, she has written stories with such a wholesome appeal and sunny sentimentality that they have gone straight to the hearts of the public.

Her latest, "Michael O'Halloran," bids fair to outdo all its predecessors in sheer popularity. It is the story of a little Irish "Newsie" who does not differ from the rest of his kind in the picturesqueness of his vocabulary, but who does differ from them in the fact of his bringing up. Michael had a Christian mother and in all the vicissitudes of his life on the streets, he does not forget what she had taught him. Michael wanted a dog—but then one day chance drew him to the hovel where a little cripple girl was left alone in rags and misery in mortal dread of "Being took" by the officials of the Orphans' Home. Her anguished cries attracted Mickey, who immediately appropriated the child, philosophically saying to himself: "She's lots better than a dog. She won't eat much more and she can talk." The rest is the story of Mickey's progress in life and the incidental curing of Lily's lame back through his instrumentality.

## IN TIMES LIKE THESE, By Nellie L. McClung

McLeod & Allan, \$1.00

**T**HERE is no more picturesque or forceful personality in Canadian public life to-day than Mrs. Nellie McClung. A crusader in the causes of Equal Suffrage and Temperance, Mrs. McClung has fought a magnificent, spirited fight through her writings and on the platform. To hear her speak or to read her books is an eye-opener. She is dynamic, witty, conviction-compelling.

"In Times Like These"—which is red-hot off the press, but has had a large advance sale—Mrs. McClung gives a collection of her lectures. Here are a few of the titles: The War That Never Ends. What Do Women Think of War? Should Women Think? The New Chivalry. Women and the Church. The Land of the Fair Deal. As a Man Thinketh.

They are forceful, humorous, sympathetic—breathing the new spirit and full of the courage and indomitable determination of the writer. And, more important still, perhaps, they are readable in the highest degree. They will bring you many a hearty laugh and cause you to think more deeply than you have ever done before.

You have heard so much of Mrs. McClung. Why not hear her in reality by reading her lecture in print?



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## JAFFERY, By W. J. Locke

S. B. Gundy, \$1.35

**W.** J. LOCKE'S books have always been intensely interesting and readable—and always they have been best sellers. You remember, of course, "The Beloved Vagabond," "Stella Maris," and "The Morals of Marcus Orderne." It is said that "Jaffery" is the best of them all.

It is the story of Jaffery Chayne, a war correspondent. He has been through the Balkan wars and the sudden death of a friend leaves him encumbered with the care of the widow, a beautiful young Albanian, Liosha—the widow—follows Jaffery to England, and her arrival breaks up a house party. That's where the story begins—and it is just such a happy, whimsical love story as only W. J. Locke can write. It has plenty of adventure too, and altogether is one of the most delightful books that has come off the press in many years. It has had a remarkably large sale.



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appreciate the statement that "The Canadian Commonwealth" is written in a style that is fervid and forceful, and that it abounds in authoritative information.

## A FAR COUNTRY, By Winston Churchill

The MacMillan Co., \$1.50

**N**O modern author has touched a more responsive chord in the public mind than Winston Churchill. His books are eagerly read and enjoyed by book-readers everywhere; and this despite the fact that he strikes deep to the heart of social conditions. So complete in his mastery of the art of story-telling, so vivid his portrayal of character that even those who as a rule can find enjoyment only in reading of the lightest sort find a stimulating pleasure in Churchill's works.

And a "Far Country" is in many ways his best. It is the story of a young lawyer who, to quote the Scripture, "took his journey into a far country and there wasted his substance in riotous living." The effects of environment lead him along paths that point away from the ideal, but in the end he comes back as the Prodigal did. It is grippingly told, with the fearlessness and force that are Churchill's outstanding characteristics.

Unquestionably it is one of the biggest books of recent years. This verdict is confirmed by the enormous sales it has had. Book-readers everywhere have literally scrambled for it.

It was unquestionably listed among our selection of "best sellers," not only on account of its great popularity, but because of its undoubted strength.

It is a beautifully bound book, running 500 pages and illustrated profusely.



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## THE CANADIAN COMMONWEALTH

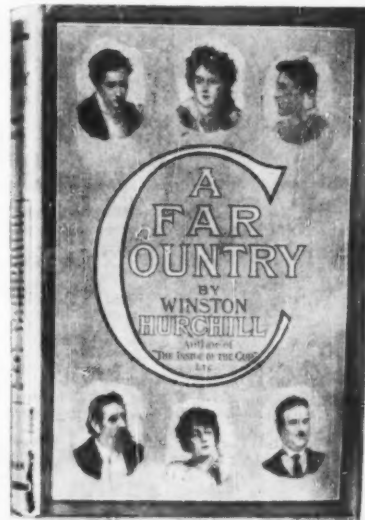
By Agnes C. Laut

McLeod & Allan, \$1.50

**W**ITH as many British-born in her boundaries as made England great in the days of Queen Elizabeth, unless history reverse itself and fate make of facts dice tossed to ruin by malignant furies, then Canada's destiny can be only one—a Greater Britain overseas.

With this passage, Agnes C. Laut concludes her powerful work on "The Canadian Commonwealth," which is perhaps the most thought-provoking book yet written about this great, growing Empire. It is a picturesque interpretation of the people of Canada; their character, ideals and temper; their problems of trade, labor, immigration, government and defense.

Canadians who have read Agnes C. Laut's other books—"Lords of the North," "Pathfinders of the West," etc.—will be able to appraise the value of this new effort. Readers of Miss Laut's powerful articles in MacLean's Magazine will appreciate the statement that "The Canadian Commonwealth" is written in a style that is fervid and forceful, and that it abounds in authoritative information.



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(See next page)

See pages 69, 70 and 71.

## Get This Book for Your Boy or Girl

PERHAPS you have a little boy or girl who would appreciate this wonderful child's book, "The Scarecrow of Oz." We can give it to you on the same proposition. Interest a neighbor or friend in MacLean's to the extent of securing a subscription from them and we will send you this handsome big volume, 9 inches by 7, full of drawings and color plates and just full of the humor that delights the healthy-minded child.

A picturesque figure is the Scarecrow and about his whimsical personality Mr. Baum has built a story that will certainly interest the youngsters. No child who has ever read any of the other Oz books will need to be told more than that Dorothy and Ozuma and nearly all the old favorites reappear and that Tiny Trot and Old Cap'n Bill are at last brought to the Land of Oz.

Here's your chance to get a splendid present for your little boy or girl.

## Get Your Christmas Presents This Way

LET us make you a suggestion: Why not utilize this proposition in your plan for Christmas gifts this year? Can you imagine a better gift for a friend, one that would be more appreciated, than a year's subscription to MacLean's Magazine—twelve issues all better than any number that has yet been put out? Or can you think of a gift more acceptable than a best selling book? You can either secure a subscription from a friend or give one as a Christmas present; and in either case secure your choice of our wonderful list of books (ranging in price from \$1.25 to \$1.50) either for yourself or as a gift for another. There are some books on our list you have read, but there are doubtless others you haven't yet read and want to very much. Those that you have read you know to be so good that you will want to give them to your best friends. So why not get us one, two, half a dozen subscriptions and secure a free book with each subscription? Think of the good use you can make of a number of best sellers (which cannot be purchased for less than the prices we list) at this season of the year!



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## On the British Battle Line

*Preparations That Are Going Forward On The Western Front*

**W**HAT is the British army doing? is a question that rises to every lip. Where are the millions that Kitchener has raised? When will the "big shove" start?

A realistic glimpse at what is transpiring on the western front where the khaki battalions hold the allied lines is given by E. Alexander Powell in *Scribner's*. He says:

I suppose that if I were really politic and far-sighted I would cuddle up to the War Office and make myself solid with the General Staff by confidently asserting that the British army is the most efficient killing-machine in existence, and that its complete and early triumph is as certain as that the sparks fly upward; neither of which assertions would be true. It should be borne in mind, however, that the British did not begin the building of their war-machine until about twelve months ago, while the German organization is the result of upward of half a century of unceasing thought, experiment, and endeavor. But what the British have accomplished in those twelve months is one of the marvels of military history. Lord Kitchener came to a War Office which had long been in the hands of lawyers and politicians. Not only was he expected to remodel an institution which had become a national joke, but at the same time to raise a huge volunteer army. In order to raise this army he had to have recourse to American business methods. He employed a clever advertising specialist to cover the walls and newspapers of the United Kingdom with all manner of striking advertisements, some pleading, some bullying, some caustic in tone, by which he has proved that, given patriotic impulse, advertising for people to go to war is just like advertising for people to buy automobiles or shaving soap or smoking tobacco. It was not soothing to British pride—but it got the men. Late in the spring, after half a year or more of training, during which they were worked as a negro teamster works a mule, those men were marched aboard transports and sent across the Channel. England now has an army of approximately 750,000 men in France. But it is a new army. It is without experience, and it is without experienced regiments to stiffen it and give it confidence, for the army of British regulars which landed in France last August has ceased to exist. The old regimental names remain, but the officers and men who composed those regiments are to-day in the hospitals or the cemeteries. The losses suffered by the British army in Flanders are appalling. The West Kent Regiment, for example, has been three times wiped out and three times reconstituted. Of the Black Watch, the Rifle Brigade, the infantry of the Household, scarcely a vestige of the original establishments remains. Hardly less terrible are the losses which have been suffered by the Canadian contingent. The Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry landed in France 1,400 strong. To-day only 150 remain. The present colonel of the regiment was a private in the ranks last October.

The machine that the British have

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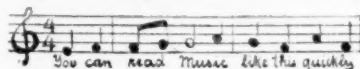
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knocked together, though still a trifle wobbly and somewhat creaky in the joints, is, I am convinced, eventually going to do the business. But you cannot appreciate what it is like or what it is accomplishing by reading about it; you have to see it for yourself, as I did. That corner of France lying between the forty miles of British front and the sea is to-day, I suppose the busiest region in the world. It reminded me of the Canal Zone during the rush period of the Canal's construction. It is as busy as the lot where the Greatest Show on Earth is getting ready for the afternoon performance. Down the roads, far as the eye can see, stretch long lines of London motor-buses, sombre war-coats of elephant grey replacing the staring advertisements of teas, tobaccos, whisky, and theatrical attractions, crowded no longer with pale-faced clerks hurrying toward the city, but with sun-tanned men in khaki hurrying toward the trenches. Interminable processions of motor-lorries go lumbering past, piled high with the supplies required to feed and clothe the army, practically all of which are moved from the coast to the front by road, the railways being reserved for the transport of men and ammunition; and the ambulances, hundreds and hundreds of them, hurrying their blood-soaked cargoes to the hospitals so that they may go back to the front for more. So crowded are the highways behind the British front that at the cross-roads in the country and at the street crossings in the towns are posted military policemen with little scarlet flags who control the traffic just as do the policemen on Fifth avenue and Broadway. The roads are never permitted to fall into disrepair, for on their condition depends the rapidity with which the army can be supplied with food and ammunition. Hence road gangs and steam-rollers and sprinkling carts are at work constantly. When the war is over France will have better roads and more of them than she ever had before. There are speed-limit signs everywhere—heretofore practically unknown in France, where any one who was careless enough to get run over was liable to arrest for obstructing traffic. At frequent intervals along the roads are blacksmith-shops and motor-car repair stations, to say nothing of the repair cars, veritable garages on wheels, which, when news of an accident or breakdown is received, go tearing toward the scene of the trouble as a fire-engine responds to an alarm of fire. At night all cars must run without lights, as a result of which many camions and motor-buses have met with disaster by running off the roads in the darkness and tipping over in the deep ditches. To provide for this particular form of mishap the Army Service Corps has designed a most ingenious contrivance which yanks one of the huge machines out of the ditch, and sets it on the road again as easily as though it were a stubborn mule. Upon the door of every house we passed, whether chateau or cottage, was marked the number of men who could be billeted upon it. There are signs indicating where water can be obtained and fodder and pasture and petrol. In every town and village are to be found military interpreters, known by a distinctive cap and brassard, who are always ready to straighten out a misunderstanding between a Highlander from north of the Tweed and a *tirailleur* from Tunisia, who will assist a Gurkha from the Indian hill country in bargaining for poultry with a Flemish-speaking peasant, or instruct a Senegalese straggler how to get back to his command. An

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officer's training-school has been established at St. Omer, which is the British headquarters, where those men in the ranks who possess the necessary education are fitted to receive commissions. Nothing has been left to chance. Every possible contingency has been foreseen and provided for. You would think, from the businesslike fashion in which they are conducting it, that the British had been doing nothing but making war for a century.

The thoroughness of the British is exemplified by the bulletins which are issued every morning by the Intelligence Department for the information of the brigade and regimental commanders. They resemble ordinary handbills and contain a summary of all the information which the Intelligence Department has been able to collect during the preceding twenty-four hours as to what is going on behind the German lines—movements of troops, construction of new trenches, changes in the location of batteries, shortage of ammunition, condition of the roads; everything, in short which might by any conceivability be of value to the British to know. For example, the report might contain a sentence like this: "At five o'clock to-morrow morning the Prussian Guard, which has been holding position No. —, to the south of Ypres, will be relieved by the 47th Bavarian Landsturm" — which, by the way, would probably result in the British attacking the position mentioned. The information contained in these bulletins comes from many sources—from spies in the pay of the Intelligence Department, from aviators who make reconnaissance flights over the German lines, and particularly from the inhabitants of the invaded regions, who, by various ingenious expedients, succeed in communicating to the Allies much important information—often at the cost of their lives.

The great base camps which the British have established at Calais and Havre and Boulogne and Rouen are marvels of organization, efficiency, and cleanliness. Canvas cities, with macadamized streets and sewers and telephone systems and electric light, and accommodations for a hundred thousand men apiece, have sprung up on the sand-dunes of the coast as though by the wave of a magician's wand. Here, where the fresh, healing wind blows in from the sea, have been established hospitals, each with a thousand beds. Huge warehouses have been built of concrete to hold the vast quantity of stores which are being rushed across the Channel by an endless procession of transports and cargo steamers. So efficient is the British field-post system, which is operated by the Army Post-Office Division of the Royal Engineers, that within forty-eight hours after a wife or mother or sweetheart drops a letter into a post-box in England that letter has been delivered in the trenches to the man to whom it was addressed. In order to prevent military information leaking out through the letters which are written by the soldiers to the folks at home, one in every five is opened by the regimental censor, though, if the writer is able to get hold of one of the precious green envelopes, whose color is a guarantee of private and family matters only, he is reasonably certain that his letter will not be read by other eyes than those for which it is intended. Nor does the field post confine itself to the transmission of letters. I know a lady who sent her son in Flanders a box of fresh asparagus from their Devonshire garden on Friday, and he had it for his Sunday dinner. And

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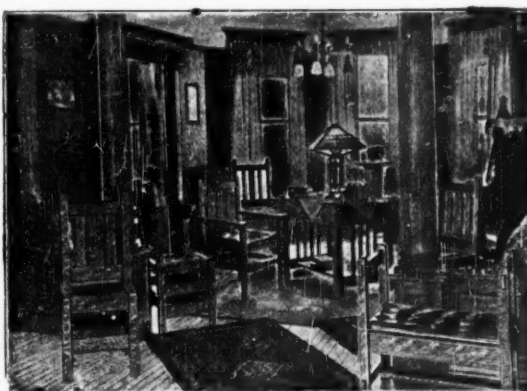
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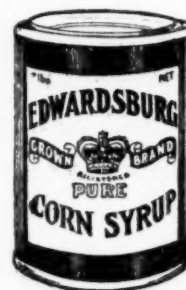
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The incubator has been the means of making much money in the chicken business. In January, Mr. Clark, of Port Hope, who has recently made some interesting discoveries in his Biochemical research, will tell how he handles his hatcheries.

### A Farmer Pays \$5.00 a Day

for an efficiency expert to go over his 100-acre farm plant and show him how to make more money. This farmer Gray has been to the city and has seen how the manufacturer pays attention to detail and how he treats wastes, and he resolves to try the same thing. Read this story in the January number

### Other Articles Cover the Countryside

The interest of everyone will be centred in one or more of the other features, such as:—

*Women School Trustees—Why Not?*

*60% of Babies Die in Ontario!*

*A Fireplace That Draws*

*Greenhouse Work*

*An Onion Bonanza*

*Why Farmers Should Organize*

*Winter Work in the Orchard*

*Renovating a N.S. Farm*

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*The Ruthenian Farmer in Canada,*

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this reminds me of an interesting little incident which is worth the telling. A well-known American business man, the president of one of New York's street-railway systems, has a son who is a second lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. When the father was about to return to America last summer his son's battery was stationed in a particularly hot corner to the south of Ypres. The father was desperately anxious to see his son before he sailed but he knew that the chances were almost infinitesimal. Nevertheless he wrote a note to Lord Kitchener explaining the circumstances, adding that he realized that it was probably quite impossible to grant such a request. He left the note himself at York House. Before he had been back in his hotel an hour he was called to the telephone. "This is the secretary of Lord Kitchener speaking," said the voice. "He desires me to say that you shall certainly see your son before returning to America, and that you are to hold yourself in readiness to go to the continent at a moment's notice." A few days later he received another message from the War Office: "Take to-morrow morning's boat from Folkestone to Boulogne. Your son will be waiting for you on the quay." The long arm of the great war minister had reached out across the English Channel and had picked that obscure second lieutenant out from that little Flemish village, and had brought him by motor-car to the coast, with a twenty-four hours' leave of absence in his pocket, that he might say good-by to his father.

## Roosevelt's Arraignment of Uncle Sam

*Ex-President Stands for the Upholding of American Rights*

THE United States has been split into controversial camps by the war. Many Americans feel that Uncle Sam has been lax and the leader of this faction is Theodore Roosevelt. In the course of an article in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, he speaks out in clarion tones as follows:

Over forty years ago Charles Dickens wrote as follows of the United States: "In these times in which I write it is honorably remarkable for protecting its subjects wherever they travel with a dignity and a determination which is a model for England." Ulysses Grant was then President of the United States. Like Washington and Lincoln and Andrew Jackson, he was an American who was not too proud to fight. Those of my countrymen who are still faithful to the old American tradition cannot but feel with bitter shame the contrast between the conditions Charles Dickens thus described and the conditions at the present moment.

Germany has trampled on the rights of neutrals during this war with a brutal cynicism not shown since the close of the Napoleonic struggle. For months she followed toward our citizens on the high seas a policy of assassination which included women and children; and when she became doubtful as to whether this policy of assassination paid, she endeavored to extort a reward for the "concession" of the more or less complete abandonment of murder of non-combatants.

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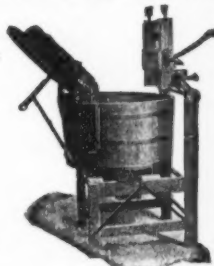
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We of the United States have had a two-fold duty imposed on us during the last year. We have owed a duty to ourselves. We have owed a duty to others. We have failed in both. Primarily both failures are due to the mischievous effects of the professional pacifist agitation which became governmental nearly five years ago when the Administration at Washington sought to negotiate various all-inclusive arbitration treaties under which we abandoned the right to stand up for our own vital interest and national honor. Very reluctantly we who believe in peace, but in the peace of righteousness, have been forced to the conclusion that the most prominent leaders of the peace agitation of the past ten years in this country, so far as they have accomplished anything that was not purely fatuous, have accomplished nothing but mischief. This result of the activities of these professional pacifist agitators has been due mainly to the fact that they have consistently placed peace ahead of righteousness, and have resolutely refused to look facts in the face if they thought the facts were unpleasant. It is as foolish to ignore common sense in this matter as in any other matter. It is as wicked to exalt peace at the expense of morality as it is to exalt war at the expense of morality. The greatest service that Lincoln rendered to the cause of permanent peace and to the greater cause of justice and righteousness was rendered by him when, with unshaken firmness he accepted four years of grinding warfare rather than yield to the professional pacifists of his day—the Copperheads. Washington's greatest service to peace was rendered by similar action on his part. And be it remembered that never in history have two men rendered greater service to the only kind of peace worth having for honorable men and women than was rendered by these two heroes who did not shrink from righteous war.

## Second in Command

*Continued from Page 26.*

"Mr. Arkwright," he said impressively, "we are on active service; and we are losing time. A little extra speed might at any moment be very desirable, or even a crucial necessity. Under ordinary circumstances, of course, one would never dream of speeding up beyond what the Admiralty considers safe. Under extraordinary circumstances, I, for my part, if I were the commander of this ship, should be inclined to trust your judgment a good deal on the point of safety. I noticed that the reducing piece in the steam-pipe was damaged. Are you quite sure that it can be replaced?"

The engineer's eyes twinkled.

"Undoubtedly it could. But unfortunately the store-keeper was unable to find his spare in the hurry of the moment. I ordered a diligent search; but if it has not turned up in ten minutes I shall be compelled to put the full bore right through."

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Engineer Lieutenant Arkwright choked



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in attempting a reply. And then, no juniors being present, the precious pair of conspirators threw back their heads and roared.

And for all that these were men who fought by mathematics rather than muscle—one of them hating the sight of bloodshed and the other having nothing to do with it—their mighty laughter might have wakened memories of stout-armed warriors with winged hats, warriors a thousand years gone down, in the brooding spirit of that grey and changeless sea.

"Chief," said Foster at length, "it would not do for you to tamper with those governors; and as Commander Hathersedge controls the ship I should not have authority to order it, even if occasion should arise. But if you can spare Mr. Dool for a few minutes I should like a conversation with him. Tell me, if things were not as they are, how would you fix 'em?"

MARTIN DOOL never indulged in Homeric laughter. He did not even smile as Foster spoke with him. He merely pondered a diagram that Foster had not drawn, tore it up, and pattered about the heads of the turbines for an hour alone.

It was all in the day's work. If Foster, for the good of the service, had desired to raise steam by shovelling cordite under the boilers instead of coal, Martin Dool, in spite of the fact that he was a very intelligent man, would have been ready to oblige him.

Ten minutes after Martin finished, the *Turtle* was under way; and steam was rising in the reserve boilers. After that, things happened quickly.

Foster was watching the patent log while Arkwright quietly worked up to thirty knots as a test when the wireless operator picked up a British cruiser squadron nearly two hundred miles southward. He reported the *Turtle's* duty to the rear-admiral of the squadron, and was asked, if not inconsistent with his object, to bear a little southward of his course and watch for anything seeking to run from the Baltic under cover of the mist.

Lieutenant Commander Hathersedge assented to a change of two points in the course, and asked if the speed had not increased since the accident: he was feeling a little better. Foster suggested deferentially that a touch of fever would account for his impression. He slowed down, however, to twenty knots with as little delay as seemed prudent. The test had amply satisfied him. If any strain attended the higher speed, it was not apparent.

A collier reported that a ship answering to the description of the *Elsie*, flying the Danish flag, had been seen a hundred and fifty miles north-east, heading south under sail.

Foster went to do his thinking in the chart room, and presently reported a further change of half a point southward as a thing accomplished. Hathersedge was too ill to be interested. Foster consulted the doctor, and decided to report no more.

He raised his quarry, five miles off the starboard bow, showing only in uncertain outline, at sundown. Two minutes later the mist, thickening and rolling in wreaths in a light air, opened to afford a

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glimpse of a light cruiser, far beyond the *Elsie*, steaming furiously north-west. Then the wireless clicked out half a message from the British squadron, whose lighter vessels were flung out in an attempt to cut off the escaping enemy while four battle-cruisers took up a stern chase. Only half a message, for the German operators managed to "jam" the instrument before it was completed.

**F**OSTER prepared for action.

The decks were already cleared; but a boat still swung from the starboard davits. It bumped the deck, and Foster was watching the men run up with spare splinter-mats, when something between a man and a ghost appeared.

Lieutenant Commander Hathersedge, clad in full uniform, with pale, set face, worked his way unsteadily but unaided to the bridge. He returned Foster's salute punctiliously. Wakened by unusual sounds, he had wormed the truth from the doctor, and had come to take command.

Foster checked the torrent of orders about to work his will in engine-room and torpedo chamber, at the stern deck-tube and the wicked little guns. Eighty men were at their quarters, waiting and eager for his word: steam was sizzling from the valves of the reserve boilers. And at that pitch of readiness his moment was to be snatched from him. Twenty minutes more, and HIS enemy, or HIS ship, would have been on the way to the bottom.

He swallowed his mortification, and in a hard, rapid voice indicated the state of affairs on board and the cruiser's position and course. The cruiser was invisible, but if she held on her way she would cut the *Turtle's* wake at a slight angle: if she declined battle, she would probably swing to the north. The wireless man reported that the German had sent out a message, and that at the same time he had managed to give the British squadron the enemy's position, but no more.

Hathersedge called for full speed. Foster, who had not mentioned the experiment in the engine-room, hoped he would be happy when he got it.

A mighty, sustained roar rose in sharp crescendo from three smoke-stacks that quivered till their guys became a blur. The bow-wave rose with a hiss the whole bulwark's height. The *Turtle*, overcoming the inertia of her twenty knots with scarcely an effort, leapt forward in the sea.

The sick Commander's jaw dropped. He sought Foster's eyes as though to demand an explanation. Then he pulled himself together.

"Afterward!" he said grimly, dismissing his half-formed interrogation. Then, speaking as to an equal: "And if there is no afterward, I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

He held out his hand to Foster, and immediately began to bellow orders with a clear brain and a strong voice. He had forgotten that he was desperately sick.

**F**OSTER, reflecting that this also was a man, began to hope the poor beggar would live to finish the action; and conceived the friendly idea of taking enough wood from the *Elsie*, later on, to make a

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box in which to take what was left of him home with honor.

Hathersedge handled his boat like a seaman. When a lookout raised the German cruiser, now due east and headed north or north-east, trying to poke her searchlights through the thickening fog, the *Turtle* had already swung to intercept the manoeuvre. If a beam once found the *Turtle*, their troubles would soon be over. But the little boat was not using her lights, and as her wireless was effectively drowning that of the *Elsie*, the advantage of the glimpse was all on her side.

So, too, thanks to Foster and Arkwright, was the advantage of speed. Let her once get within a mile of the enemy, and the Germans were perfectly welcome to their chance of striking first. Hitting a thing that moves like an angry snake with a gun big enough to stop it is easier at ten miles than at one. The gunner's nerves are steadier, for one thing.

LESS than ten minutes had elapsed since the cruiser was first sighted.

The *Elsie*, almost forgotten, flashed past the destroyer a scant cable's length away. Foster focussed her with his night-glass, seeking to know whether she was using her power to get out of the path of the advancing squadron, and whither she was headed. She might be a trifle, beside the cruiser; but he expected to be looking for that trifle within an hour or two.

She was under power, but only for steerage way. Her head was south-west by south. Did she not know, then, what was coming that way? At this rate, the fleet would beat him to his prize.

But wait a minute! What were those men grouped about in her stern? Why was the awning rigged? And what did that peculiar arrangement of weather cloths mean? Something was hidden.

By all that was wonderful, a deck tube, with torpedoes on trucks beside it! She was waiting for the fleet. And, but for the swell that had canted her deck toward a casual watcher close at hand, neither he nor the fleet would have dreamed of such a thing till some good ship had been smitten to the death.

The fog closed in between them as the *Turtle* shot away.

Foster sprang to the telegraph, ringing "Stop," "Half Astern," "Full Astern," and "Stop" again with a sublime disregard for the delicate constitution of the ship, confirming the *Elsie's* bearings over his shoulder and shouting to the boatswain to get the boat back on the davits.

"Gimme a boat, quick!" he babbled to the astounded C. Trevelyan Hathersedge. "The *Elsie* has got torpedoes!"

"Boat's crew stand by with small arms!" he bawled at the deck below.

Then he put the situation into English in time to save his commander's reason, and gratefully received permission to go to the devil provided he was quick about it, and take ten men.

HE tumbled his men into the boat while the davits were swinging outboard, called out "Lower away! Cast off! Give way!" in a single breath, and slashed the stern falls free with his knife before the strain was off the tackle. By fury of

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voice and example, he got his orders obeyed almost as quickly as he gave them.

Nor was C. Trevelyan Hathersedge a whit more patient. The churning screws chopped off part of the blade of the stroke oar, and the first officer and eleven good men of the *Turtle's* crew came within an ace of being the first victims of that little reptile's lust for battle. Since discipline did not permit Foster to abuse C. Trevelyan Hathersedge, and since he had a certain sympathy with that patrician's haste, he snapped at his stroke for spoiling his tool in the moment of need. Then he noticed that his ten men were eleven. To be exact, one of them was an officer.

"What are you doing there, Martin Dool?" he cried to a calm figure in the bow. And then, because he feared for his friend who had left his ship without leave, he said things that shall not be set down, forgetting that he spoke to a sub-lieutenant.

Martin Dool, who cared not a straw for his dignity, and less for his crime, said: "Hold your whist. I came by mistake."

Foster ordered silence; for the noise of the *Turtle's* engines no longer covered them. Then, laying his course with nice calculation by the boat's compass, spoke a few necessary words to the men. For more than a mile they pulled through the blanketing fog without event. Then Foster cast about to either side, counting the strokes and watching the compass. He had missed; but not, he felt sure, by much.

The thrash of a big ship's engines came from afar, bearing down upon them rapidly. Cold as ice, Foster pursued his search. A slight wake was picked up by the bow. He followed it, keeping the men to a steady, noiseless stroke with some difficulty. Another ship came within earshot. Undoubtedly it was the British squadron. Foster wiped a cold sweat from his brow. The fog was very dense.

Faint, flickering lights ahead made the gloom visible. The flicker grew to a glow. Against the glow loomed a ghostly shape. It was the *Elsie*, not a hundred yards away.

The glow remained steady. The *Elsie* was seen. Then a light sputtered and broke out from the German yacht. The *Elsie* had found her prey.

"Give way, men!" Foster whispered hoarsely. "Let your oars swing when we touch, and follow me!"

THE *Elsie's* screw was thrashing viciously now. Her bow swung to the east, to bring her stern, with its deadly torpedo tube, to bear on the great British cruiser coming up. Foster felt for his pistol and found that he was not wearing it. Hails were passing between the cruiser and the yacht. Foster wondered whether the topmen would see or suspect the menace in the yacht's stern.

"In bow!"

Foster wrenched a stretcher from beneath a seaman's feet, and sprang into the *Elsie's* chains.

"Now lads! Awa-ay boarders!"

It was the cry that had made the Navy great in another day, a cry that the new Navy did not know. It had no associa-



tions for those men; but the tone of it, the wild challenge of it, the explosion of it on the silence, lifted them to the yacht's deck as though a spring had shot them there.

Foster was already in the stern, wielding his stretcher like a battle-axe. Of six men within the canvas screens, three fell with damaged skulls, and two fled. There was one other. Martin Dool found it necessary to shoot him.

The rest of the deck offered little resistance. The surprise was complete. Half a dozen men who were foolishly carrying arms were knocked down with clubbed rifles; and the battle was over.

**F**OSTER hastily bent a boat's ensign on the gaff halliards over the Danish flag, intending no disrespect to that flag, but being in a hurry to set the cruiser's mind at rest. A seaman hauled it up with such enthusiasm that the bunting jammed against the block; and Foster smiled at him. In sober truth, he smiled.

"Well!" boomed a calm and curious voice through a megaphone, "now it's all over, who is the admiral Nelson?"

"Officers and boats crew of the *Turtle*," Foster bellowed in reply.

"Where is the *Turtle*?"

"Pursuing German cruiser north or north-east of this with intent to engage."

Cheering broke out on the cruiser's decks—curiously muffled cheering, because most of it filtered through gunports. The cruiser passed at full speed within two hundred yards, all unaware, for the moment, of the peril they had escaped.

"Martin," said Foster, "have these fellows tied in neat bundles till I can attend to them. And see that the dynamo is kept going. I want to talk to the *Turtle*."

**H**IS desire was not quite to be gratified.

The *Turtle* was already past talking. But presently a cruiser told the story:

"German light cruiser *Bayreuth* torpedoed and sunk by *Turtle*. *Turtle* abandoned and sinking. Four officers and nearly sixty men saved; also some Germans."

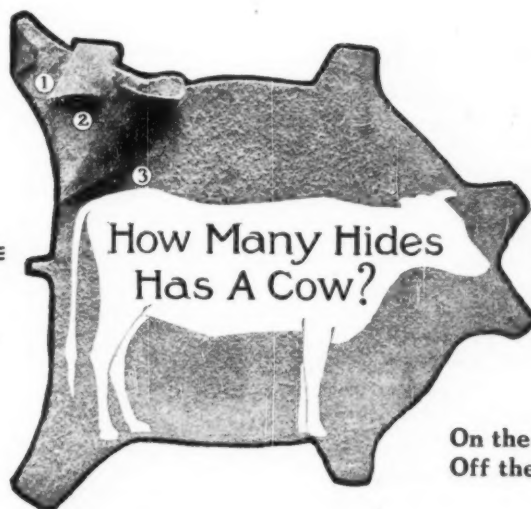
"Good old *Turtle*," said Foster to his friend; "she got her teeth home after all."

"And poor old Hathersedge," he added, remembering that there was a shortage in her complement of officers. "I was afraid he would pass his checks in for stealing my fight."

But poetic justice, however desirable, is in reality very rare. C. Trevelyan Hathersedge returned to England as Foster's passenger, and not in a box. In fact, they dined together. He had a broken leg—his reward for running down a bridge ladder that had previously been blown away; but he got better of that and his poisoning together.

It was Arkwright, the bearded, loud-laughing, companionable engineer, who had gone to join the Norsemen.

The Kaiser, like the humblest of his subjects, has had to part with all metal possessions, such as door-knobs, in order that they may be made into shells. It is believed that even his brazen front has now disappeared.—*Punch*.



On the Cow, One.  
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But—while 90 per cent. of all cowhides are split, there can be only **one** top sheet of grain leather. The under layers are merely splits—coated to look like the real article and sold as genuine leather, but they give neither its wear nor service.

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Fabrikoid looks and feels like the best leather. It is water, dust and grease proof. Furthermore it is guaranteed for one year, and back of this guarantee stands the century-old Du Pont reputation for integrity of purpose, superiority of product and financial responsibility.

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thousands of this year's cars. Choose a "Fabrikoid" upholstered auto.

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If you have been riding on haphazard pressure, you have been spending a great deal more money for tires than you need have spent.

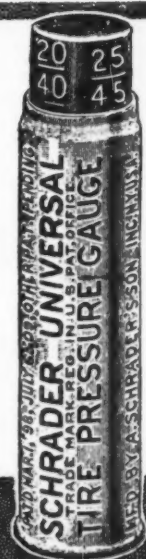
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—that contain those minute details of cut and points of finish that only a London tailor can give.



Fabrics that have won the approval of well-dressed Englishmen. Every novelty now popular in London; also soberer stuffs for quiet tastes—every piece of that quality which has made British Cloths famous.

A splendid Business Suit, cut as carefully and finished as perfectly as if you tried it on in my showrooms, at a cost of 16 dollars, or inclusion of duty 21 dollars.

Samples of fabrics—fashion booklets with accurate and easy self-measurement forms sent on request.

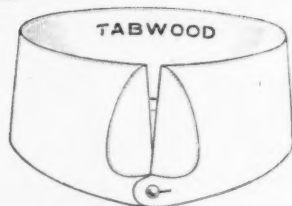
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62 Moorgate Street  
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20c., or 3 for 50c.

Suitable for evening wear, also very swell for day wear. A triumph of the collar-maker's art in a tab collar. Possessing to the highest degree the distinctiveness of style and wearing qualities that differentiate the Red Man Brand from all others.

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Makers of Troy's best product.

## DENNISTEEL

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THE BEST STEEL LOCKERS MADE IN CANADA

MADE BY

THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED  
LONDON, CANADA

## Dance of the Decimals

Continued from Page 28.

plies the means to support his ideals. Sir Herbert knows very little about shoes except the dividends which are comfortable enough. Coming from New England where shoe factories are quite prevalent it was not surprising that he should drift into the shoe business. Life is a long journey and the majority of people must walk. Sir Herbert is a philanthropist and his ideals cannot afford to go barefoot. So much for the shoe factory. When the Patriotic Fund finally passes away and Sir Herbert finds his occupation as chairman gone he will still have his little humanitarian crusades to keep him busy. Ever since he was old enough to vote, Sir Herbert has been a reformer. He is always reforming something, morals, or education or political economy or municipal government or eggs. He writes books on the subject and one way and another he is kept fairly busy. Luckily there are plenty of things to be reformed, or Sir Herbert might have started in before now to reform the Reformer which as a Conservative statesman, he is entitled to do.

Sir Herbert is an uplifter, not a professional uplifter, perhaps but a highly gifted amateur. He does more plain and fancy uplifting than any other man in Canada. Incidentally Sir Herbert is a very tall man and when he uplifts he has to uplift a long way. So far, however, he has not strained his back.

## Manitoba's Farmer Premier

Continued from Page 30.

the affairs of the country. So far their influence has been exerted chiefly in relation to matters of local administration within their own provinces. It will be felt more strongly in due time in Federal affairs. There have been attempts made in the West to form and establish a third party in the politics of Canada, to be known as the "farmer's party." The attempts have never been successful because it is recognized generally, that for all intents and purposes, the Governments of the Western Provinces, are really farmers' Governments. The Parliaments of Saskatchewan and Alberta, so far as is reflected in the laws and systems of those provinces, are for the greater part to be found in the annual conventions of the Grain Growers' and the United Farmers' Association. The wonder is, that Manitoba held aloof for so long a time from the measures of legislation which could not be refused in the two provinces farther West. The new Premier of Manitoba is a

## Distinctive Parisian Styles



The coat illustrated is Hudson Seal with moderate flare.

This coat has a slot belt at the sides, which can be worn over or under the fronts, as preferred. Length, 45 inches.

PRICE

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French-dye Skins, or

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domestic dye.

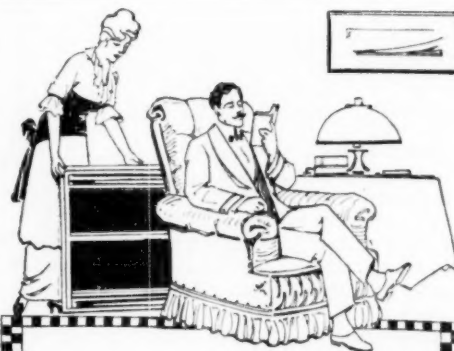
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THAT easy chair conceals the hiding place of your friend's "Elite" folding table. The top is 30 inches square, and the legs fold flat against the underside, making a most convenient, firm and compact table of general utility. The weight of the

**ELITE**  
FOLDING TABLE

is only 11 lbs. It is made in Early English, Fumed Oak, Golden Oak or Mahogany Finish. Fine quality felt top. Strong—graceful—serviceable. You need it in YOUR home for a hundred different uses. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

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Write for FREE Booklet B, describing  
our "Pacless" and "Elite" Tables

**HOUD & CO., LIMITED**  
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers  
LONDON, ONTARIO



farmer, and is an old member of the Grain Growers' Association. He understands the agricultural class perfectly, and unquestionably has the sympathetic support of the vast majority of farmers in Manitoba. Politically, as well as economically, the Hon. T. C. Norris has a rare opportunity of making a period of history for his province and himself, that will stand out in vivid contrast with that of the last fifteen years.

## The Frost Girl

*Continued from Page 34.*

hostility in her tone, and Allan turned at once to the door.

"Then I'll say good-night," he said.

"Good night," Hertha replied. She did not close the door, but stood watching him as he went down the trail.

Allan, his body weary, the reaction of his encounter with the crew setting in, the depressing effects of this mysterious hostility on the part of the Frost Girl upon him, returned slowly to camp. Wearily he dragged himself over the ice and into the circle of light about the camp fire. The men were still eating and did not look up as he dropped to a log near the blaze.

"You're looking kind of tuckered, lad," came a voice from across the blaze, and Allan sat up as though someone had jerked him from his drooping position. The voice was Hughey Munro's.

For a moment he looked at the genial face of the woodsman. Then anger flooded in, and he arose and started toward his tent.

"Come here, Munro," he said sharply, as he entered.

WHEN Hughey pulled aside the flaps he found Allan standing at the rear of the tent, a piece of crumpled paper in his hand. Hughey was about to speak, but one look at his employer's face and he remained silent. Allan, without a word, laid the paper on the folding camp table in the light of a candle and drew back.

The woodsman, bewildered, looked down at it and then up at Allan.

"What's this?" he asked at last.

"You ought to know. Read it."

Hughey bent over the table, studying the writing. Then he glanced up at Allan, still wondering.

"What is it?" he asked again.

"Read it," repeated Allan angrily.

Hughey picked up the paper and held it close to the candle. Again he glanced furtively at Allan. Then suddenly, the paper in his hand, he turned and went out of the tent.

Allan, suppressing an exclamation, sprang to the door. Hughey was going to destroy the note. But he passed the big camp fire and hurried on to where the cook was working with a new batch of bread. Allan saw the woodsman whisper in the cook's ear, handing him the paper as he did so. The cook looked

# CANADIAN PACIFIC

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"The Canadian Pacific Railway offer to the travelling public service and equipment second to none. They build, own and operate their Compartment Observation Cars, Standard Sleepers, Dining Cars, Coaches and Motive Power."

"The Canadian Pacific own and operate a line of palatial hotels along the railway from Atlantic to Pacific, thus affording their patrons every possible comfort."

Those contemplating a trip will receive full details and literature on application to any C. P. R. agent, or write

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is a profit destroyer; it runs up a heavy overhead expense for artificial lighting and makes unavailable valuable floor space.

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will flood your store, office, factory, or basement with FREE, healthful daylight, cut down your overhead expenses and make those dark, unseeable places available.

Work is better done by daylight.

Instal Luxfer Prism and do away with darkness, inefficiency and heavy overhead expenses.

Catalogue "L" shows how Luxfer Prisms will bring cheap daylight into your premises. Write for it and investigate.

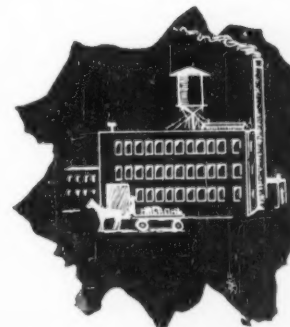
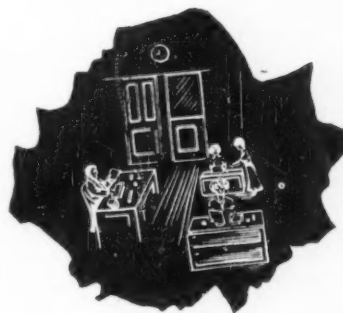
## Luxfer Prism Co., Limited

100 King Street West

Toronto, Ont.

1009 Eastern Townships Bank Bldg., Montreal

504 Canada Bldg., Winnipeg



# Why one firm lost orders

By RICHARD DAWSON

It was one of those days when everything seemed to have gone wrong. John Holt McKay was much annoyed; he had just finished reading a letter from the Colonial Furniture Company, in which they very politely told him, that they were unable to place their order with the McKay Furniture Company for their fall supply of sideboards, as they had received a more attractive offer from their competitors, and while they felt very friendly disposed towards Mr. McKay and his company, and appreciated their favors in the past, business was business, and they must buy where they felt they had received the best offer.

John Holt McKay was president of the McKay Furniture Company, and a director of many other companies, which made him a power in furniture industry of this country, and he particularly prided himself on their output of sideboards. Sideboards were only one part of the product of this company, but he had always felt that his line of sideboards were such as to rival all competition, and this was the first time the Colonial people had passed him by.

"I wonder what the reason is?" he mused to himself, and while the matter was fresh in his mind he walked into his Sales Manager's office, letter in hand, where he confronted Mr. Graham, his Sales Manager, busy over some costs.

"Look here, Graham," he said, holding out the Colonial people's letter, "we have lost that nice large order for those sideboards from the Colonial." "Do they give any reason?" "Price too high," bellows the President. "I wonder if another ten per cent. would have landed it?" "We can't stand another ten per cent. on those goods, our quotation to them was a good close figure," said Graham with assurance of a man that knew. "Well, how do the Progressive Furniture stand it, their goods cost them just as much as ours?" "They don't, that is the trouble," said Graham. "I have gone into this matter carefully, and we are spending too much money for power and heat; that is where the Progressive have got us beaten." "Aren't we using electric power, Graham, which is admitted by everyone to be the cheapest power available?" "That may be alright in the summer time, but what about the winter time, when we require to heat our factory buildings, as well as our large dry kilns, which require as much steam as all the factory buildings put together?" "I tell you we are losing money there; we pay for electric power in the winter time, the same as in the summer, and pay for our heating as well, while the Progressive Company use electric power in the summer, and they get their power for nothing in the winter." "I don't understand, Graham; how can they get their power for nothing in the winter?" "They use the same steam in the winter for running their engine to generate power as they use for heating." "Do you mean to say,"

says the President angrily, "that they do not require to burn more coal in the winter time to run their engine, and heat, than they would use for heating only?" "That is precisely what I do mean. The Progressive Company have a special heating system installed which enables them to use all the exhaust steam from their engine for heating without taking away from the power of the engine in any way, and as the amount of steam required in a furniture manufacturing plant for heating vastly exceeds that required for power, there is plenty of steam available for running their engine without requiring their boilers to generate any additional steam."

"Mr. Hutchison of the Progressive Company has told me all about the Webster Vacuum System of heating that they installed in their plant about three years ago, and he thinks it has reduced their costs ten per cent. on all their product." "What is this system," says the President, "and from whom do you obtain it, Graham?" "Darling Brothers, Limited, with head office in Montreal and branch offices in most of the principal cities in Canada are the engineers who design this system, and I have no doubt we can obtain full particulars from them, but I understand they are simply manufacturers of the special appliances that are used in connection with the system, and by which the results are obtained, and that they do not install it." "I believe that Hutchison told me that they had their system installed by a local steam fitting contractor, and I understand that all the principal steamfitters throughout the country are familiar with this system, and are in a position to furnish estimates." "Well," says the President, "we have apparently been negligent in this matter; you had better write Darling Brothers for some literature and full particulars of just what their proposition is, and also, Graham, call up Mr. Reeves of the Dominion Heating & Plumbing Company and ask him about the matter. Reeves has always attended to any work of this kind that we have required, and I expect he knows all about it. We have always found him reliable and have been well satisfied with what he has done for us, and he will tell us if there is as much in this matter as you would have me believe."

"Another thing I forgot to mention. Mr. McKay, is that I understand we will not have to scrap our present system entirely; this system is an adjunct to it; they just add the special appliances and make some slight changes in our present system."

"Well, that is all the better, Graham; look into the matter right away and don't lose any more orders like the Colonial's for sideboards."

The above is not fiction; it is an advertisement, and what is more to the point, it is a fact, and applies to other businesses besides the furniture.

at it closely. Then he arose and glared at Hughey.

Quick words followed, a discussion which the woodsman ended suddenly by grasping the cook's shoulder and shaking him. Then both bent over the fire, and the cook read the note.

Instantly Hughey was on his feet, the paper in his hands, and dashing back through the crew to Allan's tent. Allan saw him coming and withdrew to the other side of the table. He had hardly turned when Hughey burst in. His eyes blazed angrily.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded savagely.

"You ought to know."

"I don't know anything about it. I got back here about five minutes before you did. Where did you get it?"

In a few words, words intended to be contemptuous, mocking, Allan told the story of the message that had turned the dog teams away from the starving crew. When he finished Hughey did not speak. He stood looking at Allan with only injury and disappointment in his steady gaze.

"Well?" asked Allan after a moment.

"Nothing," retorted Hughey, turning and stepping quickly to the door.

"How about this?" demanded Allan angrily.

"I don't know anything about it," was the savage answer from the door. "Make out my time. I'm leaving in the morning."

"But Hughey!" cried Allan, panic suddenly seizing him, panic and the sense of personal loss, of a shattered friendship.

The woodsman stopped as he was about to lift the tent flaps and turned.

"I'll tell you this much," he said. "I never even saw a schoolhouse until I was twenty years old. That!" and he flung the note back on to the table. "Why, I couldn't even read it, let alone write it."

"Hughey!" cried Allan, springing forward and grasping the woodsman's shoulder. "Come back here. Come back here and sit down. Hit me, kick me, spit on me, anything you like, Hughey. I'm a skunk, a skunk with two stripes down his back and a white tip on his tail."

Silently the woodsman looked at his young friend. The stern lines melted. The little wrinkles about the eyes returned. The gentle, serene expression again spread over his leathery face. Then he smiled.

"I guess it's all right, lad," he said softly. "I don't blame you any. You was having a tough time of it, and it sure looked like it was me."

"I'll never forgive myself, Hughey, for having doubted you, even for an instant," exclaimed Allan.

"Now we'll forget about that and try to figure out a way to catch this fellow. We've got to lick him, lad, you and me."

## CHAPTER VIII

### The Dog Poisoner

ALLAN ate his supper and immediately afterward he and Hughey went to the chief's tent, where the woodsman

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began an account of his operations since he had left camp after the poisoning of the dogs.

"I circled around here until nearly noon," he said, "thinking there might be a sign in the bush. But there wasn't, and, when I was sure of it, I started on the back trail toward Sabawe. Twice I saw prints of where someone came in and went out, but the trail had been packed so hard, and it was so frozen, I couldn't make anything out of them.

"About the middle of the afternoon it began to snow, but I kept going, knowing I'd either catch him or find where he'd left the trail. That night I got as far as—"

Hughey stopped speaking and smiled gently. Then he arose, spread an eider-down quilt over Allan, tucked it in, blew out the candle and tiptoed out. The chief was asleep.

The next morning the crew was out early. After breakfast Hughey finished his report to Allan. He had camped when darkness overtook him the first night and then, at daylight, had again gone on. Toward noon he crossed the trail of an Indian trapper. The fresh fall of snow covered both paths alike, and there was nothing to indicate whether the man he was pursuing had turned off or kept on toward Sabawe.

Hughey knew the crew needed food at once, so he kept on to the cache and left word with the caretaker to rush the teams on to camp. Then he hurried back and turned west on the Indian's trail.

Two days followed, days of steady tramping, of careful watching, of close study of every sign.

"The second night," said Hughey, "I was just going to make camp when I saw a light ahead. I waited until it was good and dark and then sneaked up. I'd been a little suspicious from what the Indian trapper said when I stopped at his wigwam that morning, but I wasn't expecting what I did see when I got close to the camp fire."

He paused a moment, and Allan, bending forward eagerly, waited for the next word.

"It was the Frost Girl's big Indian," the woodsman continued, "the fellow we bought the grub off last fall."

"Hughey!" exclaimed Allan. "Are you sure?"

"You'd never mistake that big bow and arrow."

Allan was silent for a moment while

he watched his friend's face closely. He felt that Hughey was hiding something, that he knew more than he had told. And, with complete realization of what Hughey's discovery meant, he felt a chill creep over his body. There was a sudden sinking, stifling sensation, and he struggled to breathe as he struggled to think. Then he controlled himself and asked calmly:

"What do you make of that?"

"Well, that Indian's been working for the girl, and for her father, since he was a young one. It ain't likely, after all those years, that he starts anything on his own account."

"But that note with your name signed, Hughey? He didn't write that."

"No, but there's only one other person who could."

IT was enough. Allan believed, and, with the belief, came a realization of his own attitude toward the Frost Girl. When he had first seen her, that day on the portage, he had been obsessed with his work. When she had refused to sell him food for his crew, his mind was filled with his task.

Now, with the opposition to his work located, with the girl's attitude toward him and his project clear, the reality arose to confront him. He was in love with her. He had been in love with her but he had not known it. His anger because of the name the men of the north country had fastened upon her, his sudden, illogical dislike of the missionary, his fear when he knew the men had gone to rob her store, all these had been warnings that he did not heed, did not recognize.

As the tenderness of his feelings toward her rushed in and gained possession, as he reluctantly admitted himself that his interest in this strange girl was something more than curiosity, the seriousness of the winter's task was forgotten. His spirit, dismayed, dropped to the depths. He knew only one thing. He loved this girl, and she, for some inexplicable reason, hated him. To go on meant to oppose her, to increase that hatred, to ruin forever his chance of happiness. For he knew that only through her could he ever gain happiness again.

Swiftly these thoughts rushed through his mind. He did not attempt to control them. The facts came, presented themselves in rapid succession, were accepted. There was nothing else to do.

(To Be Continued.)

## Wireless Telephony has Arrived

*Messages Delivered Across an Ocean and Half a Continent*

SO largely has the war bulked in the mind of the world that no attention has been spared for developments of a scientific nature. It is true that research work has been very largely rendered impossible by the disturbed conditions; but quietly and without much publicity attaching to it, a miracle has been wrought. Wireless telephony has come to pass! A voice has spoken across an ocean

and half a continent. The *New York Times* tells the story as follows:

"While over all the world was being flashed the news that the human voice had been sent by wireless telephony 2,500 miles through the air—from Washington to California—a lone operator in a frame hut at the foot of a towering mast on the shore of Pearl Harbor, Hawii, knew that the human voice had been heard almost twice that distance, for he had listened to



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half and half, it is economical in time and money. It does the work with little rubbing.



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# CHALLENGE COLLARS

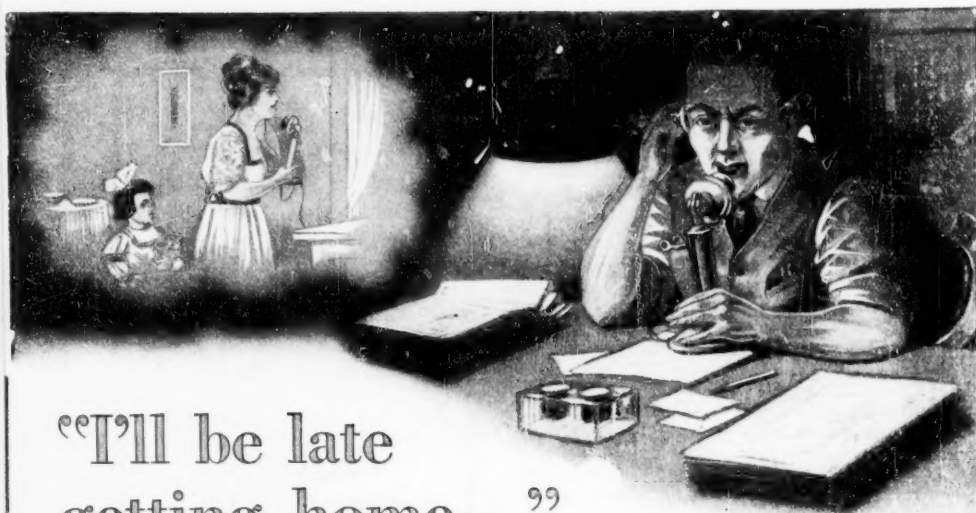
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## 'I'll be late getting home—'

"Have you got the inventory figured up yet?" inquired the manager.

"No, not yet, but we are going to stay and work on it tonight."

That expresses a situation common to offices where the inventory is figured mentally—but not in offices where Comptometers are used.

Are you going to figure up your inventory the same old way, with all its attendant worries, upset office routine, overtime, night work—only to wonder, at the end, how many undiscovered errors there may be in it?

Or will you figure it the Comptometer way—quickest, easiest, and most accurate, now generally adopted by progressive concerns in all lines of business?

## Comptometer

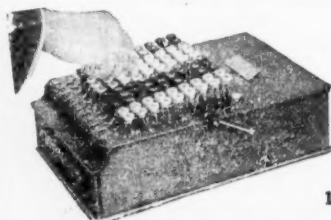
That is a question to be decided within the next thirty days. You know all about the trials and troubles of the old way—why not investigate the better way? Anything that will lighten the labor and reduce the cost of this most disagreeable task ought to be welcome in any office. If the Comptometer could not be used on anything else than inventory, it would still be worth its price for that purpose alone.

But all the splendid work of the Comptometer on inventory and other forms of calculating is merely supplemental to its efficiency as an adding machine. How much more convenient it is for the bookkeeper to have an adding machine that he can set up on the desk beside his work—one that is operated simply by depressing the keys—thus making machine adding as rapid as machine writing.

Before the January inventory comes around to swamp you again, let us demonstrate how quickly and easily and accurately it can be handled with the Comptometer; and at the same time show you how the Controlled-key automatically prevents imperfect operation and consequent mistakes.

Simply dictate a line saying "Show us the machine" or "Tell us more about it"—we will do the rest without any obligation on your part.

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### Used in Offices Where Efficiency is Essential

MARSH HYGIENIC RUBBER FINGER PADS do away with the smudge or soiled mark of the moistened finger. These pads are a valuable asset to any office. Practical and inexpensive. Corrugated to GRIP the paper. Perforated to allow ventilation. Try them out. A sample and size card sent on receipt of 10 cents, stamps or coin.

Canadian Distributors: **The Brown Bros., Limited**  
Cor. Simcoe, Pearl and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.  
Davol Rubber Co., Sole Mfrs., Providence, R.I., U.S.A.



words spoken in Washington, 4,600 miles away.

"That man was Lloyd Espenchied, an engineer for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, who had been sent to the far-off Pacific island by President Theodore N. Vail to await the test, which came as a climax of more than a year's preparation. Espenchied carried with him only a receiving-instrument, and was therefore unable to talk back to the United States naval wireless station at Arlington, Va. It was hours before he could get wireless-telegraph connection with Mare Island, Cal., and tell J. J. Carty, chief engineer of the telephone company, that a miracle had been wrought."

"The distance over which this wireless communication was held is greater than the distance from New York to London, New York to Paris, or from New York to many other important points, such as Rome, Vienna, and Berlin.

"That transatlantic wireless communication is assured as soon as the disturbed conditions in Europe will permit of tests from this country is obvious when it is remembered that it is much more difficult to send wireless-telephonic communication across land than across water. This wonderful wireless message from Washington to Hawaii had to pass over the width of the entire United States before it encountered the more simple wireless conditions of sending over water."

The actual mechanical details are not yet made public, but President Vail gave the *Times*, in a press interview, an idea of the nature of the work:

"So far as the perfection of the wireless telephone goes, there has been no new basic invention; merely a perfection of the sending and receiving instruments. Of course, in the perfection of these delicate machines there have been minor inventions. But the principle is the transmission of sound waves in the ether. In this the wireless telephone differs from the wireless telegraph. In the latter electric currents pass through the ether to the destination.

"In the wireless telephone nothing more or less has been done than to send messages precisely as they are sent over telephone wires without the wires. By a powerful current, the important factor, the vibrations at the ending station are greatly magnified. The electric-telephone message that left Arlington was strong enough to run an engine; when it was received it was probably so weak that it could be recorded only by the sensitive receiving instrument, which magnified the sound waves precipitated through the ether so that they could make a record at Hawaii. To show that the wireless part of the message was analogous to the wire part, the message I sent to Mare Island was carried to Washington by wire, there thrown out by wireless, and picked up again on a wire at Mare Island before it was heard by Mr. Carty.

"At certain times of the year, particularly in the summer, static conditions will make it uncertain. Static interference is one of the things we know very little about, and is one of the big problems to be solved. We are going after it.

"The number of calls that can be handled simultaneously on the wireless telephone is limited, but for emergency use on long distances it will be invaluable, and for use in limited areas it should prove a great boon."





## Gift Suggestions—Musical



**W**HERE relationships are close, and where it is fitting and due that a gift of costliness be made, a musical instrument is a gift supreme—whether a piano—or that wonderful instrument that is both ears and tongue, called by that most inadequate name—a talking machine.

**A** MUSICAL instrument, with its magic power to speak by harmonies to our inner souls, to soothe us when the fret of life has set our nerves atingle; to gladden us when we are sad; to arouse us when we are dispirited; to uplift us when we are down-hearted; to croon us to lullaby-land; to set our hearts and voices singing—a musical instrument craves a place in every home. As a gift, it is love's worthy token.

**B**UT there is another form of music very inexpensive and wholly essential—the musical composition or "Sheet Music," as it is called by most of us—compositions for voice, piano, violin or organ.

**T**O a musician or singer the gift of a musical composition is clearly a happy idea, and will be most welcome. A gift of this nature indicates thoughtfulness, and a study of the probable desires of the recipient of your gift. Whether a gift of this nature be made to a member of one's own family or to a friend, it is a gift after the receiver's own heart.

## NEWCOMBE PIANOS

CANADA'S FOREMOST PIANO WITH THE PERMANENT TONE

**T**HERE is no need to enumerate the points that distinguish Newcombe Pianos. They excel in all the essentials that make a good piano—Tone—Responsiveness—Permanency.

The only piano equipped with Howard's Patent Straining Rod.

**NEWCOMBE PLAYER PIANOS with the Human-Like Control**

Contain all the latest improvements and devices. They are perfect in tone, artistic in design, and capable of giving life-long service.

Call at our Warerooms or upon our nearest agent and make careful examination of our Pianos.  
If more convenient, write us.

Special Prices and Attention given to Mail Orders.

**NEWCOMBE PIANO CO., LIMITED,** Head Office and Warerooms:  
359 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

### AN INTERLUDE.

Andante espressivo  $\text{♩} = 112$ .



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The above is an excerpt from "Holiday Sketches," a book of superb Drawing-Room Piano Music, composed by the greatest of Canadian writers, Clarence Lucas. "Holiday Sketches" and "Fairy Pipers," by C. Lucas, are on the syllabus of Toronto Conservatory of Music.

### Songs for Holidays at the Fireside

An Enchanted Glade. F. A.	Lois Barker	When You Pass. Eb, F, G.	W. Sanderson
Nuthin'. Eb, G.	L. D. Carpenter	When You Come Home. D, Eb, F, G.	W. H. Squire
Where Pond Lilies Glean. C. K.	Lois Barker		
Bells of Lee, The. F, G, A.	Stephen Adams		
Strike Up a Song. Ab, Bb.	Merlin Morgan		
Love Bells. C, Db, Eb, F.	Francis Dorel		
Garden of Your Heart, The. (Duet). Ab, Bb.	Francis Dorel		
All Joy Be Thine. G, Ab, Bb, Db.	Sanderson		
Garden of Your Heart. F, Ab, Bb.	Dorel		
Little Road Home, The. D, Eb, F, G.	A. H. Brower		
Friend o' Mine. F, G, Ab, Bb, C.	W. Sanderson		
In an Old-Fashioned Town. C, D, Eb, F, G.	Squire		
Little Playmates. F, Gb, Ab.	Ellen Tuckfield		
Until. Db, Eb, F, G.	W. Sanderson		
When My Ships Come Sailing. F, G, Ab, Bb, Dorel			

#### PATRIOTIC

Canada Ever! F, Ab, Bb.	L. Lemon
On His Majesty's Service. F, G.	J. Trevalna
Soldier, What of the Night? C, D, F.	Airlie Dix
Who's That Calling? C, D.	Alicia Needham
England's Call. Bb, C.	Wilfred Sanderson

#### SACRED

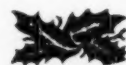
God That Madest. Db, D, Eb, F.	Wilfred Sanderson
Nearer My God to Thee. F, G, Ab.	Lewis Carey
The Angel's Ladder. Eb, F, G.	Robert Coverly
Comfort One Another. Eb, F.	Laura Lemon
God Is Our Refuge. D, F.	Lewis Carey

**BOOSEY & CO.,** Ryrie Building, **TORONTO**

Also New York and London, England.



## Gift Suggestions—Comfort or Pleasure



**A**LWAYS in choosing a gift, one's thought should dwell on the one to whom the gift is to be made: What will be enjoyed or appreciated by him or her? What will gracefully or fittingly accord with the relationship which exists?

**T**HIS year in particular gift-makers are choosing practical gifts—things to be worn or used, not gently necessarily, but practically. Suppose, for example, that the family wished to give the man of the house a fur coat, or a sleigh robe, or a set of bells, or gauntlets, or a blanket for his driving horse, or a set of harness, the gift would be exceedingly well chosen, and would have an enthusiastic welcome.

A generation or more ago, buffalo robes were universal. They were so cheap, so warm, so useful that everybody with a horse and cutter or sleigh had one or several. But the buffalo robe is now a thing unknown and unused.

**T**HANKS be, however, the buffalo has a surviving brother—the musk ox. Its hairy hide is magnificent for a sleigh or cutter robe—for a covering for the knees, or to hang over the back as a rich and right winter decoration. Also a musk-ox robe makes a fine gift to the motorist.

**T**HEN there is that very happy gift—the instrument of music which talks and sings, plays the piano and becomes a whole orchestra when required to do so. The instrument that seems to be an echo, capturing speech and song, and the strains of music, and releasing them on demand.

This most wonderful instrument is more like a dream than a reality, has a cultural power of inestimable value. In every home the music of the kings and queens of England and of the world's great composers can be learned, and the true result is a growth in the desire for the best things—though for variation a little nonsense now and then is permissible.

This suggests a thought: Give your friend a talking machine, a record or two, if you are puzzled to know just what to give.

A Good Opportunity



Makes An Ideal Gift

### For Automobiles, Carriages and Sleighs **MUSK OX ROBES**

**O**WING to unusual conditions in the Fur Trade this season, we were able to purchase the finest selection of Musk Ox Robes we have ever had, and at a price that allows us to offer them at less than half the usual cost.

These robes are of the very best quality, the Musk Ox having been killed in full season; the fur is both long, silky and very thick, of a very rich seal brown color, also with long central curl with silvery effect. All robes are well lined with best quality felt.

The Musk Ox Robe is an ideal covering for automobilists, and owners should not be without one at the price we are now offering.

There is a complete range from \$65.00 up, according to size.

Order to-day. Further particulars on request.



**Lamontagne, Limited**

ESTABLISHED 1869

338 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal  
Manufacturers of Quality Harness, Trunks, Bags, etc.

### Why Mortgage Next Year's Salary for a Christmas Present?

The Modern Phonograph, "The BEST-PHONE," plays all makes of disc records—EDISON, VICTOR, COLUMBIA.

#### Phonograph, \$29.70 Complete

5-ply mahogany top, solid mahogany base, metal sound chamber similar to EDISON and AEOLIAN VOCALION. ALL-metal motor. Combination Diamond and Needle Reproducer. Cabinet. Genuine Mahogany front, back and sides. Birch Mahogany top and posts. Holds one hundred records. Dimensions of outfit, 43 inches high, 17 inches wide, 17 inches deep. Judge this instrument by its wonderful tone, not by its price.

#### DEALERS WANTED EVERYWHERE

Mail orders will be shipped promptly on receipt of cheque. **Money back if you want it.** The regular price of this outfit is \$33. We give ten per cent. for cash or will arrange suitable terms. Phonograph separate, \$22.50 cash, \$25 on time. Continuous recitals in our store, using all makes of records, every day and evening.

THE BEST-PHONE COMPANY, 103 Yonge St., TORONTO



Phone  
Main 7335

### Another Foster Story

In February MACLEAN'S will appear the fourth of the series of Sea Stories, by V. Leese, chronicling the adventures of Sub-Lieutenant Foster of the British Navy. "The Man in the Inverness Coat" is the best that Mr. Leese has yet written.





## Gift Suggestions—The Gift Sensible



**T**IME was when mops were scorned as being without dignity or class. Their habitat was a pail of horribly dirty water. They scrubbed dirty floors, and were wrung with a vengeance, being despised.

**T**HIS type of mop survives — still performs its lowly, useful, necessary service. But it has a fashionable sister, a lady of high degree, who loves to sweep over highly-polished floors, who doesn't like to wet her feet or fingers, who believes in dry-cleaning, and who hates dust; simply won't endure it! A very fluffy sort of dame.

**T**HIS sort of mop makes a fine Christmas present, and is welcomed in the best society. High-born ladies take to her very kindly, and so, too, do those humbler women whose goings and comings, doings and dresses never get written up in the Woman's Page of our daily papers.

**T**HEN there is that other would-be occupant of every home, whose aspirations reach no higher than the kitchen. Miss Kitchen Cabinet, her cards are engraved—no, they're just plain printed. But Miss K. Cabinet has kitchen manners — she whispers in company! She goes right up to men and women and WHISPERS: "I'd like to live in your home. I'm just a servant, I know, but I'm a most economical servant, and I'm neat and tidy, and good looking." Rather brazen, is it not?

John Doe—or should it be John Doughnut!—if you want to have a smiling wife, one who will be a regular Cinderella—a lover of the kitchen and vessels and fire; a wife to make pies better than mother used to make—then engage Miss Kitchen Cabinet permanently. And—sh!—you may do a little spooning and innocent love-making with her when the Good Woman is off on a holiday, or stays away overlong with her elegant friends in Society, leaving you, poor man, to get your own breakfast or supper, or both.

## Practical Gifts That Please



The Tarbox Triangular (no oil to soil) Dry-Dusting Mop has revolutionized house cleaning and taken away its drudgery.

"Tarbox" Dry-Dusting Mops are not Dry Mops. Note the distinction.

No re-treatment is required. A chemical treatment of a dust absorbent that is more efficient for dusting purposes than oil is given. This lasts as long as the Mop. It is not greasy and will not smear nor soil.

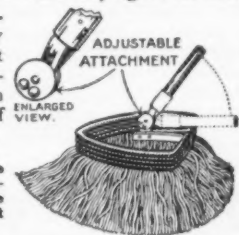
Once you have a Tarbox Dry-Dusting Mop there is no further cost of up-keep. No slippery, sticky compound to use. When the mop becomes coated with dust, it only needs a simple wash with soap and hot water and it is ready again for use.

It is the simplicity, convenience and economy of the Tarbox mop that has won the enthusiastic recommendation from thousands of practical housewives.

Ask your dealer for the Tarbox Triangular Dustless Mop. It will make an acceptable gift. Get one in your home.

Last year we received many delinquent orders by wire, right up to Christmas Eve. Good service cannot be given under those conditions.

Manufactured by  
**TARBOX BROS., Toronto, Canada**  
J. & A. McFARLANE, LTD., Glasgow, Scotland  
Sole Factors for the United Kingdoms.



## Give Her a Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet!

and confer a boon upon her that gives years of satisfaction and save weary running to and fro.

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet is a real economy to the home. It eliminates waste, saves on grocery bills, keeps edibles clean and wholesome.

The cabinet is dustproof. It makes for order and cleanliness; it is ideal for keeping cooking ingredients; fitted with airtight jars, canisters, etc. Expensive—not a bit of it—it's a big saving—it's a business proposition for the kitchen. Efficiency—carry your business judgment to the kitchen—get your wife the benefits of the Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet.

Write for booklet "A" showing our many handsome designs

Look for the Trademark

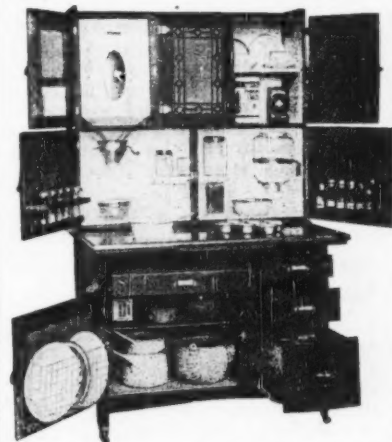


Registered  
MADE IN CANADA

Sold in every town and city by leading furniture stores.

**Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co.**  
Limited  
HANOVER, ONTARIO

## The Very Best Present for Your Wife



IT IS A REAL KITCHEN ECONOMY  
SHE'LL BE DELIGHTED



## Gift Suggestions—Electric Hand-Maids



**C**AN there be a better gift to the home-worker than a labor or time-saving device? The gift of utility never fails of appreciation. Usually there is thus provided something long-desired and long-resisted for lack of money.

□

**T**HE lady of the coffee-pot is prouder than Punch—or should we say Judy?—when she sits behind an electric percolator. The coffee is always hot, and, of course, is always good. The ability to make good tea or coffee widens a woman's esteem by those to whom she is hostess.

□

**T**HINK, Husband of Her, and Son of Her, and Big Brother of Her, of a table equipped with things electric!—a toaster, a grill, an egg-boiler. Ah, to give a gift of this sort is to lay oneself open to the charge of giving oneself a gift by the indirect and supposedly undetected route! But the Lady who Presides is perfectly willing to receive gifts of this sort—gifts which are suspiciously selfish.

□

**S**UPPOSE you give the family an electric stove or air-warmer—something that all can enjoy. Or let it be an electric iron, if the Keeper of the Robes and Milady of the Bedchamber does not possess this most useful and most expeditious utility.

□

**T**HOSE sockets into which plugs can be put so quickly are not a tenth appreciated by the average man. All he expects to get out of them or through them is light. But, bless you, there's heat, and there's power and there's time saved and labor saved and money saved—yes, and vitality saved. Man, the husband of one wife; the brother of one sister, the son of one mother, give this Christmas an electric utility and you'll see a happy countenance—one that will stay happy, and into which wrinkles will be slow in coming.

## An All Year Christmas Gift



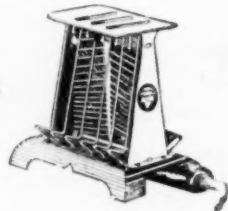
Christmas comes but once a year—but a Canadian Beauty Electric Appliance—famous for quality and utility—is a gift that will last all year and many years. Make this a Christmas of useful giving. Take your list to a Canadian Beauty dealer. You will be surprised at how many of the names his display will dispose of.

## Canadian Beauty ELECTRIC APPLIANCES



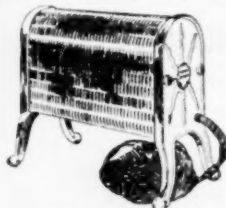
PERCOLATOR

Perfection of Design  
Means Complete  
Satisfaction



TOASTER

The Canadian Beauty line was designed by experts. No improvement has been missed—but no unnecessary whims have been added. In design Canadian Beauty appliances are handsome, economical and very practical.



AIR WARMER

Excellence of Construction  
Insures Long  
Service



TOASTER GRILL

We pride ourselves on the high quality of materials and workmanship that go into Canadian Beauty appliances. They are built to give service—not merely to sell at a price. The very best of metals—the most expert workmen—the most modern machinery—these are the factors that insure the long life of Canadian Beauty appliances.

### SEE YOUR DEALER WHILE DISPLAY IS COMPLETE

Christmas is very near now. You must see the Canadian Beauty dealer in your neighborhood at once. He will show you many appliances that will just fill a need in your own home—or the home of a friend. See him to-day—or write us for catalog.



NOTE HOW BACK REST  
REVERSED FORMS STAND  
CONVERTING IRON INTO  
STOVE

IRON

Renfrew Electric  
Mfg. Co., Ltd.

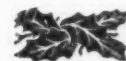
RENFREW

CANADA





## Gift Suggestions—Of a Firey Kind



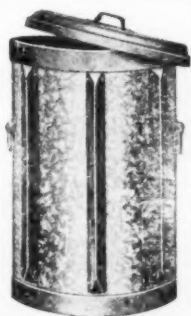
**I**F it is to a man who smokes that you wish to make a gift, then cigars suggest themselves very promptly. From one man to another, from wife to husband, son to father, cigars make a happy choice.

**W**HAT is, of course, if the cigars are good. If you have read "Potash and Perlmutter," you will recall that the cigars they had to give to callers and customers were graded to fit the grade or value of the customer. Friendship, however, demands always good cigars. One gives cheap or low-grade cigars to those whom one esteems not at all. Therefore be careful to choose cigars that will make the smoker linger over his smoking of them, and praise them, and think kindly of you.

**L**ITTLE cigars — whiffs you may call them—for short smokes, to live about as long as a cigarette would, are a happy idea; and they have this merit: they enable you to give 10 or so for an inconsiderable price. One doesn't have to buy 25 or 50 or 100, unless one wants to. Quantities of 10 are just right in many cases.

**A**N ash sifter might look a little odd beside the fire-place by which Old Santa makes his way into our homes. But wouldn't it be applauded? The man of the house who pays the bills has a constant grudge against his coal dealer, or the maker of his furnace or hot water boiler or stove—because of so much good coal not consumed. The truth often is that the cause of much unburned coal is a human being who doesn't look after shaking the fire, drafts and so on as he or she should. Yes, a humble ash-sifter may just be the very best family gift possible.

**L**AMP SHADES! Perhaps you didn't think of them! Yet they require but to be suggested to commend themselves. A great deal of thought and craftsmanship and art has gone into the making of lamp shades. Lamp shades are the exact answer to many a gift-maker's question—"What shall I give her?"



### Canada Dustless Ash Sifter SAVES COAL—SAVES WORK

The "Canada" is absolutely dustless. It may be kept inside the house, as the dust cannot leave the barrel. Or if kept outside, it will not rust. Will soon pay for itself in fuel saved.

### Canada Indestructible Sanitary Can

Made in three sizes.

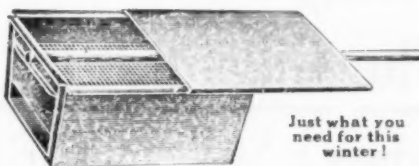
The Biggest Improvement in Garbage Cans ever produced. Perfectly sanitary. Will stand the roughest usage. Get one!

Ask your dealer for the Canada Dustless Ash Sifter and the Canada Garbage Can—or write us direct for full particulars.

J. SAMUELS, 275 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA



### Sift Your Ashes Without Dust



Just what you  
need for this  
winter!

The "Daisy Ash Sifter" easily and quickly separates the ashes from the valuable, unburnt coal, without raising any dust. Your coal and ashes can then be removed without your clothes being soiled.

Easy to handle—and gives perfect satisfaction!

Ask your dealer to show you the "Daisy." Or, if he does not carry it, write us direct for full information and price delivered to you.

**SOREN BROS., Tinware Manufacturers**  
549 King Street West, Toronto, Canada

### SILK FLAGS OF THE ALLIES

FOR TABLE DECORATIONS

Complete Set, Including Stand

20c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c, postpaid

**HARVIE'S Lamp Shade Store**  
605 Yonge Street  
Telephone, North 3171  
Toronto, Ont.



### Xmas Cigars

Tobacco grown on the British Island of Jamaica makes a cigar which is unequalled for flavor and aroma.

To introduce these cigars to Canadian smokers, we quote the following

#### SPECIAL PRICES:

Brands of Cigars	Boxes containing	
	10	25
Imperiales .....	\$1.50	\$3.50
Gentlemen .....	1.40	3.25
Flor de Jamaica ..	1.25	3.00
Governors .....	1.15	2.75
Londres .....	1.00	2.25
1915 .....	.90	1.95
Reinitas .....	.80	1.75
Panetelas .....	.70	1.45
After Supper .....	.55	1.15

**V. L. CUNNINGHAM & CO.**  
714 Yonge Street, TORONTO, ONT.  
Also at West India Exhibits, 69 King St. West

### More Big Writers for MacLean's

**T**HE editors are completing arrangements with a number of other writers of prominence, and future issues will be enriched by the work of several of the best-known authors in the world to-day. It is fully determined to make MacLean's take rank as the best magazine on the market in this country or elsewhere.



## Gift Suggestions—For a Man



**L**OVE and regard call for the exercise of thoughtfulness, and for gifts of significance. Also, this year, more than other years, there is a tendency to choose the useful gift.

**S**AMSON might not have been a prompt customer for a safety razor were such comforts and inventions known in his day, but many a modern Samson—Shorn Samson or Shearing Samson—blesses the Safety Razor.

**S**EE him standing up in a swaying Pullman. If he had the old-kind razor it would be death to him to attempt to shave there—or near-death. See him, too, with an unscarred or unmarked face, and you can guess that he's a "Safety First" man.

**B**ARBERS are a necessity—that's admitted; but many a man who helps to make barbers rich and autocratic as the Kaiser, should shave himself, and he would do it if he were aware of the comfort and ease of a Safety.

**A** SAFETY RAZOR is bought countless times by women to give as presents to their guild men. What to give a man is very perplexing. Men have so few wants—so they say! But, seriously, what to give a man who doesn't smoke or drink the brews of John Barleycorn, or play golf or own a motor—well, it's a problem. But Nature has given man a beard or moustache—actually or potentially—and so every man is an actual or potential razor-user.

**H**OWEVER, the matter rests with you. The suggestion is offered. And if it is an answer to your perplexity—why, go and buy the razor.

### *Tied with Ribbon and Holly*



## The Gillette "Bulldog" Razor brings a Smile on Christmas Morning

What better thing can you do for a young man than to put within his reach—FREE—every day, the finest shave in the world?

*That's what the gift of a Gillette means!*

The new "Bulldog", with its stocky grip and splendid balance, makes a strong appeal to the young man. Or perhaps he'd like an "Aristocrat" or a Pocket Edition.

Gillette "Bulldog", \$5.00 —  
"Aristocrat", \$5.00 — Standard  
Set, \$5.00 — Pocket Editions,  
\$5.00 to \$6.00 — Combination  
Sets, \$6.50 up.

Christmas also gives you a chance to put Father or Uncle in touch with real shaving luxury in the form of a Gillette Combination Set.

If he has never had a Gillette, its velvet shave will be a revelation and a daily delight.

If he already has a Gillette, the Combination feature will be an added convenience, particularly when he is travelling.

About the finest "little gift" for a Gillette user is a Packet of Blades—50c. and \$1.00.

**Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited,**  
GILLETTE BUILDING, . . . MONTREAL. 86







## Gift Suggestions—Electrical



**O**N this page are suggestions to the father or husband, or to the big brother; or to sons and daughters of a faithful mother. Gifts such as those suggested may add years to the life of a loved one, and assuredly add many hours of needed leisure.

**Y**OU will hit the nail on the head, so to speak, if you choose as your best gift to some friend, or to some one of your own household, an electric lamp, or an electric stove, or range, or iron, or vacuum cleaner, or toaster, or chafing dish, or any one of a half-dozen other things which depend for their serviceableness on that strange and invisible force—electricity. We live in a wonderful age.

**E**DISONS a-many everywhere have been capturing this fluid or "juice," as it is vulgarly called, and making it a servant of the people. And because electricity is so clean, so powerful, so controllable, it has engaged the best thought of minds of incomprehensible genius, and these minds have given us utilities that once kings could not possess, and given us these wonders for small, paltry sums.

**T**HE thing is: give electrical equipments a place on your list of gifts. Gifts of this nature are of the sensible type. They perform a joint service for many days.

**Y**OU will be blessed day after day for years to come by that friend to whom you give one of the new-kind mirrors—with an electric light attachment. With these mirrors one can always see himself or herself brilliantly illumined. This cannot be said of ordinary mirrors. Then another novelty is the electric lantern—useful a thousand times for dozens of uses. Truly electricity is a good friend.

### A Reading Lamp Makes An Ideal Xmas Gift

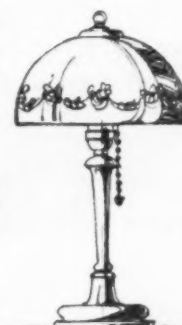
The convenience and luxury of an Electric Lamp cannot well be over-estimated. Apart from the attractive appearance in any room, the softer light it gives is ideal for working or reading.

#### This Dainty and Attractive Boudoir Lamp FOR \$6.50 COMPLETE

A pretty ornament and a useful article in any room. This lamp has an 8-inch hand-decorated shade, is finished in brush silver, has chain pull socket, and attractive metal base. It is extraordinary value at \$6.50.

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## Gift Suggestions—Chocolates



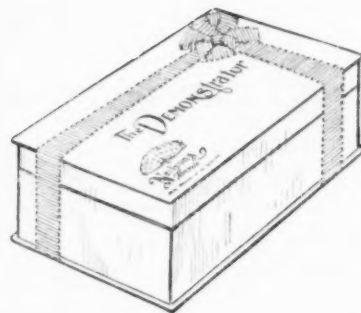
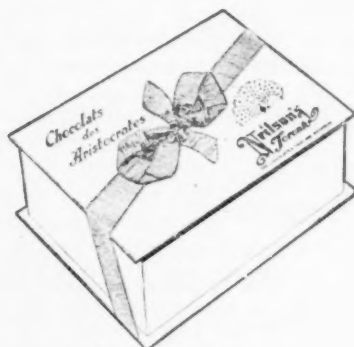
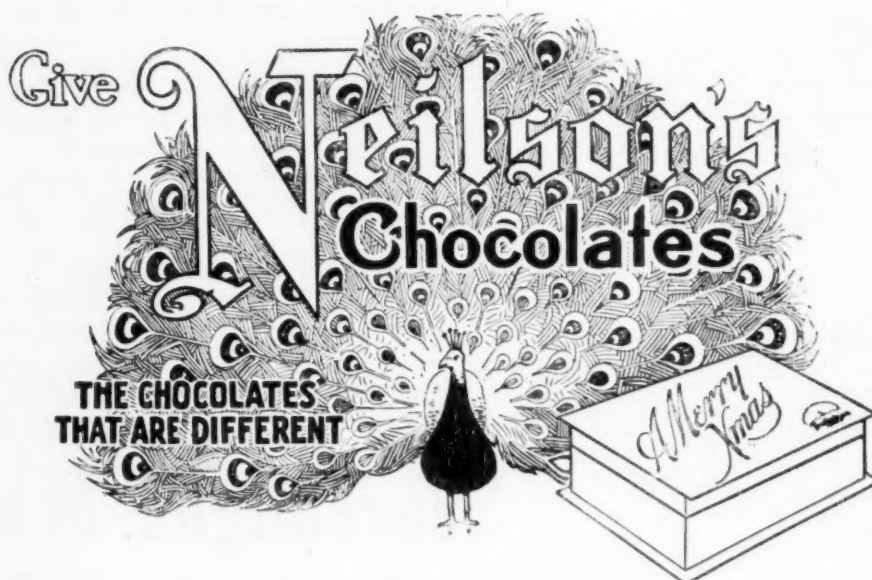
WHERE friendship desires to express itself graciously, without the suggestion of outlays of money, a box of chocolates can be chosen happily. But let the chocolates be good.

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ALSO, to those who occupy subordinate positions, and to whom it would be wrong to make gifts that betoken friendship, equality, intimacy, or regard, a box of chocolates becomes a well-chosen gift.

HERE is an idea: Suppose that you leave instructions with your confectioner to deliver a box of really choice chocolates, on the first day of each month, or on the 25th of every month, for a period of twelve months, to some one whom you love, and whose love you desire to retain or win. Good chocolates have a remarkable power to create good-will and affection.

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Druggists  
and  
Confectioners  
Sell Them



## Drink Reform in the U.S.A.

*What Has Been Accomplished and What the Future Holds Out*

UNDER the caption "Drink Reform in the United States", John Koren has contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* a careful review of the temperance situation in that country. Space does not permit the reprinting of any part of his well thought out argument, and a glance at his summarized findings will have to suffice. His summing up of actual conditions at present is as follows:

(1) That there is a growing tendency toward personal moderation and practical abstinence, partly as a result of a keener appreciation of the evils of alcoholism and partly through the amelioration of social standards and habits.

(2) That the public attitude toward intemperance has undergone profound changes which are reflected in social intercourse, in the demands of transportation and commerce and industries, and more and more in legislation against inebriety.

(3) That the temper of our people as a whole does not support the saloon of to-day as a desirable institution; many who vote against prohibition contend that the saloon must be removed from the country villages and crossroads, and they find support even within the "trade" itself.

This, he contends, is indeed a "measurable progress toward sobriety and cleaner living." He is doubtful, however, if the time is yet ripe for national prohibition, which would entail compulsory legislation in certain States where urban population predominates. He says:

This much is certain: any sudden enthusiasm for reform is apt to lack depth. The alleged ripeness of the country for national prohibition is not the fruition of physiological-statistical teachings about the effects of alcohol. The masses are not moved by scientific conceptions. Happily, sound instruction in principles of hygiene has become a powerful weapon in fighting intemperance; but this fact does not reduce the drink problem to a physiological basis, much less excuse the palpable exaggerations and the confusion of values put out in the name of science. It is a social, not a physiological question, and to be solved not by sifting the conflicting dicta of scientists, not as a matter of abstract morals, but by a gradual progress backed at each forward step by an enlightened public sentiment. To insist that in a space of years a hostile attitude will become reconciled to national prohibition is to beg the question, for then the mischief to be averted will already have been done—a too frequent experience when legislation outstrips public conviction.

It has been necessary to dwell thus at length upon the prohibition issue because it is the present storm-centre of temperance reform and held by many to be its beginning as well as its consummation. Perhaps, in a far-away future, society will outgrow the menace of alcoholism. Practically universal prohibition may be in store for the world.



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# The Business Outlook

Out of Their Earnings the Canadian People Will Have as Much to Spend as to Save

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Mr. Appleton expresses the opinion that the Canadian people, out of the abundance of the year's crop, will have a large amount to spend as well as to save. While the people of the Dominion will, no doubt, accept the general advice tendered them to exercise strict economy they can't wear threadbare clothes and exist on low diet in a temperature ranging around zero. The needs incident to frugal living will be of sufficient volume to stimulate business. The value of the crop, in Mr. Appleton's opinion, is \$250,000,000 more than a year ago, and Canada as a result will have at the close of this year a favorable trade balance of \$200,000,000—a record.

SOME very excellent advice is being offered to the Canadian people to live frugally and thereby economize. It has occurred to some minds that this is the way to make business poor. They regard the decision to make a suit do for another year as so much business lost; on the other hand by scrapping the old suit and getting another makes business. The man who makes the old suit serve for another year, by the application of a few "home-made" patches, has the satisfaction of feeling *Business, Economy and Citizenship.* he has the price of the suit not bought in his pocket.

Moreover, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has the cash to invest in the war loans that will be issued by his country. His country is at war, and it is the business of its men folk to carry it on. They can assist by either taking to the rifle themselves or supplying the wherewithal for others to do so. The majority have to do the latter and to get the money together to send substitutes means saving—that is spending as little as possible or as little as is consistent with frugal and commonsense living. To do this means that annually there's a host of things that are required and the providing of them will make business good—or better at any rate than it has been during the past year.

By buying the war loan just issued by Canada its citizens are storing up prosperity. They are beginning to pay their debts as they go along. Investing is only possible by saving. The one that spends all that he or she earns is not saving and in consequence will not have anything to place at the disposal of their country to fight off or disarm its enemies.

Nor will they be setting aside a penny to maintain, reward or nurse the thousands of dependants that will have a first mortgage on the honor and the purse of the nation—when the war is won. To-day's frugality will have its reward in steadier business now and better business after the war and contrariwise the reward of thriftlessness will be national depression. Worse than that the nation would not be as strong in the fight, nor as able to provide the measure of comfort that will be the due of the orphan and the maimed. With so great a responsibility on the na-

tion's shoulder the advocate of liberal buying for the sake of giving employment and "making business is the espouser of selfish rather than the country's interests. Biologically advocates of the type should be classed as parasites.

But what has this to do with the business outlook? Everything. When the expenditures of the country are greater than its income the imperative duty of its citizens is to spend as little and save as much as possible. If the citizens, either

as city or village units, or as a nation continue to spend more than they save the outlook for business will be extremely unpropitious. On the other hand if with increased expenditure there is increased economy—economy in proportion to the increase of expenditure—then you may look for stability in business. Those classes of business that cannot withstand the strain of a period of frugal living during which excesses of all kinds—gastro-nomic, sartorial, or social display—are eschewed, had better disappear. In times of stress they are superfluous and not useful at any time.

Canada is settling down to win the war and of this one excellent sign is to be found in that the mechanic and the farmer, both now enjoying high rates of remuneration for their labor, are setting aside for a rainy day a larger proportion of their savings. They will at the same time live well but not luxuriously. They can and will buy necessities. For some years—two or three at least—they have been making their old clothes do with the result that they are now

down to a point where little is left to resist the haul on the buttons. A wholesaler told the writer that the demand for nails was extraordinary in his case and he explained the sudden demand by a desire on the part of the farmers to fix up their homes. This was in the West. Perhaps in addition the farmers were building granaries to safely house their wheat. Be that as it may the farmers are making the stores in the country very busy and there never was a time when they were so well able to buy and save as this year.

Every business man has had his eye fixed on the west during the last few weeks. The output of the fields continues



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to astonish everyone. It's a freak crop undoubtedly. However, behind the freak there was more and better cultivation than usual. No one will deny that the freak occurred at an appropriate time. As yet the prophets have not said that it is one of the "signs and tokens" that the Kaiser has not fully secured control of the last-named member of the firm of "Me & Gott." Canada was blessed by nature's bounty to a degree surpassing all expectations and all estimates. These blessings we can measure in cars of wheat most conveniently, and here they are:

GRAIN INSPECTION AT WINNIPEG	1915	1914
2 Months ending Oct. 31.....	87,686	51,325
Nov. 1 to Nov. 23 .....	35,549	8,836
	123,235	60,161

Increase over 1914—104%.

In the face of so large a product it will be very hard for anyone to conclude that business can be otherwise than better.

And so it is. But large as a crop may be its value depends on the price that the producers get for it.

This year they are receiving more than normal and the outlook is that the price will remain as good as it is at present. We have to bear in mind in this connection that before the close of navigation not more than 100,000,000 bushels of wheat—or thereabouts—will be shipped from the head of the lakes. There will be left to sell abroad about 150,000,000 bushels. Will Canada get for the last part of the crop which cannot be sent to seaboard before next summer as good a price as she is getting now. Indications are that she will. For instance at the present time the price of foodstuffs in England is as high as it has been for many years. In the United States that cost of food for an ordinary family is higher than it has been since 1912 and in Great Britain commodity prices are now on the highest level they have been since 1866. It is fortunate therefore for Canada that at such a time and under such circumstances her harvest is the greatest in her history and the world demand for the great bulk of her products is so far above the normal.

In so far as the cereal crops are concerned we have been able to take their measure with some degree of accuracy and get a clear grasp of their bigness. Not so, however, with other crops.

**Crop Worth \$250,000,000 More Than Last Year.** They are up to the average in quantity and above the average in value. Later, another month, we will be able to give more specific information as to their value. For the time being, in our opinion, their value is about \$50,000,000 more than normal. Taking the cereal and all field crops together they have a value of \$250,000,000 more than a year ago.

We have in addition to war expenditure our usual annual bill for interest. Mr. White, the Minister of Finance, when he announced the big loan at a meeting in Toronto said that on money borrowed by Canada for all purposes abroad the annual interest charge was \$140,000,000. That is a conservative estimate. It amounts to about \$12,000,000 a month and

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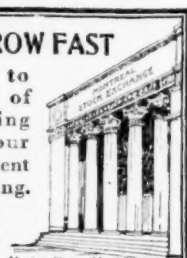


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cannot be considered trifling. Big crops are needed. Further, let it be added, economy also is needed. The more careful we are in utilizing this wealth of crop—the less of it we use on our backs, gay times and prodigious buying of needless things to "make business"—the less we will have for export, that is to send abroad to pay our interest bills, also to buy things that will be of use to us not for prodigal living but to enable Canada to produce more wealth.

It is one thing to have a big crop and another thing having the skill to make the best of it and the plant to handle it economically. A few

*Our Busy Railroads—Their Capacity Taxed.*

months ago Canadians had a tendency to repent for alleged indiscretions in railroad building enterprise. To-day we find that the crop is being sent to market as rapidly as the available land transportation facilities will permit. To get these facilities the credit of our provinces and the Dominion Government was freely pledged. In this regard the bulk of the people thought that a mistake had been made. Time only will tell. For the moment, however, the fact is that our plant and rail facilities are not too great for the task so great a crop has imposed upon them. We borrowed the money to get these facilities and we have to repay the money with the excess of the commodities they carry that we do not need for our own sustenance and comfort. It will take more than one big crop to do that and assume our proper share of the cost of the war. Mr. Barron, the president of *Wall Street Journal*, says that we will require more railways. So we will, but it would be better for us if we lighten the load assumed for those already built before we enter upon further expansion in that direction. Very well, then, the thing to do is to economize and build up a greater surplus of exportable wealth. As this grows so will general business of a sound character. Selling debentures and using the proceeds to "find employment" will not help us in that direction. Nor will selling debentures to make contributions to the Patriotic Fund do so. All such expenditures should be met out of current taxes and to be able to pay these taxes strict measures of economy should be enforced. Mr. Barron, already quoted, stated that when speaking to Lord Cowdray, in London, respecting the increase in the British income tax, he commented upon its burdensome character. His Lordship said that he did not mind if the tax took all he had with the exception of bread and butter. That is the spirit—the economy that will have to be practised—if we are to establish business in Canada upon a stable basis.

It will be a retrograde step if Canadians, as a result of the year's abundant harvest, departs from the economy of the past two years. Within that period they have reversed their trade balance. More goods are being sold Abroad than are being bought. If this tendency continues business will improve. At present our exports are double the volume of

imports as at this season of the year they should be. In October Canada sold abroad merchandise to the extent of \$80,000,000 which is a high record for one month. Of this amount the products of the field represented \$39,000,000 and the produce of animals about \$12,000,000. The farm, therefore, is responsible during October for exports at the rate upwards of \$2,000,000 per day. For that month—October—the balance in favor of Canada is approximately \$40,000,000. For the first ten months of the year the balance is \$101,000,000. By the end of the twelve months the balance will be approximately \$200,000,000.

From the depression which was well rooted before the war, and from the disorganization which followed it, Canada is recovering. Business is already better than it has been for over a year. As a remedy for the ills that beset her production on a larger scale was prescribed and greater production has resulted. There is very positive evidence that a good beginning has been made. It is, however, only a beginning. By keeping at it—at the lathe as well as the plow—Canada can place herself in the position of being able to ward off the worst of the after-war consequences and from now on enjoy a steady improvement in business on a stable basis. To attain this condition economy and more production will be necessary. Economy will make it unnecessary to buy so much from, and production will enable us to sell more abroad. We should always have very much more to sell than we have to buy.

At the present time reports from every part of the Dominion are to the effect that lathes are busy upon the production of munitions of war. That for the time being is keeping fully employed every available man that is skilled in the use of metal-working tools. A report from Hamilton from a most reliable source is to the effect that the people as a whole are fully employed; that there is no unemployment and that wages paid are fully up to the average. Moreover, cash purchases are being made in a more normal way. This city is perhaps the most typical manufacturing centre in the Dominion, and conditions there reflect those at other points.

Making tools for war purposes is not a staple business. To-morrow may bring conditions that would empty the factories depending on it. Only a few days ago it was announced from London that the industries of Great Britain and France were now so well organized and equipped that it would not be necessary to place more large orders in the United States. Maybe there's a hint for Canada here. It is hoped that orders will continue to come but they cannot be wholly depended upon. The allies, however, will have to come to Canada for foodstuffs as long as they are at war. They will require our nickel, zinc and our steel. We can rest assured that so long as war lasts our products will be in demand. But what is of far greater importance is the laying of foundations for business after the war ends.



At present factories all over the Dominion are feeling the effects of the good crop. There are no very great demands but the number of them is steadily increasing and the buyer is cautious in preferring to buy in quantities that he can give cash for rather than big orders on long terms. A dozen points


in the Canadian West report that lumber yards are very bare. If more enquiries were made, no doubt, the same answer would be obtained. This bareness of the lumber yards results in a better feeling among the lumber men of British Columbia. These men have met with some obstacles, one of which was the closing of the Panama Canal, which shut them out of the New England market where the industrial improvement is also stimulating building. But the canal will soon be opened and the British Columbia lumber men will be able to place the timber of that country into the homes being built in on the Atlantic seaboard. What, however, is British Columbia's loss is to some extent a gain to the Eastern Canadian provinces which have lumber to sell at the advancing price levels in New England States.

From one source and another demands upon Canadian industries are growing but the source most reliable is that of the home market. That is improving and will continue to do so. Stability of business depends upon it and until our factories are fairly well employed on supplying home demands uncertainty—or lack of confidence will prevail.

Reports have been going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that our industries are making huge profits—blood money—out of the manufacturing of war munitions. Most of the manufacturers with whom the writer has discussed the question are of the opinion

that the profits can't be counted until the goods produced are paid for. In one case, the filling of an order for cars for Russia a very considerable margin was added to the estimated cost and on to the margin another sum was added for contingencies. An exact statement of the case in point was exhibited to the writer. Before the order was delivered the costs ran into the margin allowed for profit and the proportion set aside for contingencies was encroached upon. As one load of the cars was shipped its progress was interrupted by the closing of the Panama Canal. Another dispatched by the Mediterranean had to dodge torpedoes, and another did not succeed. Between the making and the final payments there are many hazards. Most of the talk about huge profits may be safely classed as a rehearsal of what many would like to eventuate—another case of counting chickens before they are hatched.

In the case of the steel business demands upon it at the present time are enormous. Some Canadian steel has been sold to the United States and now there is no doubt but that Canadian manufacturers will have some trouble in getting a supply to cover their own requirements. Meanwhile the price is soaring. Ordinary



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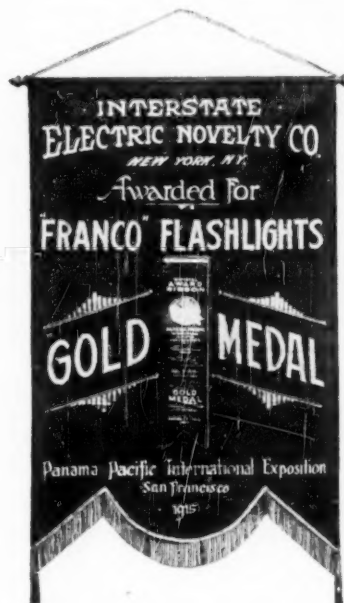
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## AROUND THE HOUSE

or out-of-doors, in dark places everywhere—don't fumble or strike dangerous matches! Use



## FRANCO Flashlights

As convenient as a fountain-pen to carry around and as necessary as a watch. A strong, powerful, white light is instantly thrown just where you want it by a simple pressure of the finger.

With a long-lasting RADIO battery inside the case, FRANCO Flashlights are guaranteed definitely to give you service and satisfaction. In competition with the world they received

Highest Award  
GOLD MEDAL  
Panama-Pacific Exposition

FRANCO Flashlights make especially desirable and out-of-the-ordinary Christmas gifts. You are sure to find just the light you want. Models range from the dainty vest-pocket light illustrated, which can easily be carried in vest-pocket or purse, to big, powerful searchlights which throw a beam of light several hundred feet. Prices are very reasonable, too. Most good hardware, sporting goods and auto supply stores carry FRANCO Flashlights—ask for them by name.

INTERSTATE ELECTRIC NOVELTY CO. OF  
CANADA, LIMITED

220 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, CANADA



## 10 Below Zero and Radiators Frozen!

NOT with a DUNHAM Vapor SYSTEM of Heating. Damage from broken or frozen radiators often runs into hundreds of dollars in hot water heating, to say nothing of the annoyance and inconvenience caused when a radiator freezes in zero weather.

The Dunham Vapor System permits of turning off any radiator in unoccupied rooms or suite of rooms—thus saving fuel and eliminating possibility of damage.

If planning for a new heating system or remodelling an old one, write for Bulletin No. 11 on the Dunham Vapor System.

C. A. DUNHAM CO., LIMITED,  
Davenport Rd. - Toronto, Can.

## THE Deacon WORKING SHIRT

Made in every style to sell at popular prices. Workmanship and fabric of all shirts bearing the Deacon label are unconditionally guaranteed—a new shirt for an unsatisfactory one.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write

*The Deacon Shirt Co.*

Belleville

Ontario

## Economize On Coal

or fuel by selecting a stove, range, or heater that is built to give the maximum heat and comfort at the least fuel consumption.

The "PERCIVAL" Stoves, Ranges and Heaters are so built, in neat and not over elaborate designs. They are built for practical service, and the prices are moderate. You will find it worth your while to investigate their merits.

Catalogue showing a variety of styles to suit all requirements sent free. Send for one to-day

**The Percival Plow & Stove Co.**  
Limited  
Merrickville, Ontario

## Deafness



Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as

Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Ears, Roaring or Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Ears, Discharge from Ears, etc.

**Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums**

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears"—require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable to wear at all times.

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**WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated**  
412 Inter-Southern Building LOUISVILLE, KY.

finished steel for domestic requirements is now 30 per cent. higher than a year ago. Special steel for shell purposes is proportionally higher still. At such a level there is not much encouragement for the plant seeking domestic business. Buyers will not come into the market to face such prices except those impelled by the urgency of the needs to prosecute the war. What business increase is now apparent is due to the size of the crop and the price being obtained for it, and to the employment of so many factories in the making of war material. Prices of commodities are, however, at such a point as to impede the growth of the more desirable class of manufacturing, that arising from home demands. Nor can much ground be gained, or cultivated in the foreign field when fundamentals such as metals are commanding so high a price. The more enterprising and those with the courage to take a risk will build and organize upon the assumption that prices will fall back with a thud when the bells of peace ring. There will be a producing capacity that will then only be able to get employment at much lower prices. The latter will have to be made to fit and wage scales adjusted accordingly.

Meanwhile there is no excuse for any able-bodied Canadian citizen pleading lack of employment, a condition more propitious from the standpoint of general business than has prevailed since the close of 1913.

## NEW STUFF

Continued from Page 16.

of assault could make any impression on them. The Sutcliffes hammered their lines hard and spent a heap of money one way and another without getting any results at all. The old man stormed and swore with the picturesque profanity that had contributed to his wide fame. He called in Carkins, the senior salesman, and told him what he thought of the sales staff.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" he demanded. "Lost your nerve? If you had a copper mine in Holland you couldn't get the German trade! Here we give you the best article that machinery can make and yet you can't sell it."

"Our article is just as good as that of the National people, I know," said Carkins. "But the trade won't change. They've handled the National line for years and haven't a kick coming anywhere. So they won't change—yet. But, look here, Mr. Sutcliffe, I've been doing some tall thinking about this business and I think I've got it doped out right."

"We made our mistake," he went on, "by following on the lines of the National people. We tried to make our goods as much like theirs as we could. Our whole slogan has been to equal or excel the National people. What we should have done was to get out an article that would be good in its way but as different from the National stuff as we could get it.



## GENUINE DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Save money on your Diamonds by buying from us. We are Diamond Importers. Terms: 20% down, \$1, \$2 or \$3 weekly. We guarantee you every advantage in Price and Quality. 10% off for cash.

Write to-day for catalogue, it is free.

We send Diamonds to any part of Canada for inspection at our expense. Payments may be made weekly or monthly.

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## For Swollen Veins

### Absorbine Jr. THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

That Absorbine, Jr., would relieve Varicose Veins was discovered by an old gentleman who had suffered with swollen veins for nearly fifty years. He had made many unsuccessful efforts to get relief and finally tried Absorbine, Jr., knowing its value in reducing swellings, aches, pains and soreness.

Absorbine, Jr., relieved him and after he had applied it regularly for a few weeks he told us that his legs were as smooth as when he was a boy and all the pain and soreness had ceased.

Thousands have since used this antiseptic liniment for this purpose with remarkably good results.

Absorbine, Jr., is made of oils and extracts from pure herbs and when rubbed upon the skin is quickly taken up by the pores; the blood circulation in surrounding parts is thereby stimulated and healing helped.

\$1 a Bottle at Druggists or Postpaid  
A LIBERAL TRIAL BOTTLE will be mailed to your address for 10c in stamps. Booklet free.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F.  
506 Lyman Building, Montreal, Can.



## DUSTBANE

Preserves and polishes hardwood floors. Brightens floors and carpets and gathers up minute particles of dust that would be left untouched by ordinary sweeping.



Order a  
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from  
your  
grocer





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**Saves on Coal and Furnace Worry**  
Prove it for yourself. We send it all ready to put up on a 30 DAY FREE TRIAL to convince you that it does all we say it will. Simple as A, B, C to attach to any furnace, steam or hot water heater.

**The Chicago Heat Regulator**  
Keeps even heat, no matter what the outside weather is—zero or above freezing. This means health and a big saving on coal—NO EARLY RISING TO GET THE HOUSE WARM—simply set the TimeSet at night and it will open the damper at any hour in the morning you desire. The Regulator keeps the temperature just as you want it all day.

Write to-day for free Booklet "A."  
**OTTERVILLE MFG. CO., LIMITED**  
Otterville, Ontario

## The Need of Creative Ability



It is this quality—creative ability—that is supreme in keeping the wheels of industry and commerce moving.

But to create and produce alone is not sufficient; that which is created must be disposed of at a profit.

The necessity for finding a market opens up a tremendous opportunity for the creative mind in the field of salesmanship. In this field, the use of printing is supreme, and again draws heavily upon the creative brain.

In our Printing Department we have gathered a staff of men who know how best to use it; men who can transform your Catalogue, Booklet or Sales Literature of any description into a selling force that will turn a desire for your product into a sale.

Why not use our Printing and Bookbinding Departments for your requirements? You want the maximum returns for the least expenditure.

Let us quote you on Catalogues, Booklets, Books, Magazines, Reports, or General Printing of any kind.

*We are at your service*

**Warwick Bros. & Rutter**  
Limited

King St. and Spadina Ave., Toronto, Can.

**Printers, Bookbinders,  
Manufacturing Stationers**

Make them look different and the trade will see some reason for stocking our lines as well."

Carkins' advice was followed out and proved sound. The only way to break into that market was to turn out New Stuff.

**T**AKE any line you like and see if the same rule does not hold good. The magazine with New Stuff gets the circulation. The book that blazes a new trail in literature becomes a best seller. The manufacturer who puts an improvement into a staple article or designs a new label; the politician who raises a new issue; the designer who finds a new cut; they all come to the front where fame and big money are.

**P**ROGRESS is the keynote of business to-day. To stand still is to court disaster. The old order changeth; and every succeeding year introduces new ideas and improvements not only in the ways of doing things but in business facilities as well. Walk into the modern office and look around you and it will not be hard to understand why the business man of to-day has been able to raise his efficiency to such a remarkably high notch.

There he sits at his flat-topped desk, with a few papers only lying on its well-polished top. He does not seem very busy, certainly he never rushes. There is nothing on the surface to show that he is the centre of the whole organization, having close connection with every department—manufacturing, purchasing, sales, advertising, financial. And yet that is exactly what he is. Invisible wires run from that well-ordered desk of his to every corner of the establishment. He knows—through the workings of a well-nigh perfect system—exactly what is being done in every department. Behind him are filing cabinets. If he wants a letter, a name, a fact of any kind, he touches an electric button under his desk; and in two minutes his secretary lays the desired information before him. An inter-department telephone system enables him to talk to any member of the organization without so much as swinging around in his swivel chair. If he wants a total—the modern executive deals largely in totals—there is an adding machine in the outer office which will supply it in a few seconds. He dictates his correspondence into the dictating machine at his elbow and in the shortest possible time the letters are back on his desk to sign.

From his comfortable chair and well-ordered desk, the business executive to-day can control every part of his business without moving or loss of time and without burying himself in detail or collecting a mass of matter around him. He does it by taking advantage of the new developments which have come about in business systems and facilities.

**T**HE same efficiency can be found in the modern store. One hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods can be bought in a departmental store in the course of one day, in purchases running all the way from five cents to one hundred dollars, and the goods can be packed and delivered to ten thousand homes in less than ten



**\$27.50**

## The New 3A KODAK

**Anastigmatic.**—A lens that has a trifle more speed than the very best of the Rapid Rectilinear lenses and that in quality (depth, sharpness and flatness of field) is the equal of the very best anastigmats. It is made solely for, and is therefore perfectly adapted to, Kodak work.

**Autographic.**—You can make sure, can write the date and title on the film, permanently, at the time you make the exposure. After the last exposure you can similarly write your name on the film—an identifying mark that is valuable when you send your work to the finisher. And this "Autographing" the film is a matter of seconds only.

No. 3A Autographic Kodak, (3 1/4 x 5 1/2), with Kodak Anastigmat lens f7.7, \$27.50

*All Dealers*

**CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited**  
TORONTO



**Made in Canada**

### Rain or Dust Cannot Spoil KANTKRACK

**COATED LINEN COLLARS**

Look neat, feel comfortable, and resemble the best linen collars, plus longer wear without laundry bills. Cleaned in an instant with damp cloth or sponge. Don't mistake **KANTKRACK** for the common celluloid collar—there's a difference.

Ask your dealer or write for Booklet on Collars and Dress.

**The Parsons & Parsons Canadian Company**  
Hamilton, Ontario

hours; ten thousand dollars worth could be taken back the next day, distributed to the proper departments and the customers' accounts satisfactorily adjusted; thousands of orders are taken in over the telephone and the goods delivered and collected on in the course of half a day; and all this without disturbing the routine of the store or unnecessary taxing the store machinery.

A merchant twenty years ago would have laughed incredulously at any suggestion that such marvels of merchandising would ever come to pass. He would have considered it quite impossible—and impossible it would be with the facilities of twenty years ago. The march of progress has introduced improvements in equipment and organization methods which make seeming miracles possible. The departmental store has batteries of cash registers, account registers, adding machines, overhead carrier systems, parcel chutes, distributing machinery, intricate but expeditious stamping and checking apparatus, wonderfully comprehensive book-keeping systems that provide for every contingency and cover every operation of staff and moving of stock automatically and instantly. The inside working of a large departmental store is a miracle *not only of organization but of equipment.*

TAKE a walk through any up-to-date factory with someone familiar with its system to explain things to you. Efficient checking systems, comparatively new in the manufacturing field will be shown you—systems for checking material, time, waste, etc. Every ounce of material going into a thoroughly or-

ganized shop can be accounted for. Systems will be seen for finding leaks, for determining short cuts, for eliminating wasteful operations or unnecessary "carries." And again it is not only a matter of organization but of equipment also—time recording clocks, proper lighting devices, proper books and forms.

IN the rapid march of business progress, new ideas are being formulated and perfected and reduced to a practical basis. New aids to accuracy, to efficiency, to speed are being continuously introduced; and the man who would be thoroughly successful must take advantage of this New Stuff, that is being found and planned out for him. He must advance himself by keeping abreast of progress as well as by striving himself to find new and better methods.

AND let's apply the moral of it all. The same rule holds good with all of us. We may not be manufacturers or salesmen or editors. Supposing we happen to be a bookkeeper or a clerk. The opportunities for introducing New Stuff and of reaping the rewards are just as good as they are with anyone else. We can introduce New Stuff by punching the time-clock a few minutes before the time set by office rules; we can show the boss a novelty in the way of work improved by concentration; we can find little ways for effecting economies and increasing efficiency—and, pretty soon we will be up near the top where the Big Opportunities are.

By the way, what New Stuff are YOU introducing into your work?

## What Moving Pictures Cost

*How the Dime You Pay for a Seat is Distributed*

THE moving-picture craze has become so general that to-day practically everyone contributes his dime more or less regularly to the glass-caged cashier. Who gets your dime? is the question asked and answered by Anna Steese Richardson in *McClure's Magazine*. As we are all very much interested in everything pertaining to the movies it will be worth while following the course of that dime. The writer first demonstrates that about three cents goes for the upkeep of the local theatre. And now for the other seven—

The first investment made by the producer and one which draws heavily on the dime you pay your local manager is for his studio and equipment. A man who has been connected with four of the leading American producing-firms says that the producers have fifty million dollars invested in their plants. This represents actual real estate, buildings, scenery, raw material, etc., and does not include good will.

While the figure sounds excessive, certain widely-known facts prove it most reasonable. Sigmund Lubin, a dean in the movies, paid more than a million dollars for the tract of ground known as Betzwood, near Philadelphia, where his film

studio is now located. W. N. Selig spent five hundred thousand to install a Zoo at Edendale, near Los Angeles. Here he reproduces animal life in the jungles for his animal films, and since he made the original investment it is claimed that he has spent two hundred and fifty thousand dollars importing animals from all over the world. The firm known as the Famous Players Film Company, of which Mr. Adolph Zukor, the creator of the feature film, is president, is building on the edge of Greater New York a studio which will represent an investment of half a million, exclusive of the ground rent or lease. When the B. A. Rolfe Company decided to move from California to New York City, it leased the top floor of a huge building overlooking Central Park and Columbus Circle, an area of high rentals. They spent between forty and fifty thousand dollars equipping their new quarters. The Essanay Film Manufacturing Company maintains permanent studios in Chicago, Los Angeles, Niles, California, and Westerly, Rhode Island, representing at least five million dollars.

The next item in which the modern picture-producer sinks big money is rights in popular dramatic successes and best-sellers. Especially must he snatch at any available literary or dramatic material to which his literary scouts may call his attention. He may not need any such ma-

terial at the time. He may even know that no matter what he pays for the film rights of the play or book, it will be impossible for him to produce it for many months. But he buys it—because if he does not a competitor will.

Broadway managers and playwrights who control past successes in the spoken drama are receiving from five to ten thousand dollars for the film rights. It is said that Hall Caine received twenty thousand dollars for the film rights of "The Eternal City." Harold MacGrath was paid twelve thousand dollars for the twenty-seven reel film, "The Adventures of Kathleen," one of the first serial films presented simultaneously in picture houses, and as adventure stories in daily papers.

The writer of a one-reel film may receive ten dollars for his scenario or the idea it contains. Mr. Man-with-a-Name can sit quietly back, while competing producers run their offers up to the point of ten thousand dollars.

The next investment made by the producing-firm, and one which draws heavily on your dime, is salaries. These too are variable, but in the aggregate they represent amazing figures.

First comes the producer's actual working staff—directors, scenario editors, camera men, skilled mechanics who build and paint scenery, stage hands who set it up and take it down, property men, wardrobe mistresses. The minimum salary of a competent scenario editor is one hundred dollars a week. Many of them receive more. Their work is to rewrite Broadway success into film hits, to transform best-sellers into photo-plays, to develop the ideas of inexperienced, but imaginative amateur scenario writers into usable property for the producer.

When the scenario editor has finished his task, the producer calls into consultation his directors and heads of the different mechanical departments. Here, again, some high salaries may be found. From sixty dollars a week, the figure paid the humblest of directors by the least important producing companies, to the salary of one hundred thousand dollars a year drawn by D. W. Griffith at the time he produced "The Birth of a Nation," it is a steadily increasing scale, regulated entirely by the value of the man to his firm—and his firm's competitors. Each big producing firm has five directors or more—the Essaray, for instance, has twelve—on the salary-roll, and five or more camera-men, at from one hundred to a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. Sixty skilled mechanics, painters, scene-builders and shifters, stage carpenters and property-makers and electricians are required to run a large studio, and the minimum wage is four dollars a day.

Passing the executive offices with their accountants, stenographers, filing-clerks, publicity men and salaried officials, all of whom receive their share of your dime, you take a peep at the salary-roll for the players. This is a wonderful demonstration of the importance of being needed. On the salary list of the moving-picture producer the player with a name or with a personality which appeals to movie fans literally wears a golden halo. Charlie Chaplin, for instance, simply because he has funny feet and an infectious smile, is said to receive an income that easily equals that of the President of the United States and the president of the United States Steel Corporation.

For drawing down a big share of your dime the year round, possibly Mary Pickford among the women stars, heads the list. She works fifty-two weeks in the



year and receives an actual-you-can-see-it canceled check for two thousand dollars each week. Among the men, the Farnum brothers, William and Dustin, probably lead in round-the-year activity. Recently a great sensation was created by the announcement that De Wolf Hopper is to receive one hundred thousand dollars during the ensuing twelve months for posing before the camera; but such statements must be taken with the proviso that the star makes the peculiar appeal to movie fans which fills the houses.

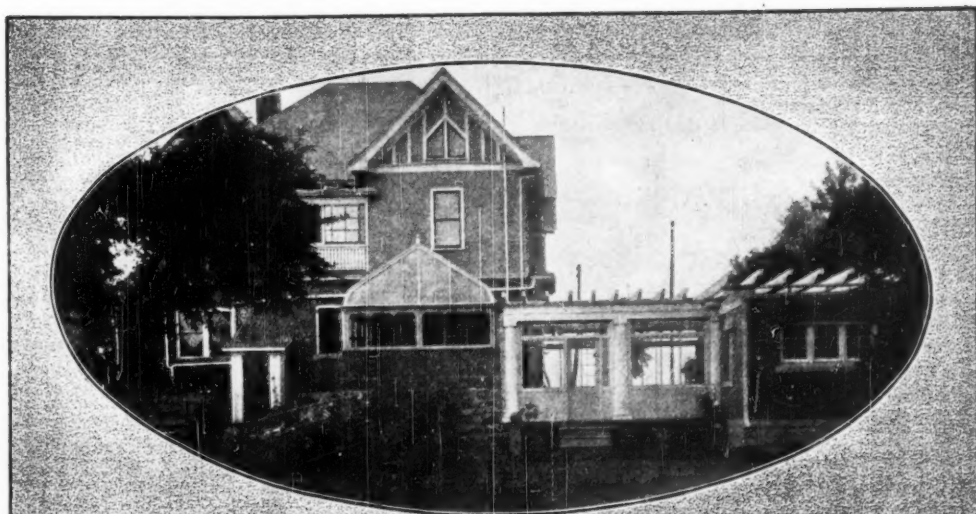
Aside from the startling figures paid for "big names" from the legitimate, salaries paid moving-picture actors, real salaries not those announced by press agents, are surprisingly small. One popular woman featured in a Broadway moving-picture theatre receives only one hundred and fifty dollars a week, yet she has a host of followers. The prices paid men and women who "job" from studio to studio are especially interesting. A player who can present a special type receives ten dollars a day, an ordinarily good player five dollars, and one who "walks through," known in old-fashioned stock as an extra lady, receives two dollars a day.

Camera and film-makers reach out for a neat bit of your dime. Each large studio runs from five cameras a day up, and these cost anywhere from fourteen hundred to two thousand dollars. To supply the twenty-four thousand moving-picture houses of the United States with the films necessary to show the pictures for which the public pays its dimes, twenty thousand miles of raw film are required.

As the price of raw film is said to average three and one-half cents a foot, and twenty thousand miles mean one hundred and five million six hundred thousand feet, it is evident that the value of the raw material in the films shown daily in the United States represents the amazing total of three million six hundred and ninety-six thousand dollars. In the studio of just one prominent producing firm the writer saw raw film stock valued at three hundred thousand dollars awaiting the demands of the camera men.

When the producer has paid all these salaries, all these rentals, all these running expenses of indoor studios and outdoor, and has in his establishment the finished films, he faces the old, old problem of distributing the product of his factory. He cannot go to the moving-picture manager nor can the latter go to him, so his output is handled through two factors, a distributing company and a local exchange. The distributing corporation is generally located in New York, the Exchange in a large city not far from your local theatre. The distributing company consists of executives, shrewd men who know the market and who secure the output of groups of producers. The exchange men are those who stand directly between the distributors and the managers of the movie theatres. Distributor and exchange men correspond to commission merchants in the dry goods, grocery, fruit, and vegetable business.

One of the most noted of the distributing concerns is The Paramount Pictures Corporation, which controls the pictures produced by The Famous Players, Jesse B. Lasky, David Belasco, Oliver Morosco, and which it is said will soon control the picture output of such firms as Cohan & Harris, Henry W. Savage, Selwyn & Company, and A. H. Woods. It is capitalized for ten million dollars and not a share of stock is on the market. It handles big picture productions only, and controls two



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MR. GORDON K. FRASER, of Hamilton, Ontario, had an attractive garage and pergola treatment adjoining his residence.

He conceived the clever idea of enclosing the pergola in glass, and connecting it to a conservatory, opening with large double doors, just off the dining-room.

It was our privilege and good fortune to be able to carry out Mr. Fraser's ideas for him.

The result, you will agree, is a decided success.

And now, of what assistance can we be to you?

Let us send you our two G's booklet, "Glass Gardens—A Peep Into Their Delights."

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The Largest Makers of Ice Skates Under The British Flag

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We are the largest makers of Ice Skates under the British flag.

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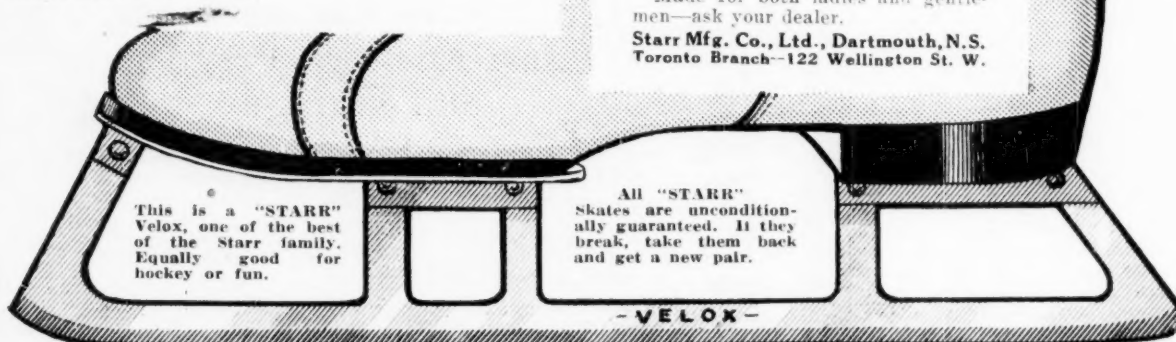
The Swift Skate

Not only speedy but strong and graceful. It is equally ideal for Hockey or Rink use.

Note the two upright supports and their peculiar position on the sole plate—they distribute the weight of the skate equally, insure comfort, and add very largely to the life and resiliency of the skate—then observe the strong reinforcements of all these supports, making the "VELOX" practically unbreakable. The bevelled runners prevent that "cling" to the ice—they are made from the best Sheffield Nickel Steel—hand tempered by our special process.

Made for both ladies and gentlemen—ask your dealer.

Starr Mfg. Co., Ltd., Dartmouth, N.S.  
Toronto Branch—122 Wellington St. W.



This is a "STARR" Velox, one of the best of the Starr family. Equally good for hockey or fun.

All "STARR" Skates are unconditionally guaranteed. If they break, take them back and get a new pair.

-VELOX-

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INFORMATION WANTED

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thousand of the most important photo-theatres in the country.

This corporation aims at co-operation among managers and movie fans, and sends out with each picture a report card, which the house manager fills in, showing the attendance drawn out and the local opinion of the audience. A picture which scores 90 per cent. on the cards turned in by the managers is considered good. If a producer consistently falls below this record on the report card, he will be dropped by the Paramount Corporation. The concern also does its own national advertising and censoring, and in time hopes by actually learning and utilizing public opinion, to do away with the present unsatisfactory method of national and local censorship.

## After the War— Ruin or Prosperity?

*Continued from Page 13.*

and power of the United Empire. Important practical steps will be taken in such things as the establishment of a huge permanent naval base at Halifax and the creation of the Pacific fleet of the Empire. But for the time being the expense will be shared in a generous haphazard fashion without an Imperial system. It will be arranged that the conference shall meet every two years. There will be a permanent secretariat, or central organization, at London. But it will remain as little more than an office, a sort of letter box and nothing more. No true Imperial Parliament will have met by 1930.

### THE END OF LIBERALISM

MEANTIME, in 1920, a second Canadian election will have been held. It will be carried very largely with money. The outstanding feature of it will be the disintegration of the Liberal party, on its present basis. Already in 1920 there will be a growing dissatisfaction with the form of our national politics. There will be a demand for a people's party. This has happened already in most of the free industrial countries of the world. In England the new Radicalism of the people has eaten up the respectable Liberalism of the Gladstonian days. In the United States under the names of Progressives and new Democrats, the political parties bid fair to be transformed. In Australia the thing is already done. In France since 1902 popular Radicalism has supplanted the ruling element. Canada still lingers behind. But after the election of 1920 we shall see a change in our politics. We shall enter like all other free countries of the twentieth century, on the great struggle between the classes, between those who have and those who have not. Our politics are still cast in a historic mould, dating back to the eighteenth century. One set of gentlemen in frock coats confront another set of gentlemen in frock coats. At decorous intervals they change seats and begin again. From the Government benches to the Opposition benches they pelt one an-

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The "Doctor's" Antiseptic Shoe protects your feet from the snow and wet and gives you solid foot comfort. This shoe is just the protection your feet need during winter weather. We guarantee them waterproof, and they will save you from the winter ills consequent to cold, wet feet.

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Scientifically built and planned for solid comfort foot protection and to give the most rigorous wear.

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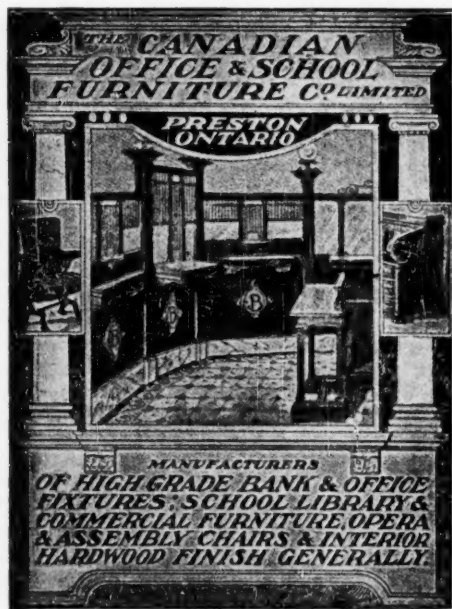


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### THE PEOPLE'S PARTY

**B**UT its day is past. In Canada the great change will come, and come rapidly, after 1920. Forces inside the Liberal party will turn it into a party of the people. To it will flock all the younger men of intellect, penniless, eager for advancement and untempted as yet by opportunity. By an odd combination—seen already in the Western States—the farmers' vote—or at least the vote of the grain growers, will rally to it. In the big cities as they grow bigger still, there will arise a new proletariat democracy, comparable to the population of Chicago—fierce in its possibilities of evil.

In the first election these new elements will do little except help to break the vote of orthodox Liberalism and render complete the triumph of the Administration.

## Longfellow's Lack of Distinction

### A Critical Estimate of the American Poet's Work

**A** CRITICAL analysis of the works of Longfellow is supplied by Gamaliel Bradford in the *Bookman*. He is doing a series of "Portraits of American Authors," and, in handling Longfellow as his first subject, he first deals at some length with the life and character of the poet and then proceeds to a brief estimate of his work in the following vein:

I confess that it puzzles me to find in Longfellow's character this marked element of distinction, or as Mr. Howells terms it, "quality," which seems to me to be conspicuously lacking in his poetry. It is true that all critics do not agree about this. Lowell, speaking in connection with the Westminster Abbey bust, affirmed that Longfellow's poetry had not only simplicity, but distinction, and others have echoed Lowell's judgment. Yet I believe that these exceptionally favorable estimates are much affected by the poet's character and that most of those who read widely and critically will admit at once that the verse of Longfellow, with some excellent qualities, simplicity, sincerity, facility, freshness, grace, does lack just that element of distinction which is necessary to make poetry count from the literary point of view. In short, these readers, if they were pushed to it, would confess that they found the bulk of Longfellow's poetry rather commonplace; not common with any implication of vulgarity, or such positive defect,—it is as far as possible removed from that; simply commonplace, without peculiar quality to elevate it as literature above the average of clever writing, that is, simply without distinction.

I am not going to attempt to illustrate this. Most readers who habitually dwell with the great poets of the world can turn to almost any page of Longfellow and feel what I mean. Yet I will make one suggestion, which may help. In Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses*

But, in the decade following, the power of these elements will grow stronger. If, and when, the wave of prosperity recedes, there will be an outcry against corporation control of politics, against the railways, against the trusts and the mergers, against the rich.

Then swiftly and suddenly near the close of the year 1929 a great and unexpected thing will happen—

But there. That is enough. It is not well to strain the vision of the prophet to the breaking point.

Let us rather put it that about the year 1929 some one will turn over the pages of an ancient magazine—this one—and will say to some one else: "How wonderful! Here is a man who foretold the whole political future for fifteen years! Leacock? Leacock? Who was he?"

And the other person will answer: "Don't you remember? He was the man, a professor and a writer, who made a fabulous fortune by selling a quarter of a lot in Swift Current and immediately retired and never taught or wrote again. It was considered a great thing for all concerned."

there are two well-known lines eminently marked with what I mean by distinction.

The world is so full of a number of things,  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

If Longfellow has written those lines, I venture to assert that he would have used the word "beautiful" instead of the words "a number of." The couplet would then be perfect Longfellow and all distinction would have gone out of it.

Perhaps I should not have said that the lack of distinction in Longfellow's verse puzzled me, when it was so notable an element in his character. We know, of course, that many persons of the finest artistic temperament could never do fine work. But then they do not try to do it. To have such a temperament, to have apparently the keenest sensitiveness to the distinction of others' work, and then to do work one's self of an entirely inferior order—this is what is puzzling—or would be if we did not see it happen in the history of art over and over again. And still I find it puzzling. The most curious case in this regard, with Longfellow, is the translation of Dante. Of all the poets who have ever written, Dante is the one who has the quality of distinction most. Longfellow knew this perfectly well and spent years in endeavoring to transfer Dante's distinction into English, and failed utterly, and does not seem aware that he failed. On the contrary, he triumphed in having conveyed, as he expressed it, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," whereas what he conveyed was the shell, the mere husk, dried apples, withered leaves, the same, yet the same with the informing life and spirit quite vanished away. Who that remembers the four lines which stand among the greatest tragic poetry of the world, can read Longfellow's version of them without a shudder?



When as we read of the much longed-for smile

Being by such a noble lover kissed,  
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,  
Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating.

So I have heard some persons say, after a prolonged dose of Longfellow's poetry, "Really, anybody could have written it." Which sets one reflecting, because if anybody could have written it, anybody would, and the world would be flooded with "Evangelines" and "Hiawathas."

There are, I think, two things which account chiefly for Longfellow's immense literary success. One is technical. It is simply that he had the power of telling a story in verse. This is something the great poets often lack and writers of a very inferior order abound in. Lope de Vega had it far more than Shakespeare. Dumas had a similar gift in prose far more than Balzac or Flaubert. The great Georgian poets, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, were quite unable to tell a simply story effectively. Longfellow, on the other hand, understood how to hold his readers from beginning to end. He is often called diffuse, though he himself hated diffuseness and what he termed "watered poetry." From the point of view of narrative interest, he is not diffuse. Every detail helps fix and hold and carry forward the reader's attention. This is true of the long poems and equally true, in a different way, of the shorter lyrics and ballads. They seize some simple, genuine phase of human feeling and present it in a manner which is certain to touch the heart. That Longfellow knew perfectly well what he was aiming at and exactly how to achieve it is shown most curiously by a passage in one of his earlier letters, referring to the "Wreck of the Hesperus." "I think I shall write more. The *national ballad* is a virgin soil here in New England; and there are great materials. Besides, I have a great notion of working up on the *people's* feelings."

The other justification for Longfellow's glory is far more important than any mere secret of dramatic technique. It is simply that his poetry reflects the beautiful qualities we have discovered in the study of his character. The sweetness, the gentleness, the noble effort, the devoted self-sacrifice, the broad and tolerant optimism, the lofty hope,—all these are mirrored in his verses, all these, to a greater or less extent, must pass into the hearts of his readers. And when you reflect what and how many these readers are, you will wonder whether any poet in the world before had ever such a glorious opportunity. Not Homer, not Virgil, not Dante, not Shakespeare even, ever spoke to men as Longfellow speaks. His verses are on millions of tongues at an age when the tongue and the ear are in their closest contact with the heart. And who shall say that any one of those great poets was, on the whole, more fitted to be master of such a mighty and enormous influence?

It is a great thing to have a beautiful soul. It is a far, far greater thing to leave that soul as an eternal possession, and example, and inspiration to millions of one's fellow-men.



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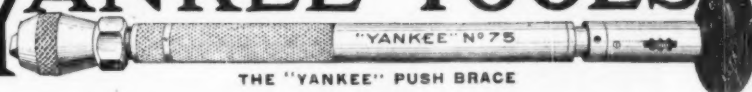
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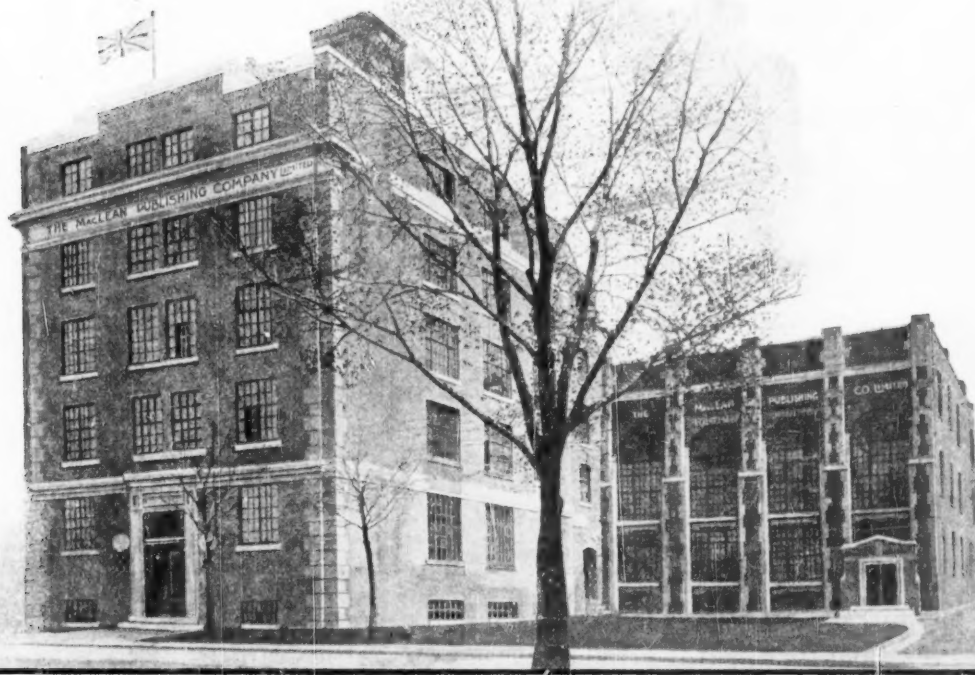
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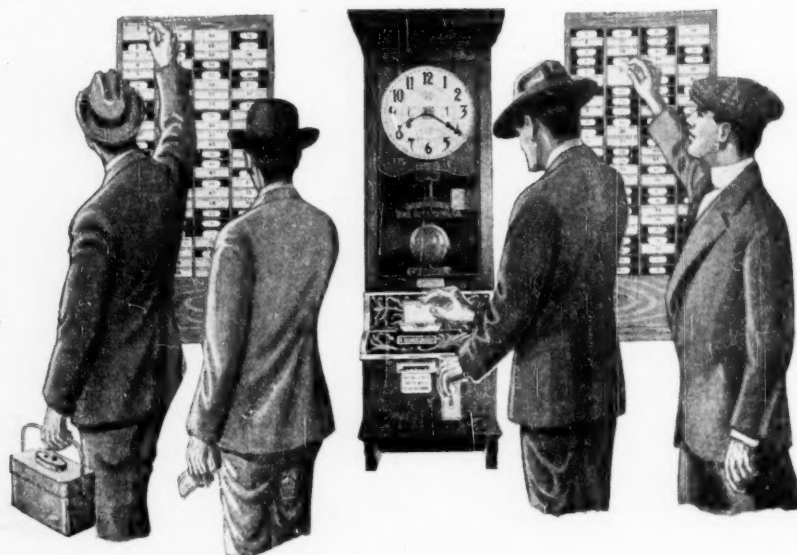
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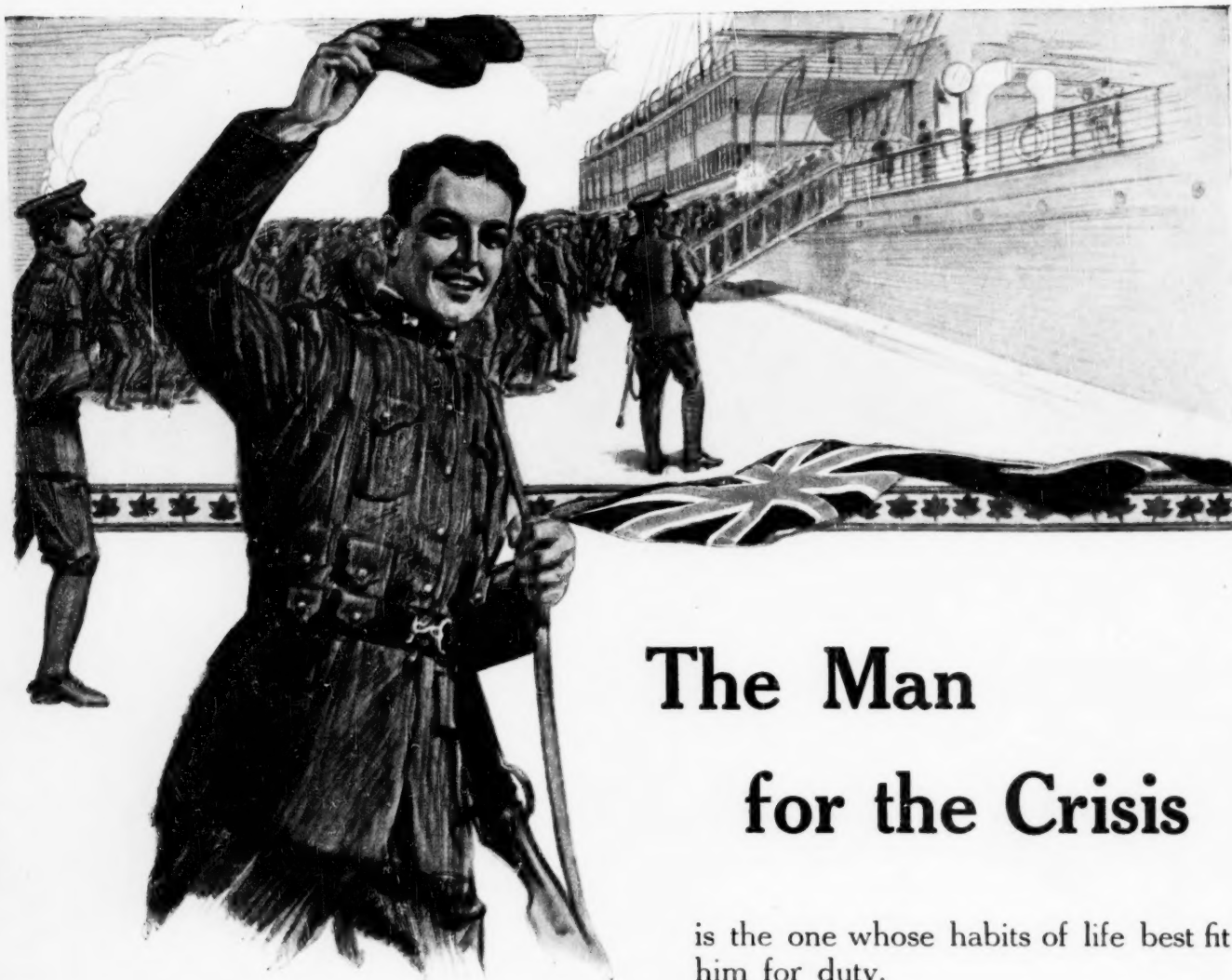
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